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PART I.

THE remotely ancient man of the Quaternary Period, whose relics lie imbedded in drift-gravels and stalactite-caverns, seems to have left no special traces of his moral condition. We nowhere find his ten commandments sculptured in picture-writing on a Mammoth tusk, and if any of his moral precepts have been handed down by long tradition to modern times, these particular maxims can no longer be recognized in the world's heaped-up treasury of social science, to which hundreds of generations have brought their precious things. The only absolute testimony to the moral state of these rude præhistoric clans, is the very fact that they existed,—that they existed for generation after generation. Clearly, a man did not even in those wild days indulge his desires quite without restraint, he did not simply clutch whatever he longed for, and with his gnarled club

batter in the skull of any one who stood in his way. Men and women must have had some restraint by way of marriage, some kindly care for children till of age to shift for themselves. These rough folk must have known how to live and let live, or they would simply have died out. It may be objected that this hardly comes up to what is meant by morality, being only the human development of that mutual forbearance, social union, and protection of the weak, which the lower animals agree to in their families and herds, or they too could not continue to exist and increase. There is reason to presume, however, that the social condition of the drift-men and cave-men was far above any such rudimentary state. Looking over a collection of their implements and weapons on a museum shelf, we may fairly judge by analogy that in their moral habits as in their material

arts, they had much in common with the rudest savages of modern times, users like them of chipped flint and pointed bone. Nor does this argument stand alone. In the social systems of barbaric and civilized nations, there may be shown abundant traces of development from an original savage state. As the ancient Egyptians, though skilful metal-workers, nevertheless kept up for a sacred purpose the use of the stone-knife, and the modern Hindus still kindle the sacred fire by the friction of a wooden drill, so it is with many a quaint feature of morals, law, and politics, which retain in the midst of modern civilization the impress of ruder primitive society. Such survival of early social ideas and customs in the modern world will here be illustrated by various examples. There are thus two lines of evidence to be followed: the archæologist's line, that ancient man was savage; and the ethnologist's line, that savagery is the source of civilization. Now these two lines of evidence coincide and strengthen one another wherever they meet, and they meet over the whole area of anthropology. In the present two essays, designed to show that the theory of development and survival is as applicable to morals and politics as to other departments of culture, I have not endeavored to take in the whole breadth of an immense subject, but to argue from a few selected topics as to some of its main principles, in preparation for a fuller and more systematic future dissertation.

Glancing down the moral scale among mankind at large, we find no tribe standing at or near zero. The asserted existence of savages so low as to have no moral standard is too groundless to be discussed. Every human tribe has its general views as to what conduct is right and what wrong, and each generation hands the standard on to the next. Even in the details of these moral standards, wide as their differences are, there is yet wider agreement throughout the human race. Among the wildest clans of wandering hunters and root-diggers morality has not only taken definite shape, but has so shaped itself that civilized men can to a large extent acknowledge its laws, and to a still larger extent sympathize with them. Savage life, indeed, seems by no means primary in its nature, but represents a vast advance on the lowest conceivable conditions of human life. It does not carry the student back to the very begin-

ning and foundation of morals. It cannot show the first developments of the moral sense, the processes by which man, at the earliest grade of culture consistent with his existence as man, may have acknowledged some primary code of morals. Nevertheless, savage life does display society at work under comparatively simple conditions, and in its phenomena may be discerned many a trace of rudimentary stages in social science. The wild man of Brazil or Australia can often place in our hands the plain clue to moral developments, a clue by no means so easy to pick out amid the intricate entanglements of civilized conventionality. The Ethics and Politics of the lower culture, shown in the life the savage still leads, or led until the touch of civilized man paralyzed his native habit, may thus stand in lieu of the lost vestiges of social life among our own prehistoric forefathers.

Among travellers abroad as well as philosophers at home, there appear two contradictory opinions as to the moral state of savages. On the one hand, the ugliest stories are told to prove them brutal, filthy, licentious, false, and cruel; on the other hand, there is pictured the simple idyllic life of the noble savage, man in the happy state of nature. The reason why notions so opposite should have arisen and maintained themselves, is mainly that there is truth in both. Looking toward the worst side of the picture, it is easy to collect a museum of repulsive traits. Think of the shivering limpet-pickers of Tierra del Fuego, sparing their dogs in famine time, and eating their old women, because the dogs could catch otters and the old women could not,—or of the heavy-witted dwellers in the luxuriant forests of the Amazons, whose brutish indifference is only stirred to its depths by the craving for murderous revenge or the mad drunken orgies of the moonlight dance,—or of North American warriors standing round to watch the women and children prolong hour after hour with curious ingenuity the agonies of the tortured captive at the stake. Yet these may be balanced by many a story of the attractive traits of wild men's life. Among American Indians, hospitality is a sacred duty. In the Mandan hut the pot was always boiling, and the hungry might come for meals at will; the lazy loafer who would not hunt for himself was despised, yet no one disputed his claim to sit and eat. It was thus



also in South Africa. Among the Hottentots, he who had anything to divide would give till he had but a morsel left, and though their food were hardly enough for themselves, they would call passers-by to partake. The thrifty Hollanders showed surprise at the black men's freehandedness, but their explanation was simple and conclusive, "Dit is Hottentots Manier," "'Tis Hottentots' fashion." Or again, it seems to us a gentle touch in the old German poem, where Crimhilt's rose-garden was fenced in with a single silken thread:

"Sie het ein anger weite, mit rosen wol bekleit  
Darumb so gieng ein maure, ein seiden faden  
fein."

Can modern days show any land so honest that such slight fence can keep the garden against thieves? Yes, among the rude Juris of South America, Martius the Bavarian traveller saw gaps in the hedges round the fields mended with a single cotton thread, and the same slight barrier in times past served to hedge in the crops of the natives of Cumana.\*

In comparing savage with civilized life, so as to trace the ancestry of our modern ethics back into long-past savage times, an important principle comes clearly into view, which it is well to consider first in these inquiries. It appears that in a large measure the differences between the moral rules of lower and higher races may depend less on abstract ethical ideas than on the unlike conditions of life among savages and civilized men. To exemplify this, let us observe how people at different stages of culture have dealt with the aged in their last infirmity.

On the whole, the lower races maintain their old folks after they have fallen into useless imbecility, treating them with respectful and even tender considerateness, and among many tribes continuing this care till death. Among many tribes, however, filial kindness breaks down earlier. Such care of the incurably infirm seems too burdensome under the hand-to-mouth conditions of the rudest savagery, and it is judged best on all hands to give up the hopeless attempt to preserve a useless and

suffering life. Thus South American forest tribes had brought themselves to reckon the killing of the sick and aged a family duty, and in some cases they simply ate them. We realize the situation fairly among nomade hunting tribes, where the strain of actual necessity is irresistible. The clan must move in quest of game, the poor failing creature cannot keep up in the march, the hunters and the heavy laden women cannot carry him, he must be left behind. Many a traveller has beheld in the desert such heartrending scenes as Catlin saw when he said farewell to the white-haired old Puncah chieftain, all but blind, and shrunk to skin and bone, crouched shivering by a few burning sticks, for his shelter a buffalo hide set up on crotches, for his food a dish of water and a few half picked bones. This poor old warrior was abandoned by his own wish, when his tribe started for new hunting-grounds, even as years before, he said, he had left his own father to die, when he was no longer good for anything. It appears from classic records, that various barbaric peoples in Asia and Europe kept up the savage practice within historical times. Such were the Massagetæ, of whom Herodotus relates that when a man is extremely old, his assembled relations slay him and boil him with other meat for a feast, holding this the happiest kind of death; or the Sardinians, whose law, according to Ælian, was for the sons to kill with clubs their aged fathers, and bury them, considering it shameful to live on in bodily decrepitude. When a nation settled in the agricultural state has reached a moderate degree of wealth and comfort, there is no longer the excuse of necessity to justify slaying of the aged. Yet the practice may still go on, partly from the humane intent of putting an end to lingering misery, but perhaps more through survival of a custom inherited from harder and ruder times. This is well marked among our Aryan race. Slavonic nations continued even after their conversion to Christianity to put the aged and infirm to death, while among the Wends it is asserted that there was practised, as among the Massagetæ, the hideous rite of cooking and eating them. Old Scandinavian tradition tells of the worn-out warriors setting out for Walhalla by leaping from the *âtternis stapi* or "family rock;" while in Sweden up to A.D. 1600 there were still kept in churches certain clumsy ancient

\* In a country where theft is so unusual, the habit of leaving doors open or only fastened with a thread, seems to show that the thread-fence is a mere sign to warn off intruders; beyond this, however, we hear of the notion that anyone who breaks such a fence will soon die, an idea also known to African magic.

clubs, known as *ätta-klubbor*, or "family clubs," wherewith in old days the aged and hopelessly sick were solemnly killed by their kinsfolk. It may perhaps be a quaintly moralized survival of this barbaric memory that in several villages of Silesia and Saxony there hangs at the town-gate a club with the inscription:—

"Who to his children gives his bread,  
And himself so suffers need,  
With this club be he smitten dead."

It has been pointed out to me that we have in England also this warning against King Lear's folly. Mr. Walter White, in his "All Round the Wrekin," mentions that over the door of an old almshouse at Leominster is an effigy of a man standing open-mouthed, and bearing an axe, with the following inscription:—

"He that gives away all before he is Dead,  
Let 'em take this Hatchet and knock him on  
y' Head."

The irony of setting such a moral over the poor old almsfolk is somewhat cruel, yet after all it shows the change between the realities of savage and civilized life. So in German custom, the transition from the hard old barbarism to gentler manners was really made many an age earlier; when the infirm old house-father divided his substance among his children, he sat henceforth well cared for and warm in the "cat's place" by the hearth, till the end came. With advancing civilization there arose a growing feeling of a sacredness of life even apart from its use and pleasure. After age-long trial, the old short way out of suffering and discomfort was given up. It is curious that the advocates of "euthanasia" who have lately appeared among us, seemed scarcely to notice (though they have been effectively reminded of it since) that they were proposing to bring back into use, with modern refinements indeed, the very "cure for incurables" which belonged to ancient savagery, but which has been so consistently rejected by modern civilization, that not one European in ten knows that it prevailed among his forefathers.

From this series of facts, moreover, it appears that mankind at different stages of culture differ utterly as to the morality of suicide and "euthanasian" homicide. Nor are such differences at all unusual in the moral standards of the world. If it be asked, What is morality? it is a fair

answer, That those who brought the word into use meant what they said; *ethics* or *morals* imply a man's conformity to the customs (*ññ, mores*) of the society he belongs to. Civilized people are liable to underrate the power of custom in shaping the life of savages, who are supposed to live a reckless unshackled life, "at their own libertie," as an old writer says. The fact is just the contrary, that the wild man is bound hand and foot by custom in every important action of his life; what he shall do or leave undone is fixed by a traditional rule, which is so part and parcel of his being, that he does not even think of acting otherwise. No two races may have exactly the same moral standard, but every race has its own, and public opinion stamps it with the moral sanction. The old-fashioned intuitive theory quite fails to account for the diversity of moral standards. In fact, the moment we enter on the comparison of savage and civilized ethics, there parts and falls away before our eyes a thick curtain, which has shut in the view of whole schools of moralists, and that for many ages. Philosophers had their minds so set on the particular institutions of the society in which they were brought up, as to fancy they had before them the one ideal standard by which the morals of mankind were to be judged. It is easy for a moralist thus provided with a cut-and-dried system of precepts, to say they are established by nature, as Cicero has it in his dialogue of the Laws: "For to whom reason is given by nature, to them also right reason is given, and therefore law, which is right reason enjoining and forbidding." When in the 17th century Locke took up fragments of ethnographic evidence from the meagre store then available, he could hurl them with crushing force against this school of intuitive moralists. He appeals to any who have been but moderately conversant in the history of mankind, and looked abroad beyond the smoke of their own chimneys, whether nature has stamped these universal principles on the minds of those barbarians who with public approbation or allowance expose or bury alive or eat their children, or kill their aged parents, or cast out the dying to perish by cold and hunger or be torn by wild beasts. Locke's argument is fair enough, so far as it applies. With strict propriety we call such acts *savage* or *barbarous*, using these terms at

once as historical description and moral condemnation, but it is indisputable that the moral faculty is brought to bear on the acts in question by the races who do them; their customs permit them, ours do not; we say they are wicked deeds, they deny the wickedness.

It is not to be supposed, however, that the difference between savage and barbaric moral standards and our own consists entirely in higher civilization making heavier claims on virtue and laying harder restrictions on passions and pleasures. It is by no means always so, for even savage tribes are found condemning as crimes actions which more civilized nations may see no harm whatever in. One of the best cases of this is seen in the laws, represented not among all races, but among races at all levels, which prohibit marriage between not only near but distant relatives. Australians prohibit a man's taking a wife of his own clan-name, that is to say, as kinship is by the mother, he may not marry, however distant a cousin on the female side. To violate this law is a crime which the Australians hold in the greatest abhorrence, in this agreeing exactly with certain tribes of North America. Were the question put in either district, is it worse to kill a girl of a foreign tribe or to marry a girl of one's own, an answer just opposite to ours would be given without hesitation. It is not necessary here to trace prohibitions of this kind through such tribes as the Samoyeds and Khonds, and such nations as the Chinese and Hindus, on at last to their survival in the Canon Law, according to which, relatives up to the seventh degree are prohibited from marriage, that is to say, without obtaining a dispensation. Nor need we follow the discussion with McLennan, Lubbock, and Morgan, as to the origin of these laws. For the present purpose we have to notice that the meaning of the prohibition, obscure to us, is totally dark to the savages who inherit it from their ancestors. Also, it is neither consistent nor practical, inasmuch as savages and barbarians usually trace distant kinship on one side only, whether this side be male or female; thus it comes to pass, for instance, that the man who may not marry his tenth cousin in the female line, may without rebuke marry his first cousin in the male line (his uncle's daughter), or *vice versa*. Yet these laws lie deep among the roots of

savage ethics, and have the fullest moral sanction to back them, the individual and social consciousness of right and wrong. It is instructive to see this point of morals through the spectacles of a thorough old-fashioned intuitionist, ready to accept as natural any precept which education had ingrained in his own mind. Father Dobrizhoffer, describing the wild fierce Abipones of the Pampas, says, "The Abipones, instructed by nature and the example of their ancestors, abhor the very thought of marrying any one related to them by the most distant tie of relationship." Thus a chief, when the missionary happened to speak of incestuous nuptials, broke out, "You say right, father! Marriage with relations is a most shameful thing. This we have learnt from our ancestors." The good Jesuit concludes with a remark which incidentally shows that the instruction by nature, as he calls it, had produced among these rude people other moral convictions less to his mind. "Such (he says) are the sentiments of these savages of the woods, though they think it neither irrational nor improper to marry many wives, and reject them when they like."

Special points of ethics have thus been used to illustrate two principles: first, that moral standards are not constant but develop with civilization; second, that such development does not follow one consistent course, but may diverge even into opposite directions. To gain a view of other principles, it is well to glance at evidence which is forthcoming as to the general moral order among certain savage or low barbaric tribes.

A general survey of the lower races shows that their selfish and malevolent tendencies are stronger in proportion to their unselfish and benevolent tendencies, than in higher grades of culture. It would be a wonder were it not so, and our talk of progress and civilization would be indeed a mockery. Yet savage society, under its most favorable conditions, shows the civilized man a picture of Paradisaic kindness and happiness which he looks on with delight, and even for a moment fancies he would exchange his own higher destiny for. This best savage life must be looked for among tribes prospering in their own land and under their native institutions, not where these have broken down under the influence of the white man, come not for their

good but for their goods, as the old Spanish-American jest had it, and bringing with him new arts, new beliefs, new wants, new vices. It is necessary, too, for the observer to be on the footing of a trusted friend, a sort of honorary member of the community, that he may see how savages dwell together in peace and good-will. Thus the Dutch explorers and Mr. Wallace describe among the rude, fierce Papuans of New Guinea and the natives of adjacent islands, an inner tribe-life of peace and brotherly love, respect for one another's rights, obedience to the customs of their ancestors as laid down by the elders; "in general they give evidence of a mild disposition, of an inclination to right and justice, and strong moral principles;" among them the offence of theft is too rare to make it worth while to put fastenings to the houses, they are distinguished by respect for the aged, love for their children, and fidelity to their wives. On the other side of the world, Europeans who have seen the home life of the Caribs, speak of it with the same admiring sympathy. Thus Schomburgk laments that civilization, with all its benefits, takes from men the purity of savage morals; among these simple folk he found peace and happiness, mutual love in the household, friendship and unpretentious gratitude, they have not to learn moral virtue from the civilized world, they do not talk about it but live in it, their word is deed, their promise is performance. Going up yet another stage in culture, we may study accounts of certain castes or tribes in India, not Hindus proper, but representatives of indigenous races of the land before the Aryan invasion. Colonel Dalton remarks on the kindly, affectionate manner of the Kols, and the absence of quarrelling and course abuse among them, a striking contrast to the habits of the more civilized Bengalis. To the Kols belong the quiet, inoffensive, good-natured, cheerful race of Santals, industrious tillers of the soil, who join to these gentler qualities the harder virtues of the hunter and warrior. "They did not understand yielding," writes Major Jervis of them in the Rebellion; "as long as their national drums beat the whole party would stand and allow themselves to be shot down. . . They were the most truthful set of men I ever met with, brave to infatuation." This truthfulness, so surprising to Englishmen whose intercourse has been with the more

sophisticated Hindus, marks the indigenous præ-Aryan races in many districts. It is so with the Kurubars of the Dekhan. Sir Walter Elliot, at a Revenue settlement, when a dispute arose between two Ryots, was surprised that the general voice at once pronounced in favor of one of them; he was told on inquiry that this man was a Kurubar, and "a Kurubar always speaks the truth." He quotes an old account of a poor, wretched dwarfish jungle tribe of these people, whom the Ryots employed to watch their fields by night. This service they perform with the greatest fidelity and courage, having no other weapon than lighted torches, with which they rush at the elephants or other wild beasts, and dashing the fire in their faces put them to flight; the whole are of such known honesty, that on all occasions they are entrusted with the custody of produce by the farmers, who know that the Kurubaru would rather starve than take one grain of what was given them in charge.

Moralists, then, have to face the fact standing out thus distinctly, that it is possible under favorable conditions for savage and barbaric tribes to have not only a fair ideal of virtue, but a realization of it which may put many a more cultured nation to shame. The problem is, what causes have led even low tribes to the attainment of a moral standard, to which they owe the mutual good offices and restraints on which such welfare as theirs depends. Ethnology, though it cannot fundamentally solve this problem, can at any rate clear it and carry it back one or two stages. Looking at the social state of the lower races, one of the first questions which arise is this—have their moral standards a direct origin in religion? Is it to the inculcation of moral duties as pleasing to their deities, or to the fear of divine punishment of moral offences in this world or another, that the Papuans and Caribs owe their morality? It does not seem so. The simple, honest, happy Aru Islanders have actually been claimed as an example of a race destitute of all religious ideas whatsoever. This is scarcely true, indeed rude carved wood fetiches have been seen among them; but they are certainly people whose lives are little influenced by such rudimentary theology as they may possess in common with the Papuans. These Papuans in general have skulls of ancestors or rude wooden idols as guardian fetiches, to which



they sacrifice for help in sickness, and which preside over the households and give oracles to their worshippers. But it is no office of this religion to attend to morals. Nor was it the office of the Carib religion, with its good and bad (*i.e.*, beneficial or harmful) spirits and greater deities, and its sorcerer-priests. The sacrifices of slaves and goods for the use of the departed soul in the future life, and the notion of brave warriors leading a happy, but cowards a dismal, life in the land of souls, were among the few points in which Carib morality was influenced by spiritual belief. The contact of these religions with moral life is at most slight and secondary, and they scarcely afford a sanction or a direction, much less an origin, for the morality of their votaries. It is thus among the lower races of mankind in general. Many a rude tribe has lingered on to modern ages, as though on purpose to show us that early condition of mankind where the union of religion and morality had not yet begun, or was but just beginning. Both existed, but they stood on independent ground. Among savage races, whose theology is but the most rudimentary animism, in which the doctrine of souls and spirits furnishes the explanation of the life of man and the phenomena of nature, and where these souls and spirits are prayed to and propitiated as friends or enemies of man—among these savage races, there exists morality often not despicable in its kindly simplicity, but as yet it is not referred to the command or pleasure of any deity. If the essence of such a rudimentary religion were put into the form of commandments, we should find duty to the gods enforced, and that stringently. But the introduction of commandments of duty to one's neighbor comes later in religious history, and indeed marks the great transition from the lower to the higher religions. It is true that even in early stages of culture there begins the momentous union of the two codes, human and divine. The very points of the coalescence are marked by the evidence of known tribes. We see the souls of the dead worshipped as gods, and as such naturally riveting the bonds of household morality which they were held by while yet in the body. We see the doctrine of the soul's existence after death in its primal ideas of gloomy ghost-life or happier dream-life, and then watch the entrance of the moral element in the conception of reward and

punishment beyond the grave; at last we find the divine spirits invested with superhuman functions of moral control and judgment, and their servants the prophets and priests proclaiming moral law under theological sanction. Yet if ethnography had nothing else to teach, its study would be repaid by the value of its proofs as to the original separateness of these two great powers. Acknowledging in all fulness the influence of religion on the ethics of the higher nations, we must, I think, admit on savage and barbaric evidence the previous existence of an "independent morality" which was secular, consisting simply of recognized habits and rules of conduct between man and man, the systematic result of social forces.

In the attempt to trace this early independent morality somewhat farther toward its source, these accounts of a condition of happy equilibrium among low tribes will also stand the inquirer in stead. Setting aside the results of direct self-interest acting as a moral agent, let us limit our attention to that main element in their simple kindly moral order, which is expressed by the very word *kindly*, which one finds oneself using again and again in depicting their lives; they are people whose habits are *kind-like*, who behave to one another as of one *kind*, birth, family. Suppose a whole tribe to spring from a single household, without the family tie breaking away even between distant relatives, such a society would habitually practise the cheerful and trustful intercourse, the honesty and generosity, the mutual forbearance and helpfulness, which are simply the elementary relations of household life. How the family affections arose in man, how far inherited tendencies explain them, how far sympathy is in present operation to produce them, at what early point common interest teaches the rude household to stand and strive side by side, is perhaps rather a problem for the naturalist and psychologist, for inquirers into hereditary tendencies, such as Darwin, Spencer, Galton, Spalding, than for the ethnologist, who finds it established as the initial fact at the very entrance of his researches. It is shown by every observant traveller in savage regions, that the basis of society is the family. Even among the rudest tribes the family ties are distinct and strong; the patient tenderness of the mother's love, the desperate valor of the

father fighting for home, the toil and care of both for the little ones, the affection of brothers and sisters, may be often masked or defaced by indifference or harshness, but they are always present, and often rise to poetic beauty and heroic passion. All through the human race, from savagery to civilization, the family has been the very source and school of moral life. Dispensing with the pile of travellers' general testimonies to character, I will here only call attention to an interesting group of symbolic rites among tribes extending from the upper savage and through the barbaric range of culture. By these it will be seen how clearly the lower races themselves acknowledge the paramount moral force of the family tie.

When parties not of near kin to one another wish to bind themselves in peace or close friendship, it has occurred to men in different and distant regions of the earth to make their covenant of alliance by the significant act of mixing their blood, thereby making themselves of one blood. Thus is established between them that law of mutual good offices which marks the higher moral standard within the family, as contrasted with the lower moral standard between strangers in blood. The Karens of Birma unite in irrevocable brotherhood by mixing blood from their arms and drinking it with brandy. Among the Kayans of Borneo, Mr. St. John became brother to a native by mixing drops of their blood, the two partaking of the mixture by smoking it in a cigarette, or both might have drunk it mixed with water, by which ceremony an alien becomes a member of a Kayan tribe. A similar custom prevails among tribes in East Africa, where two men entering into a covenant of brotherhood sit upon the same hide, thus showing symbolically that they are "of one skin," and then they make slight incisions in each other's breasts, taste the mixed blood, and rub it into one another's wounds. In Madagascar, brotherhoods are formed by mutual tasting of blood, with dreadful execrations on the breaker of the compact. In that island, races and civilizations have met from two distant regions, Africa and the South Sea Islands; but inasmuch as the covenant by blood is practised in both these districts, the Malagasy may have had it from either side of the globe, a curious proof of the wide distribution of the custom. Such accounts are well marked in the classic

world, as where Herodotus describes the compacts of the Lydians, when the parties wounded one another's arms and licked the blood, and the similar Scythian custom of the contracting parties drinking wine mingled with their blood. Among modern oriental nations may be mentioned the mutual tasting of blood by the Chinese when sworn into a secret society, and by the Hindus in the ceremony of their brotherhood-oath. Back in the ages of European barbarism, we remember the Scandinavian custom of entering into brotherhood by the two friends letting their blood flow together and mingle in a hole in the ground; in the Saga of Oegir's Feast, Loki reminds Odin how in old times they two mixed their blood. With range of custom far wider than the range of race or language, nations so far apart as the Hungarians and early Irish were nearly alike in this mode of covenant. On the threshold of the higher civilization, the ancient rite falls into disuse. One curious survival of it is found in that repository of quaint old ideas, popular magic. In the superstition of modern Bohemia and Moravia, it is held that if a young man drops some of his own blood into a glass of beer and gives it to a girl to drink, the unconscious love-compact into which he thus inveigles her will turn her heart towards him.

In a weaker way, but plainly enough through all grades of civilization, the ceremony of eating and drinking together binds the partakers to behave to one another as members of the same household. Not to dwell on the innumerable details of this well-known custom, a practice may be mentioned in modern Asia which serves to connect it with the last. A party of Siamese making an ordinary compact will taste together a mess of arrack flavored with salt and chilis; but if it is some desperate enterprise they are enlisting for, then each man will drop some of his blood into the mixture, and thus the rite becomes the full covenant by blood. Now this form of covenant, absurd and repulsive to modern notions, from the ethical point of view claims our respect and even admiration. The greatest of all the onward movements of civilization lies in the spreading of mutual duty and affection into wider and wider circles, and it was no light matter in the history of the human race when men found a solemn

means of extending beyond the narrow limits of the family the duties and affections of brotherhood. It was a step toward the "enthusiasm of humanity;" toward the conception of individual men as forming part of the vast family of man, partaking in the record of their past and the expectation of their future, loosing self from the chains of selfishness to joy in the pleasure and sorrow in the pain of all human kind.

Next, speaking here not as a moralist, but as an ethnologist touching on morals, I have not to discuss the general ethical action of self-interest, as treated of by such writers as Bentham, Mill, and Bain. No doubt self-interest began in the very infancy of the human race, and within the bark hut of the rudest savage, to be the mighty agent it has ever since been in framing social laws, and compelling each individual for his own self's sake to obey them. My present argument bearing on the utilitarian side of morals is confined to a particular set of facts in the ethnography of savage and barbaric law. These have value as perfectly illustrating a process which utilitarian writers perhaps hardly define and insist on with the precision and emphasis it deserves from them, as forming one main connection between their two great principles, self-interest and the law of greatest happiness. In the history of culture, the steps are still to be seen by which mankind has been for ages ascending from the selfishness of one toward the common welfare of all.

If there are any two subjects on which the moral standards of the world can be distinctly tested, they are the morality and immorality of homicide and theft. Let us look at homicide first as a matter of right and wrong. From the earliest times there is nothing to show that any tribe or nation, low or high, ever considered the slaying of a man to be necessarily and of itself a wrong or wicked act. Under certain conditions, manslaughter has been or is considered allowable and even praiseworthy; the principal of these conditions being self-defence, revenge, punishment, divine sacrifice, and above all, war. Yet no known tribe, however low and ferocious, has ever admitted that men may kill one another indiscriminately. Even the savage society of the desert or the jungle would collapse under such lawlessness. Is there then any moral law, "thou shalt not kill," recognized in savage life?

There is, and there is not, and between this affirmation and negation comes into view a leading fact in the history of morals. To put the argument upon extreme cases, there are many tribes who approve the slaying of men simply as a test of the slayer's valor, and among these, three may be mentioned as working out this idea in a peculiar and forcible way. The young Sioux Indian, as Mr. Blackmore remarks, cannot have the title of brave or warrior till he has "got the feather" to stick into his head-dress, this being an ornament he may not wear till he has killed his man; and till thus qualified for society, he can scarcely get a girl to marry him. So Mr. J. G. Wood mentions the young Dayak of Borneo as not able to get a wife till he has gone out and taken a head, that is, has killed an enemy, or in default some hapless stranger, and brought his (or her) head home as a trophy. So, according to Colonel Dalton, with the skull or scalp which the Naga of Asam brought home, thereby qualifying himself to be tattooed and to marry a wife, who perhaps had waited years for this ugly marriage-licence. The trophy need not have been taken from the body of an enemy, and might have been gained by the blackest treachery, provided only that the victim were not of the slayer's own clan. Yet the Sioux Indians among themselves hold manslaughter, unless by way of blood revenge, to be a crime, and the Dayaks also punish murder. Now to the observer who takes this particular law of homicide to be a product of the consensus of a tribe making laws to promote its own tribal well-being, the rule carries its own explanation in the clearest way. On the one hand, it is the law of a warlike tribe putting a premium on valor in slaying enemies; on the other hand, it is the law of a tribe which would fall to pieces if men were allowed to murder their own tribesmen wantonly. But it is not thus easy to explain such a law as sprung from a moral intuition or primitive definition of right and wrong implanted in or revealed to the human mind. If the homicide law of savage races gave even a glimpse of an absolute principle forbidding the slaughter of man as man, if it showed signs of being the dwindled relic of a general law against murder, then there would be a fair case for the intuitionist and theological schools of moralists. But it is hardly so. The rude

Koriaks of Siberia are typical; they severely punished murder within their own tribe, but murdering a stranger was not minded. Father Dobrizhoffer complains that the young men amongst the Abipones "greatly withstood the progress of religion; for, burning with the desire of military glory and of booty, they are excessively fond of cutting off the heads of the Spaniards, and plundering their waggons and estates." Yet in another place he says "See! what mild, benevolent souls these savages possess! Though they used to rob and murder the Spaniards whilst they thought them their enemies, yet they never take anything from their own countrymen. Hence, as long as they are sober, and in possession of their senses, homicide and theft are almost unheard of amongst them." It is going needlessly out of our way to explain such a state of morals as depraved from an original higher standard. Such savage law takes account or no account of the slaying of a man, not on the ideal ground of his being a man, but on the practical ground whether he is a stranger or not. This doctrine holds an honored place through half the history of civilization, and is only gradually dying out among ourselves. Classic Latin is satisfied to denote an enemy by simply calling him *hostis*, that is, a stranger or foreigner; and there is more than a jest in the famous picture of the Midland "rough" who ascertains that the passer-by is a stranger before he proposes the heaving of half a brick at him. Nor does the slave hold his life under the same law as the freeman. Thus arise the familiar doctrines of which ancient law is full, that slaying a tribesman and slaying a stranger are crimes of different order; that if one murders a freeman, blood must avenge the deed, but to murder a slave is at most a destruction of property, and so on through the history of the barbaric and civilized world into modern times, when one finds it still hard to persuade colonists that it is a crime of the nature of murder to kill a red man or a nigger. All this accords with what ethnology teaches throughout, that the early and rudimentary homicide-law, with the moral consciousness of right and wrong attached to it, forbade manslaughter only within the clan or tribe. Only with the development of larger intercourse and alliance was the idea of sacredness of human life extended to wider limits, and

at last came dimly into view as a universal principle applicable to humanity at large.

The teaching of the law of theft among the lower races is similar. Read the account of that fierce South American race, the Mbayas, whose pride and glory and prosperity were fed by the slaughter and plunder of other tribes. These warriors claimed divine sanction for their freebooting life; the Great Eagle, they said, had bidden them to live by making war on all other tribes, slaying the men, taking the women for wives, and carrying off the goods. Or for an instance from Africa, read the description of a Zulu party who have stealthily crept upon a distant village and massacred men, women, and children, returning with exulting hearts and loads of plunder from the ransacked kraal flaring on the horizon behind them. Yet both Mbayas and Zulus, within their own tribe-limits, have their definite moral obligations as to property. Their law, "thou shalt not steal," applies only to tribesmen and allies, not to strangers and enemies. It is well known that many North American tribes had a high standard of honesty among themselves, but this standard simply was not held to apply to foreigners, and especially to the white men, whom they thought it no shame to rob or cheat. Mr. Sproat puts this well in describing the Ahts of British Columbia. An article placed in an Indian's charge on his good faith is perfectly safe, yet thieving is a common vice where the property of other tribes or of white men is concerned. But, he says, it would be unfair to regard thieving among these savages as culpable in the same degree as among ourselves, for they have no moral or social law forbidding thieving, *i.e.*, intertribal thieving, which has been commonly practised for generations. "Here then we find well marked among savages the ethical stage of the ancient Germans in Cæsar's famous description; 'larcenies beyond the bounds of each community have no infamy, but are recommended as a means of exercising the youth and of diminishing sloth.'" As Lord Kames justly observes, this was precisely the case of the Highlanders of Scotland till they were brought into subjection after the rebellion of 1745. The same causes act among certain classes or communities within the state, who, united by bonds of their own, look upon their fellow-citizens outside as foreigners.



Our government has been of late engaged in putting down the criminal clans or castes of British India, clans whose moral law naturally seems to themselves virtuous, but which the authorities deem incompatible with the well-being of society. One of these clans is the Zaka Khail of the North-West Provinces, whose peculiar profession is that of digging through the walls of stables and dwellings by night in order to plunder. When a man-child is born among this clan, they consecrate it for its duty of life by the following curious symbolic ceremony: passing the baby three times through a hole dug in the house-wall, they say over him three times, "Ghal Shah!" that is to say, "Be thou a thief!" In the midst of modern civilization, the principle of honesty within limits is expressed in the maxim, "honor among thieves," and worked out in the doctrine that outsiders, strangers, foreigners, and the rich are fair game, an opinion systematically acted on by classes who have a higher standard of honesty in dealings with their relatives and friends, and even with their whole social class. All this accords with the view that the ordinance which civilized moralists proclaim in the form of a universal law against theft does not arise from a primary moral generalization, but is a product of advancing culture, the prohibition in its earlier and ruder forms applying only within the limits of the family or tribe.

Looking into savage and barbaric law from this point of view, we seem to find ourselves at one of the main sources of utilitarian morals. To ascertain what authority established the savage laws against murder and theft, we may justly put the famous question of Cassius the lawyer, "cui bono?" "who profits by it?" It is likely that the particular body in whose interest the laws in question most directly operate, were the law-makers who propounded them. Now it is scarcely the individual in his own case who lays down an inconvenient principle restricting himself from doing harm or getting good when so minded; it is scarcely the reckless, impetuous savage, possessed with rage or covetousness, who at the climax of his passion puts the moral check on himself. Nor is it mankind at large who profit by the savage laws restraining murder and theft within the tribe, but permitting them outside. The savage laws are framed directly and evi-

dently in the interests of an organization intermediate between the individual and humanity at large—I mean the clan or tribe. The interests of this social organism are maintained at the expense of the individual by the discouragement of murder and theft within the society; but the society is satisfied with this, and till the ages come when higher ethical stages are attained to, the great outlying mass of humanity is left to take care of itself. Here, then, is seen the original lawgiving body enacting its laws for its common interest, the society which is ever sitting in committee and settling public opinion on utilitarian principles, shaping and re-shaping from age to age the unwritten traditional standard of morality and justice.

It is not unusual to hear utilitarianism denounced as selfish; here we see it performing one of its great functions, and notice the particular kind of selfishness this involves. A crime committed touches directly the interest of only a few; but the many unconcerned in the particular case use their influence in support of such a general rule as would be for the welfare of them and theirs if the case touched them, so that in fact self-interest votes for common interest, and individuals seeking their own greatest happiness add together into a community which seeks "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." The leading modern representative of utilitarianism teaches as its creed that actions are right or wrong as they tend to promote or destroy happiness, not the private happiness of the individual actor, but the general happiness of the world. Without reproducing the argument of Mr. J. S. Mill's utilitarianism, we may stand historically behind it, watching the social process by which its doctrine, at once so rationally selfish and rationally unselfish, has become prevalent in the higher nations. The rise of utilitarianism from its lower to its higher forms has coincided with, and in no small measure actually caused, the extension of the moral standard of the ancient family community to larger and larger societies. The great feature of the higher ethics, as both the great schools of moralists agree, is that moral laws of kindness and justice are binding on all men toward all men. But well may Professor Bain urge that this is far from a primitive or an intuitive suggestion of the mind. It is high doctrine, and it is late doctrine. The doc-

trine of the lower ethics, savage morality, is, "thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy." Thy duty, it says, is to thine own people, not to the stranger. It is in the higher moral schools that the doctrine comes to be preached of duty universally due from man to man. And then at last the teaching of history being reversed, the argument being made to stand on its head, deductive philosophers and moralists persuade themselves that this absolute principle against injuring others in life and goods, this principle which only advanced nations can show at all, belonged to primæval man. Ethnology, taking the surer ground of experience, teaches that the full

ideal of morality of the future is not fundamental among mankind, but has been slowly evolving itself from the dawn of civilization. Morality, like charity, begins at home. Duty arose within the narrow bonds of the family and the clan before it extended to the nation and the world. It may be some day possible to reduce to a single principle the two great moral agencies here examined, the tendency of family sympathy and the tendency of public interest. The nice adaptation with which the two fit and work into one another in the actual life of society, at least favors the view of their being parts of one system and results of one cause.—*Contemporary Review*.

## EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF A MUSICIAN.

BY M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

### CHAPTER I.—THE FIRST EPISODE BEGINS.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago there was no merrier company in the world than the little knot of musicians gathered round the well beloved Ogliostro, court pianist and musical director to the smallest potentate in Germany. He was a planet of the first magnitude, and his satellites were small moons by comparison; yet as the moons were all of a size, and the planet enormous, no one seemed out of his proper place. There was everything to make life pleasant—abundance of music, agreeable women, ease and variety. All were contented with poverty from the sovereign downwards, and as luxuries, so called, were not to be had, superfluous means would only have been an encumbrance. Very likely things have changed by this time, and that bloom of virginal simplicity has been swept from the face of the little capital forever; but twenty-five years ago the era of innovation had not set in. Then the world lived as it liked without getting into debt. Take our musician for example. His salary was exactly a hundred pounds a year, and when he condescended to receive money from his pupils, he accepted a Prussian thaler for a lesson, and no more. He gave choice little banquets, recollected his friends' birthdays, and never forgot the children's Christmas-trees. He was always purchasing new music and new musical instruments. He

smoked cigars from morning till night. And, over and above these current expenses, he found means of helping many a deserving pupil to London or Paris. This is what a generously disposed—nay, a rather extravagant—person could do upon an income of not much more than a hundred a year in this small German State a quarter of a century ago.

This story opens in the height of the musical season—that is to say, in the spring—when life was pre-eminently gay and busy in the little capital. An event was sure to happen at such times; either a new opera was brought out under the Maestro's auspices—for thus our beloved Ogliostro was called—or some prima donna just alighted like a bird to sing away all hearts, then fly off, or the latest production of the musician himself enticed celebrated critics and connoisseurs to visit us. Each season seemed more attractive than the last, which was most likely to be accounted for in the fact that it was the fashion to be pleased.

The Maestro was now thirty years old. He looked much older, as it behoved him to do, firstly, because the two young Princesses, daughters of the reigning house, were his pupils; and secondly, because he had a sprinkling of sentimental young Poppenheimers among his ordinary pupils in whom he found it necessary to inspire reverence as well as affection. So though a vain man, circumstances obliged him to

disfigure himself by wearing his hair long, a coat of eccentric pattern, and spectacles. In spite of these devices he was universally acknowledged to be bewitching. And he was a little wild. Hitherto his escapades had been of a harmless nature, but when a man is bewitching as well as wild, what may or may not be expected of him?

So thought the Grand Duke, who being a man of rigid morality, as well as an ardent lover of art, was at times almost distracted by anxiety concerning his favorite. He prided himself upon his Court being the seat of the domestic virtues; and having a Duchess as rigid as himself, and a young family of Princes and Princesses growing up, he kept a vigilant eye upon the Bohemia outside the palace doors. Now the ruling spirit of this Bohemia was the Maestro, as the Grand Duke knew well enough, and if he once broke loose from the social bonds that had hitherto restrained him, there was no saying how far Bohemia might encroach upon other territory.

Again, there was a mystery about the man which troubled his royal master; he had sprung from the earth like the ancient Greeks, for all anyone knew to the contrary; he owned that his name had been assumed because of a certain musical sound he found in it, but what he was really called, whence he came, and to what nationality he belonged, he had never said. In spite, therefore, of his personal fascinations and his extraordinary gifts, the Grand Duke felt a little afraid of him.

Having in vain tried various expedients to tame this perplexing creature, he at last hit upon one which he flattered himself was sure to succeed. So one day, when the two young Princesses, Irma the Melancholy and Feodora the Mischievous, as they were familiarly called by the loyal Poppenheimers, had finished their music-lessons—Irma in tears at her master's rendering of a certain piece of Schubert, Feodora falling behind their attendant governess to make her scream by putting a pet kitten on her neck—Ogliostro was summoned to his Sovereign's presence.

'My good Herr Direktor (this was the way in which the Court always addressed him), I have something very important to say to you, and I trust that it will not prove of a painful nature.' As if anything a friendly Grand Duke might say

could possibly prove of a disagreeable nature! The Maestro merely bowed and smiled.

The Prince went on:—

'When a man gets to be your age, my good Herr Direktor, and especially when he attaches himself to a Court like my own, which, without self-exaltation, I may style the throne of purity and the domestic affections, it is his wisest course,—indeed, it is his clear duty—to marry.'

The musician had long expected something of this sort, and met the Duke's scrutinizing look with the same assenting bow and smile as before.

'Marriage,' pursued the Prince, 'if it can be said to do nothing else, makes a man a respectable member of society. It may make him the happiest of men—or the reverse—but at least it achieves the end of making him respectable. I believe the Herr Direktor cannot deny the truth of this assertion?'

Again a bow and a smile were Ogliostro's only answer.

'And in choosing a wife,' the Duke went on, 'a man's first duty is not to select the youngest or the fairest, or the most charming woman of his acquaintance, but the one who, by virtue of social position, age, and character, most effectually makes him respectable, settles him in life, in fact, and—forgive me for the personal allusion—when he is a genius, corrects those erratic tendencies which are among its most marked, its most pleasing, but, alas! its most dangerous characteristics!'

The musician knew what was coming next, but did not betray his feelings, and the Duke went on briskly—

'Among the ladies who have the honor of the Grand Duchess's acquaintance there is none more distinguished for solidity of mind and those charms of character which are not the less valuable because they do not lie on the surface, than the Fräulein Kambell-Sonnenschein. Descended on her mother's side from a good Scotch family, possessed of an ample fortune, accustomed to the best society from her infancy, it is an alliance, my good Herr Direktor, which would do any man credit. The lady is certainly some years your senior, but what an advantage to a child of fancy, like yourself, to be allied to a woman of experience and a practical turn of mind! whereas a young and visionary wife would undoubtedly be your ruin.'

This was a sly allusion to a lady whose name will transpire later. The Prince added with a benignant smile: "In token of my approval of this match, I shall have great satisfaction in bestowing upon you the title of *Von*, also of adding to your salary a hundred Prussian thalers a year, and of presenting to you for your lifetime the little villa which you now do me the honor to inhabit."

The Grand Duke was always as generous to artists as his moderate income would allow, but in this case he felt that he had even stretched a point, and looked for suitable acknowledgment. The musician's thanks were, however, luke-warm, and given in a thin voice.

"There is no necessity to make a prompt decision," he added, kindly patting the crest-fallen Ogliostro on the shoulder. "We will talk over the matter again when next you give the young Princesses their music-lesson."

Thus the interview ended, and the Maestro at least flattered himself that he had preserved a strict neutrality. But he felt wretched. His sovereign was not indeed a Louis Quatorze who could send him to a Bastille for disobeying his wishes, and if he positively refused to marry this odious woman—for in such a light Ogliostro regarded the lady—there would be an end of the matter. But to contradict a person of exalted rank is always unpleasant, especially when he has been almost fatherly in his benevolence and protection, as was the case with Ogliostro's Grand Duke. And to be subjected to the same sort of interference again, was equally disagreeable to contemplate.

Two alternatives seemed open to him; either to please the Grand Duke and make himself miserable ever after by marrying the *Fräulein*, or to choose a wife according to his own fancy and bear the consequences. But the only wife he wished for was some thousands of miles away just then, and, truth to say, though very much in love, he would have preferred to wait a little longer before becoming, as the Duke expressed it, a respectable member of society.

Two or three days passed in a state of miserable indecision, and when at last the time came round for his appearance at the Palace, he felt farther from making a resolve than before. In despair he shut himself up in his room, and sent a messen-

ger to the Princesses' governess to say that he was ill and could not give their Royal Highnesses their music-lessons as usual. All kinds of cordial enquiries came from the Palace, with presents of flowers, fruit, and dainties from the Ducal table to tempt the invalid's appetite. Such self-imposed seclusion was by no means unpleasant, for the Maestro's days were always too short for his friends and his fancies; and it was as new as it was delicious to him to have the entire twenty-four hours to himself. He composed from morning till night, ate, drank his Rhine-wine and smoked his cigars, and when everyone else had gone to bed stole out for a long moonlight walk in the park. When his so-called indisposition had lasted several days, there appeared in the little morning paper which chronicled all the events of Poppenheim the following notice:—

"The Countess Serono, with her servants, arrived at the Burg Hotel last evening from Cracow."

The Maestro uttered a cry of delighted surprise, played three or four triumphant roudades on the piano, then sat down to his writing table with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

The Countess was a beautiful young Viennese lady, a widow, whose musical gifts and personal fascinations had created quite an excitement at Poppenheim a year ago. She was the only person, he avowed, who could learn nothing from him. From becoming excellent comrades, they became lovers, at least in the eyes of the world; but the lady had taken flight just as matters seemed coming to a climax, which looked very much as if she did not approve of it. She had returned; and comments would naturally be made upon the fact without loss of time.

What Ogliostro wrote were two announcements for the little *Tagesblatt* before-mentioned. Thus ran the first notice:

"The Herr Direktor Ogliostro has recovered from his indisposition, and will receive his friends at a *matinée musicale* to-morrow morning."

Thus ran the second notice:

"Rumors are afloat that a marriage is arranged between the Herr Direktor Ogliostro and the *Fräulein* von Kambell-Sonnenschein, and that the betrothal will, ere long, be formally announced."

"The news will be read by all Poppen-



heim to-morrow,' he said to himself with a gesture of exultation, 'and when the Countess comes to my *matinée* I shall know at the first glance whether she wishes to marry me or no. If not, I may as well please the Grand Duke as go to destruction in any other way.'

He straightway dressed himself with the greatest care, and proceeded to leave a card for the Countess at the Burg Hotel, not looking at all as if he were bent upon going to destruction, but very elate, very much in love, and very handsome, as behoved a young man and a genius.

#### CHAPTER II.—PIANOFORTE LOVE-MAKING.

IT is scarcely necessary to say that Ogliostro's musical parties were perfect. Though publicly announced, no one presumed to go without an invitation, firstly, because the music-room was small; secondly, because it was well known that the Maestro loved to arrange his guests choicely as he did his bouquets, assorting colors and perfumes as best pleased his fancy. Beyond abundance of flowers from the Palace Garden, which had almost come to be regarded by the musician as a perquisite, and coffee, there was no kind of preparation. About eleven o'clock—for in Popenheim things were called by their proper names, and a morning concert ended punctually at one o'clock post meridiem—the musicians entered. A spectator's first impulse was to rub his eyes and ask himself if there were not four Ogliostros in the flesh instead of one only—if the musician performed quartets by the mysterious help of three doubles; so curiously alike at first sight seemed pianist, first violinist, second violinist, and violoncellist. But on further inspection this fancied resemblance between the Maestro and his friends almost vanished. It was a mere matter of imitation. All three men had suffered their hair to grow long, wore spectacles, dressed themselves exactly like their adored master, and, with a mimetic skill that did them credit, had caught certain modulations of his voice and laugh, and even something of his smile and glance; so that when he was away his image was vividly recalled by these admiring friends.

In the wake of the musicians followed two or three girls in white frocks and colored sashes, with music-books under their arms. These were the Maestro's pupils, of

whom it is only necessary to particularise one, Helena Blum, a wild-looking creature with black eyes, tawny skin, and raven locks hanging down her back. Helena could play anything, and she was to be introduced to the public of London or Paris under her master's auspices some day, when the necessary money could be raised for the journey.

After the pupils came the Countess, one of those small vivacious beauties to be seen in Vienna, and hardly anywhere else. Dressed in colors as brilliant as the plumage of a bird, according to the fashion of her countrywomen, she made a striking contrast to the other ladies. Not even the Duchess, who was a king's daughter, wore a costume half so gay and costly as she; and as to the two young Princesses, they happened, on this occasion, to look particularly dowdy in their shabby silks and faded feathers.

After the ordinary salutations, the music began, and the Maestro, in his ardor to do justice to a quartette of the great Spohr, all but forgot the existence of even the Countess. The masterpiece was performed in a masterly manner; and when a trio had been given and one or two solos on the violin, he sat down to improvise.

Now a pianoforte improvisation may be, and often is, the most commonplace performance one can listen to, because almost every tolerable musician can improvise, and thereby make a certain show of originality without being in the least degree original. But Ogliostro's improvisations were much more like himself, and had much more of himself in them, than his teaching, his conversation, or, indeed, many of his compositions. He often composed carelessly, talked at random, and gave lessons whilst his mind was occupied with other things. He was always at his best when he improvised, which happened but seldom.

Before he sat down to the piano he looked at the Countess, who was standing close by, and said in a low voice—

'To-day I am going to play to you.'

He began by giving full vent to the mixed passions that had been secretly raging within his heart during the last few days; first, he thundered out his indignation at the conventionalities propounded to him by his patron, the Duke, denouncing worldliness, respectability, so called, and other names that impose upon

the multitude, and vehemently protesting on behalf of the true, the beautiful, the ideal; then he melted all hearts by a thrilling declaration of love; finally, he wound up with the despairing, almost maniacal outpourings of a soul that has sought refuge from a contemptible world and a contemptuous mistress in the solitude of nature. This was the story he told, as plainly as music could tell it.

He rose from the piano, heedless of the low-murmured applause of his listeners, and, looking at the Countess narrowly, said that it was now her turn to play.

'I will answer you,' she whispered, and he saw that there were tears on her dark eyelashes. She bent her head over the notes and played an exquisite little impromptu, that was only so far original as a good translation is original. She had heard the melody she knew not when or where, and, changed to the minor key, it seemed to express exactly what she wanted to say. And what did she want to say? Ogliostro sat by with quickened pulse and heart beating wildly. No note was lost upon his eager ear, no delicate gradations upon his impatient soul. As he listened, not only with the appreciation of the musician but with the suspense of the lover, he gradually read in that pathetic melody what was at the same time a sentence and a benediction. She loved him, but for some reason, which she could not or might not make clear, must reject him as a lover.

All this she said, if not with the fire of the Maestro, at least with as much sincerity and with pitying womanly tenderness. The little poem went straight to every heart, though only one had read its meaning aright.

The party now broke up, and in the bustle of the Ducal departure the countess slipped away unobserved. Ogliostro generally dined with some of his musical friends at a tavern after his morning parties, but to-day he dismissed them somewhat curtly, shut the door upon his last guest with a slam, desired his servant to admit no visitors, then, throwing himself upon a sofa, closed his eyes in a fit of melancholy abstraction.

When the sweet spring afternoon was drawing to a close, and the servant, hearing him move about, ventured to bring in his master's dinner, Ogliostro roused himself, and, having eaten a little bread and sou-

sat down and wrote a submissive letter to the Grand Duke, declaring himself ready to comply with his wishes. 'I may as well make the most of the last days of liberty that remain to me,' he mused; 'why not take some of the young people' (he always spoke of his pupils in that paternal way) 'into the forest and have a moonlight supper? There is little Helena, for example, who never gets a treat; and Annchen and Lotte.'

With the Maestro a pleasant thing said was as good as done; and in less than an hour, a basket of provisions was packed, the guests were assembled, and the carriage stood at the door. The oldest and most important guest was a Kapellmeister from Württemberg, an agreeable but stout and rather unweirdy person, and he was placed in the middle of the front seat with a slender young lady, Annchen Baer, on one side, and on the other a still more slender young lady, Lottchen, her sister; both of them fair-haired, rosy-cheeked girls, with that air of homely sweetness for which the beauties of Germany are notable; on the box was placed another of the Maestro's pupils, by name Edouard Merk, a sallow-complexioned, feverish-eyed youth, who looked as if his soul, in its vehemence, were wearing out his body. The Maestro himself sat beside Helena, his favorite pupil of all, and in the highest spirits they drove away. These little banquets were always as choice and charming as could be; sometimes there was a dash of Bohemian flavor about them, but of a hearty, harmless kind; and what wine tastes so fragrant, what meats so delicious, as those we feast on in our youth with a few boon companions? We may grow rich and worldly-minded in after years; but the pompous feasts to which we then sit down do not taste half so good as the cheap entertainments of bygone days.

How sweet the breath of the young spring as they drive along! After two hours' ride amid bright green fields and thriving little villages, they reach the mysterious borderland between fact and fiction, prose and poetry; in other words, they are on the borders of the Thuringian Forest. Already it is growing dusk, and one or two stars glimmer in the pale green sky. The air is fragrant with wild flowers, and the nightingales are singing.

"Delicious!" cried the Maestro as they approached a little opening in the wood.

'Here is the very spot we want. Let us alight and feast round a fire of pine logs like gipsies.'

Everyone acquiesced, for the evening was warm and balmy. Hither and thither they ran in search of chips like children out for a holiday, beguiling the task with playful talk, laughter and snatches of song. When the fire was made, great merriment prevailed over the construction of a rude tent, by means of carriage rugs and a tall pine stem; having spread another on the ground and laid out their little feast, they sat down. 'I never imitate vagrants' life,' began the Maestro, 'without longing to adopt it altogether. How little do we obtain in exchange for what we give up by living according to the rules of civilisation! There is not a day of my life upon which I do not commit a dozen follies or puerile insincerities because I have chosen to put my neck into the yoke of social bondage. I hate myself for doing it, but I do it.'

'And as for me,' said Helena, whilst she prepared the salad, 'my mother scolds me night and morning because I do not behave meekly like other girls. Why should I pretend to be meek, when I am by nature wild and headstrong?'

'Why, indeed?' cried the Maestro. 'You and I, my poor Helena, were born to roam the world like a pair of gipsy minstrels, and not to play the fine lady and gentleman. What a life that would be! When we were hungry, we should have nothing to do but sing a ballad before some rich man's door. Out would come the pretty mamma with the children hanging to her skirts, eyes and mouth wide open at sight of us. You would hold up your apron for the piece of silver, curtsy, and off we go again, thrumming the guitar—'

Just then the notes of a guitar were heard in the distance, and all started up and clapped their hands, thinking that Oglistro had prepared a surprise for them in the way of a gipsy concert. He was a man given to surprises. But his astonishment was as unfeigned as their own when two gipsies, a man bearing a guitar, and a woman, approached. Springing from his seat he bade the new comers eat and drink with them, adding that the company would be very glad of some music afterwards.

'This is the best piece of good luck that could have happened to us,' he said as he sat down again; 'our guests' hearts will be

warmed by our wine, and they will sing and play for pure enjoyment. We are all musicians, you must know,' he continued, addressing himself to the pair, 'and we gain our bread by music as you do. So let us all feast together like brothers, and amuse each other afterwards.'

Annchen and her sister turned red with dismay, but Helena whispered to them that no harm could come of it; and, after a little hesitation on the part of the intruders, the supper was resumed. Bread, meat, cheese, fruit, cakes, and wine disappeared rapidly amid lively conversation; then the music began.

There was nothing remarkable about the wandering minstrels, who were, indeed, just such a pair of gipsies as a traveller in Germany may encounter at fairs and wakes at any time, but the circumstances under which they had come made them doubly interesting. The blaze of the pine logs lit up their dark faces with almost a supernatural glow, and lent to their bits of blue and scarlet drapery a picturesque and even gorgeous effect. The woman, moreover, was young and handsome, and with her companion entered into the spirit of the occasion. It was quite evident that the two sang and played then more because they loved it than because they looked for practical results in the shape of silver pieces at the end of the performance. To crown the evening's entertainment, Oglistro himself took the guitar and played a dance-compelling waltz of his own composition. The gipsy led off with Helena, his companion with Edouard, Annchen and Lottchen danced with the Kapellmeister by turns. Never was music danced to with such wild exuberance of spirit as Oglistro's impromptu waltz in that moonlit glade. When indeed the little party broke up it was long past midnight, and host and guests drove home in that exquisite hour of twittering birds and cool grey sky that heralds the full-voiced rosy dawn.

#### CHAPTER III.—THE BEGINNING OF THE SECOND EPISODE.

For a few days all went smoothly. The musician had for once proved so tractable that he stood on a pinnacle of Court favor. There was nothing he might not say or do just then: and being very much of a child, and of a spoilt child too, he found it delightful to be petted by the Duke, the Duchess, and the young Princesses. But

when the day of betrothal approached—in Germany an engagement hardly less binding than marriage itself—his courage gave way.

One morning, therefore, the serenity of the little city was disturbed by the almost incredible tidings that Ogliostro was gone—none knew whither! and that the cause of his going was the marriage that the Duke would fain have made between him and the elderly *Fräulein* with the large fortune. Everyone had heard of this betrothal, but none believed that it would ever take place.

Still such a solution of the difficulty was wholly unforeseen, and afforded a delightful scandal for the ladies over their tea and the gentlemen over their cigars. Ogliostro gone in the height of the musical season! and gone because the Duke, having taken fright at his wild ways, had urged him to marry one woman, he being all the time in love with another! Could it be true? The more meddlesome and inquisitive took it upon themselves to apply for intelligence at the Maestro's little villa, but could learn nothing beyond the fact that he was not there.

The Duke was made aware of his protégé's defalcation by a short, impatient, but glowing letter from the culprit himself.

Having stated what steps he had taken to prevent any break in the musical programme of the season, and apologised profusely for his unusual conduct, he wound up with the following rather high-flown sentiments:—

'I am sure your Serene Highness will appreciate these irrepressible yearnings after the remote and the unfamiliar which drive me from a life I have long felt unsuited to an artist—these inward struggles between the lower and the higher instincts of genius, the first urging me to accept the material advantages of this life at the sacrifice of my individuality; the last calling upon me solemnly to abjure friends, fortune, and tranquillity, anything and everything that stand in the way of my freedom and self-development. Music is my life, my mistress, my love. I own—forgive me, my Prince—no other allegiance; and class me, if among the most disobedient, at least among the most grateful of your subjects.'

The Duke's first impulse was to be very angry. Nothing more inopportune could have happened. There was the impend-

ing visit of his royal father-in-law to begin with, who had expressed himself extremely anxious to hear the renowned Ogliostro play, and who must now bear the fate of common mortals and be disappointed. Then there were the disagreeable remarks of his spouse, the Grand Duchess, to contend with, that lady having set her face against any interference with the musician's marriage from the first, regarding him, not from a social point of view, but much as a court jester was regarded in old times. Then there was the general flatness of the musical season to contemplate—an unpleasant fact to a music-loving Sovereign with but small business as Sovereign; and, lastly, the disadvantage to the young Princesses of losing the very best pianoforte teacher in Germany. But his second impulse was to laugh, and he laughed so long and heartily, that when he had done he found himself in a good temper again.

'The foolish fellow!' he mused. 'What a career he has thrown away, for the sake of the remote and the unfamiliar! He will be reduced to beggary if some one does not look after him. I wish he had left his address, so that I could send him his pension all the same. Well, he is sure to turn up when he wants me!'

But weeks and months elapsed, and Ogliostro did not turn up. The summer passed at Poppenheim as usual. For a time all was gaiety. The King came and went. The Countess played away a good many hearts and went also. Three times a week rich and poor, the great folks and the small folks, flocked to the little theatre by daylight to see a play or hear an opera; and when at last the doors were closed, everyone made a holiday in the country. The Maestro had been missed and lamented, but the world got on without him, as it gets on without the best of us.

Where was he?

He had left no address, and he had written no one a word since he went away. Once Helena received an anonymous present of music, which she felt sure must have come from him, and the Countess every now and then found a box of flowers among her letters, having the unmistakable fragrance of the Maestro's bouquets about them: But that was all. Helena went to her daily work with a kind of persistent recklessness that betrayed a mind ill at ease, whilst the Countess, though fasci-



nating as ever, was said to look pale and melancholy. To these two women indeed the Maestro's absence had been the greatest loss that could have befallen them, and they did not feign indifference or forgetfulness.

And all the time he was living an existence that for years he had pictured to himself as ideal. At last he was free, free as the birds that roam the heavens, and the wild deer that have the forests to themselves. Without a duty, without a care, without expectation, and without remorse, he enjoyed the day to the full, alike untroubled by yesterdays or to-morrows. If the remembrance of the Countess was painful to him, it was also delicious. Who could tell but that some time or other he should again make love to her on the piano, and not then be answered by the word *impossible*, spelt as plainly as music could spell it?

It was in the glorious days of June that he went away. Almost always afoot, carrying his knapsack on his shoulder, after the fashion of a travelling student, he pursued his happy journey.

The first few weeks were spent in the Thuringian Forest. Careless of time, and only anxious to elude observation, he sought out the remoter spots; now lingering in some secluded valley, now on some mountain top, where the wind soughed among the trees. He always tried to end the day with music: often the little inn at which he slept possessed a piano; or he would fraternise with the sacristan, and play for hours on the organ of the parish church. If he happened to fall in with feast or fair, wedding or funeral, he was on the alert to catch any new melody he might hear, thus accumulating fragments of music and song as he made his way.

Now and then he met a gipsy cavalcade, and that intoxicated him with delight. He would have a concert at any price, and often spent days in the track of some dark-visaged musician or dancer who had bewitched him. No one took the young musician's advances amiss, and in truth he acted the vagrant so well that he seemed to be one of them.

The gipsies' reckless, rollicking existence fascinated him as much as their music, for which he had a passion; he would ask himself if indeed there were any truth in what was said of him, that he had come of a gipsy stock, stolen from a gipsy tribe by

some wandering impresario on account of his precocious musical gifts. His own early history he did not know; even his name was of his own choosing, and he felt no repugnance to the notion of having such wild kinsfolk. Well might the Grand Duke have stood in terror of his beloved Herr Direktor.

But whilst Ogliostro was amusing himself after his own fashion—of which the quiet Poppenheimers only knew years after, Poppenheim itself was growing just a little dull. When Autumn came round, and the theatre opened, everyone in the capital, from the Duke to the doorkeeper, at last realised how much they had lost.

The Countess came, but could not bring herself to stay. She talked of spending the winter at Rome, Dresden, Berlin, and her friends accounted for her restlessness by the fact of Ogliostro's absence. One cold December day she called upon Helena, wrapped to the delicate little chin in fur, threw herself in an arm-chair with a sigh of mock despair, and said—'My good girl, I am obliged to go home to-morrow, but I cannot support the solitude of the country without some one to play duets with me. Will you pack up your clothes and be ready to start for Salzburg in four-and-twenty hours?'

Helena opened her large black eyes, thought for a moment, and then said—

'Mamma will set her face against it.'

The Countess clapped her hands delightedly.

'Where is your mamma?' she asked. 'I can convince her in two minutes that it is the right thing for you to do. I want music lessons, my dear, and I will pay a Prussian thaler for each you give me. You are the very person I need.'

'What can I teach you?' Helena said with dismay. 'That is the difficulty. How can I receive money from you for doing nothing?'

'It is all settled, my child,' replied the vivacious little lady, who, like all pretty women, was used to having her own way. 'I will pay you twelve thalers a month for being my *dame d'atours*, and we will play the piano and violin from morning till night. Ah! what an enchanting thing a violin is! those who play it and understand it are wholly different beings to the rest of the world.'

They talked of music and of musicians till they were interrupted by the entrance

of Helena's mother; a good woman in the main, but being the commonplace mother of uncommon children, she was rather apt to regard them from a worldly point of view. Helena's eldest sister was making her mark as a vocalist in Prague, and she looked upon her second daughter's musical talent in the light of so much money to be earned, saved, and profitably invested for the comfort of her old age.

However, a fascinating and richly-dressed lady in a poor little room on the sixth story is an imposing presence, and the Countess gained her point. The next day the two started for Salzburg, and Poppenheim grew duller than ever.

The Grand Duke, always an optimist, rubbed his hands when the snow began to fall, saying in a cheerful voice—

'When winter really sets in, the remote and unfamiliar will become uncomfortable, and we shall have our spoiled child Ogliostro back again.'

But the Poppenheimers were hemmed in by the snow as by a besieging army, and no Ogliostro came.

#### CHAPTER IV.—IMPRISONED BY THE SNOW.

It was such a winter night as only those dream of who live in the neighborhood of forests and mountains. There had been a fortnight of snow storms already, and the trees round the Schloss of the Countess were laden with snow, the mountains smooth and glittering; the valley was a sheet of gleaming white, the wind raged unceasingly. Travelling was dangerous on account of the drifts in the roads, and the Countess and her companion, Helena, had spent twelve days entirely in each other's company.

They had sped fast enough. Music is a life and a world in itself, and these two enthusiasts were absorbed in it, needing for the moment nothing else. Trouble, toil, love, and even duty, seemed hidden from them by a veil in the first days of their well-assorted companionship. Helena lost recollection of the little wearing domestic cares which had made her look old for her years; the Countess forgot the family quarrels and complications on her account which, for the time being, made any second marriage, not to say marriage with a poor musician, impossible.

The two sat by an enormous wood fire, in a confidential mood, every now and then pausing, as some gust of wind swept like

thunder among the pine trees. What a contrast they made! You could see at the first glance that the delicate little lady, in ruby-colored velvet and gold ornaments, had been accustomed from her cradle to softness and luxury, taking even music and other passions with a certain kind of indolence; whilst the hard-worked, large-featured, yet, in the eyes of the more discriminating, rather handsome Helena, in her gipsy's costume of black and scarlet serge, showed not only in her demeanor, but in her looks, that the drudgery of life was familiar to her, and was accepted as naturally as spiritual things and great exhilarations.

'I would give anything to know where our poor Ogliostro is to-night,' said the Countess, who with all her tact had not yet discovered whether this impulsive, half savage, half-infantine creature really concealed a love for the Maestro or no. As she spoke she turned towards her companion with a questioning expression.

Helena gazed in the fire, and made no answer.

'What a pity too that he should have been driven away by that meddling Duke,' continued the Countess. 'With all his gifts he may fare badly away from dear little Poppenheim. Some designing woman may persuade him to marry her against his will, for example.'

Still Helena was silent.

'You are looked upon as his favorite pupil,' pursued the Countess. 'Why do you not try to find him out, and persuade him to go back in the spring?'

She was stayed from further banter by the girl's imploring look.

'I cannot talk of him,' she said. 'Let us play to each other instead. Music is the easiest speech.'

Helena never improvised or composed, but her playing was wholly original; not this or that famous reading of masterpieces, but purely her own, indebted neither to critic nor connoisseur. She played one of those marvellously passionate sonatas of Beethoven, which seem to tell the story of a wild human life, and it was Ogliostro's story that she wanted to tell. As she threw herself heart and soul into the mingled fierceness and tenderness of the music, the Countess, listening, read her interpretations aright. Helena consented, woman-like, to entire self-abnegation, so long as her beloved Maestro should be

happy and triumphant. She divined that his triumphs would signify little to him, if he must suffer the one defeat that would spoil all, and mingled with prophecies of his artistic successes were intercessions on his behalf. The other listened eagerly, only half comprehending this voluntary renunciation of her companion. Her speech, 'I cannot talk of him,' had told her the truth, but she was far as yet from realising it.

The piece came to an end, and the Countess was about to take Helena's place at the piano, when the sound of a man's voice crying 'Bravo! bravissimo!' from without caused both women to utter a little cry of surprise.

'Ogliostro!' cried the Countess.

'The Maestro!' cried Helena.

And true enough it was he.

They ran into the hall, and in another minute Ogliostro ascended the stone staircase leading from the courtyard. He was dressed in furs from head to foot, and, booted and spurred, with pistols at his side, he looked more like a freebooter than a wandering musician. He made a dozen apologies for appearing before them in this fashion; and having laid aside his furs and weapons, the three sat down to a hastily prepared supper, laughing and talking gaily.

'How good of you to ask no questions!' said the Maestro, looking from one to the other. 'I drop out of the clouds, you make me welcome, and I am not bored by having to explain everything. But when I have satisfied my hunger, I will tell you all that has happened to me since I went away.'

He drank a glass of wine and began to eat; enthusiasm, however, soon got the better of hunger.

'Only think,' he said, 'it is seven months since I left Poppenheim, and for the greater part of that time—(tell it not in Gath, declare it not in Askelon)—I have been living among my kinsfolk, the gipsies.'

'Do but listen to him!' cried the Countess, with a gesture of mock horror. 'Helena, how dare we sit at table with such company? But continue.'

'Madam,' pursued the musician gaily, feigning a subservient manner, 'I am sensible of the condescension shown to me, but have no fear. I can comport myself in the palace as well as in the tent, not

having lived long enough with the gipsies to unlearn decent behavior. But, oh!' he added, returning to his natural tone, 'you do not know what a fascinating life it is! And what a life of music! Forgive me if I leave the table to play you one incomparable serenade. I can no longer control my impatience.'

He left his half-finished supper, nor would be persuaded to resume it till he had played half-a-dozen wild melodies. The ladies clapped their hands with delight, and when the meal was at last finished, he played a dozen more.

'Gipsy music,' he said, when he left the piano, and threw himself into an arm-chair with a sigh of fatigue, 'must be, by the nature of gipsy life, the most real and natural of all. In the grandest compositions of our great masters, the cold spirit of criticism sweeps in, not marring, but certainly modifying, the first idea—sweeping from it, in fact, the first bloom. But in popular music, just as in ballad poetry, we get the pure, untrammelled spirit of the people; who toil, make love, suffer, and die, and tell it all without any notion of what is proper or improper in the making of a song. But I have so much to tell you and ask of you, dear ladies, that I know not where first to begin. You, my little Helena, shall first give me news of my dear pupils at beloved Poppenheim. Annchen and Lottchen, Edouard and Walther, and all the rest—are they well? I have heard no word from any of you since I went away.'

But his own story proved the most absorbing, and he answered their questions with great glee, telling them his plans and projects. He was composing a gipsy opera; he was going to try his fortune in London or Paris—to found a new school of music—what was he not going to do? They listened; too well pleased to have his company again to feel jealous or unhappy. For the time it was good fortune enough.

The next day and the next saw Ogliostro the Countess's guest, if for no other reason, for the very simple one that he could not get away. More snow had fallen, and to reach Salzburg in the present state of the roads was impracticable. Everyone was contented that the weather and the roads should remain as they were. Music occupied the trio from morning till night, each in turn being inspirer or inspired. In-

dividualities seemed for a time lost in artistic enthusiasm.

But before the weather changed from without, it changed within. On a sudden—none knew how it was—the Countess would fain have had the Maestro leagues away. Helena wished she could wake in her little attic at home. The musician found himself wondering what had happened to turn the snow-bound Schloss into a disagreeable place. All felt relieved when news came that the road was clear.

A few hours after receiving this intelligence, Ogliostro was on his way to Salzburg.

‘I suppose the Countess was jealous at my fondness for Helena,’ he mused. ‘But how unreasonable women are! I must marry some day, and how can I marry a woman who says she cannot have me? And Helena was moody and out of spirits, too! Ah! it may be that I talked too much of Rhona, the beautiful gipsy maiden who captivated me last summer. I see that if a man wants to accomplish anything really great in art, he must set his face against all love affairs.’

#### CHAPTER V.—FORTUNE AND MISFORTUNE.

Two or three years passed, and Popenheim had to get on as well as it could without the beloved musician. His admirers read with mournful eagerness of the enthusiasm created by his playing in Paris, London, and Vienna, but were compelled to admit that he showed some ingratitude in remaining so long away from his unforgetting friends. What was the rapture of the warm-hearted little city, therefore, when the following announcement appeared on the walls of the Theatre one May morning?

BY PERMISSION OF THE GRAND DUKE,  
WILL BE PERFORMED ON THE OCCASION OF  
THE ROYAL BIRTHDAY,  
RHONA, A GIPSY OPERA, BY OGLIOSTRO  
(LATE COURT PIANIST  
AT THE COURT OF POPPENHEIM),  
UNDER THE COMPOSER'S DIRECTORSHIP.

The news spread like wildfire throughout the town, and for the time everyone's head was turned by it. Preparations were immediately set on foot so as to make the occasion one of extraordinary brilliance. The ladies sent to Frankfurt for new dresses. The Duke commanded an *al fresco* entertainment in honor of the great

man's return. His pupils and musical friends organised a fête, at which he was to be crowned with a wreath of silver laurel leaves. All contributed their best to celebrate such a home-coming.

At last the long looked-for day dawned: a gay festival at all times, what with the flags and garlands, the military review, the crowds of holiday makers in Sunday clothes, the lines of open carriages conveying richly-dressed ladies and officers in full dress, and covered with decorations, to pay their respects to the Sovereign. But when evening came, all felt that the Duke's fête was over, and that the musician's had begun. Pleasant it was to see the stream of play-goers, old and young, rich and poor, wending their way in the warm summer evening to see Ogliostro's opera. It was an entertainment all could afford, and all could enjoy, from the prince to the peasant, and expectancy was written on every face.

Exactly at seven o'clock, three strokes from the chamberlain's staff on the edge of the royal box betokened the arrival of the Grand Duke. When he appeared, accompanied by the Duchess and the young Princesses, the little theatre rang with cheers, which would have been repeated more tumultuously still for Ogliostro, had he not foreseen such a dilemma. No sooner had the Duke taken his seat than the conductor, Ogliostro himself, who till now had been invisible, raised his bâton, and the overture began.

The gipsy opera was, of course, a success. It was new, it was naïve, and it was in a certain sense true. Ogliostro, never false to himself where his art was concerned, had invented not only a new story, a new *mise-en-scène*, and a new opera, but he had put these together in a form peculiarly his own, discarding stage canons and stage precedents. In part the story was familiar to Helena and the Countess. A wandering musician falls in with a band of gipsy minstrels, lives with them as one of themselves, accompanies them to fairs and festivals, finally sings away his own heart and that of Rhona, a gipsy girl; stays on, in spite of his own misgivings and scruples and her own (for she has a lover among her tribe and nation), till matters are brought to a terrible climax. In a moonlight dance, got up in honor of the gipsy betrothal, Rhona's betrothed falls murderously upon the intru-



der, and he is borne off the stage dead or dying. This is, of course, the merest outline of a rather long and complex story. The music was fantastic, the dances fresh, and the singing very good. Every note seemed inspired by the wave of Ogliostro's arm, and large bursts of applause greeted him each time the curtain fell.

Helena and the Countess were present, both alternately listening with the happy absorption of musicians, and wondering how Ogliostro's visit would affect themselves. The two had never been on quite easy terms since his departure from the Schloss that wintry morning, more than two years ago; but they felt the same towards him. He was especially their prodigal, all the more welcome because of his long, and apparently forgetful, absence.

That very evening the Countess received the musician's homage as she sat next to him at the Ducal banquet given in his honor; but Helena had to wait for the next day to pass, and the next, before any sign of remembrance came from him.

When it did come in the shape of a present of flowers and music, accompanied by an invitation to play duets that very afternoon, she felt no more envy of the Countess or of anyone else whose privileges had come first. The old delightful relationship of master and pupil was about to be renewed, and she wanted no more. What relationship, indeed, can be compared to that of a musician and his disciple, inspirer and inspired? Some almost divine emanation seems to be imparted from a teacher of music who is really an enthusiast, putting genius out of the question.

He greeted her warmly, and after a very little talk they sat down to the piano. Helena noticed that the Maestro was more than usually excited, and that as he played he seemed rather trying to exorcise some demon of inquiet thought than to call up some angelic vision. And so indeed it was. In the midst of a wild and beautiful composition of his own he broke off, drew a deep breath, and rose from the piano.

'I will play no more to-day,' he said. 'Has it ever happened to you, little Helena, to feel that the thing you love best in the world jars, disturbs—nay, tortures? So is it with music at this moment. I can play, but the sounds I evoke are painful to me. Let us do

something else. Suppose we go into the garden and take a cup of coffee?'

It was a perfect June day, and the musician's little summer-house, which was covered with roses and honeysuckle, invited a dreamy mood. He gradually lost his quiet expression, growing instead pensive and abstracted. Never before had Helena seen her beloved Maestro so unlike himself. Had she not possessed that fine tact which is part of the true-born artist's organization, she would have plunged into some good-natured congratulations, really as ill-timed as they would have seemed opportune. As it was she said nothing, though the sympathy written in her face soothed and cheered him.

'I dare say things will come right in time, when I am old and wise and grey,' he said, with a faint smile, 'and you can no more help me out of my troubles than you can cure me of my follies. But talk to me of yourself, dear child. Are you doing well? and when shall we be able to send you to Paris and London? You must be twenty now, and old enough to go into the world and make your mark.'

They chatted of Helena's prospects for half an hour, and he fell into his naturally genial and affectionate manner, when he looked at his watch and jumped up with dismay. 'Past five o'clock!' he cried, 'and I promised to wait on the Duchess at half-past four, and her Serene Highness's temper is not of the best! Adieu, adieu. We shall meet to-morrow evening at the torchlight festival the Duke has commanded on my account. Do not fail to be there, and look your prettiest, to please me.'

He rushed off and Helena went away, wondering how it happened that her beloved Maestro could be so absent and melancholy in the midst of his triumphs. His table was covered with cards and notes of invitation. His sideboard was loaded with gifts of flowers and fruit. A new piano, homage of some admirer, stood in the music room. What could it be that weighed upon his spirits?

Poor inexperienced Helena had no idea, in the first place, how easy it is for an open-hearted man like the Maestro to get into pecuniary difficulties. His notions of the necessities of life had somewhat changed since leaving Poppenheim nearly three years ago, and if there were no other ties to recall him to the gay cities he loved so

well, there were his debts! And then, in the second place, she did not know what other entanglements a wandering musician may get into, whose ideas of duty and happiness are bounded by composing good music and having a pretty woman at hand to criticise it. She prepared for the coming festival somewhat sadly.

It was to be one of unusual splendor. The white muslin dress she ironed with such care, looked so worn, so old-fashioned, so shabby! If she could only find a casket of jewels in her chamber, like Gretchen!

#### CHAPTER VI.—HOW THE THREE EPISODES ENDED.

THE festival in honor of Ogliostro promised to be a great success. The weather was magnificent. None of the arrangements had fallen through in consequence of bad management. Everything was ready in time.

A more picturesque sight than the park presented that summer evening can hardly be imagined. An open space, lawn-shaped, had been set aside for the entertainment. Foremost among the illuminations were the letters composing the musician's name, whilst Chinese lanterns and torches lighted up dusky alley and glade. At the further end of the enclosed space, a tent had been erected for the banquet, dazzling the eyes of the more homely guests with its display of shining plate and sparkling crystal, flowers, fruit, and decorations. Banners and garlands were hung around; and to add to the splendor of the occasion, military music was to open and conclude the proceedings.

The programme was rather long. First of all came the banquet, and the crowning of the hero with the silver wreath; then a gipsy entertainment, singing and dancing by trained performers; finally, an open-air dance and a torchlight procession. The Duke contributed the banquet, but the other entertainments were organised by Ogliostro's friends, admirers, and pupils.

At seven o'clock precisely, the little company, numbering in all about fifty persons, most of them musicians, sat down to supper. A merry supper it was, all the more enjoyed because to most of the guests such a feast was an event in life. The Grand Duke had kindly withheld his

presence, so that Ogliostro and his guests were perfectly unrestrained. Stories were told, toasts were given, glasses were touched, without fear of offence, and all were sorry when they had to rise from the table.

The affair of the coronation was a little dull. Ogliostro at least looked unmistakably bored, and on the plea of having no hair-pins at hand, laid the silver wreath aside. But the donors consoled themselves with the thought that if he would not wear it in life, at least it would decorate his brows when he was dead.

Then came the gipsy dance. As the performance took place in the open air, a crowd collected; the little band of dark-visaged musicians and dancers, three men and three women, in picturesque gala dresses of their nation.

Helena, holding her friend Annchen by the arm, looked on, rooted to the spot. 'Do you remember that evening we supped in the forest with the Maestro?' she asked. 'How happy we were! How I should like to join in a gipsy dance again!'

'Hush!' said Annchen, shocked at her friend's Bohemian propensities; 'ought we not to find mamma or one of my brothers, instead of standing here alone?'

They were about to move away when Helena felt an eager hand laid on her arm. It was Ogliostro.

'Come away,' he said. 'I have something to say to you. There is Annchen's brother; she can join him. You come with me.'

They were out of earshot when he said, greatly excited—

'Do you see that splendid girl who sings so plaintively, apart from the others? That is the Rhona I talked of to you and the Countess many a time. She is here. I knew it yesterday. Is it not a strange coincidence?'

Helena gazed upon the group curiously.

'When the performance is over, I will speak to her,' he said. 'It is unwise, I know, but I must. How she sings! Her voice is not sweet, but with what passion and pathos she brings out the meaning of that little song! And is not the melody itself enchanting? It brings before me the life of such a woman—half savage, half splendid, abounding in adventure! How little she fancies that the wandering musician, who has led her in the round many a time, is at hand!'

The girl's figure was indeed striking, and Helena hardly heard what her companion said, so absorbed was she. These gipsies were Bohemians of the purest race, and not without personal beauty, though of a wild, one might almost say ferocious, type.

Soon the little concert ceased. The band struck up a waltz, and Helena finding herself on a sudden alone, joined Annchen and her brother. They were soon dancing merrily, and, indeed, with the dance, the culminating enjoyment of the evening had come. As Helena was whirled round in the waltz, she caught sight of Ogliostro, dancing with the gipsy girl he had pointed out to her. She begged her partner to stop in order to assure herself that she was not dreaming. There, in the eyes of all Poppenheim, was the beloved but incorrigible musician waltzing with a gipsy as unconcernedly as he had done in the solitude of the Thuringian Forest! She saw the girl's handsome face; she heard the reckless laugh, as the pair skimmed by; she heard, also, the expressions of amazement from the watching crowd. But on he went: it seemed as if his very life depended upon that wild dance; pair after pair fell aside panting for breath; and for very wonder at the strange sight, none who rested began to dance again. So at last they were left in the circle alone, Ogliostro neither knowing nor caring why; the girl as heedless as he, her splendid black hair blown about her scarlet vest, dark eyes shining, brown cheeks glowing, red lips parted in a smile of enjoyment.

When at last they stopped, and Ogliostro had led his companion to her friends, another surprise was in store for the somewhat over-excited Poppenheimers. For a scene of confusion followed, such as had never disturbed the social annals of the little city. The gipsies gathered round the offending girl and her admirer in rage. Harsh invectives were heard, weapons flashed, over all Ogliostro's voice trying to calm and assuage, finally his, too, rises into an angry cry; then a terrible scuffle ensued, which might end none knew how direfully. Ogliostro's name was passed from mouth to mouth. One said that the woman had been stabbed; another that Ogliostro had fallen; a third that he was dead.

Dancers and musicians were jostled to-

gether in wild confusion, some trying to run one way, some another, all hindered by the press; one crying for the police, another for the soldiers, children weeping, women shrieking—all had become fright and dismay.

'Good heavens! where is my Christine then?'

'Dear neighbors, don't be frightened; don't press so. Do please make way for two poor innocent women, who only want to get home in safety.'

'That is what we all want. Why doesn't some one tell us what is the matter?'

'My poor boy Johann, for aught I know, may have got a broken head in the scuffle.'

'Ah me! there is my best gown torn again, and my lace collar clean gone. What a warning to us all to give up pleasure-seeking!'

'There come the police. We are to fall back, they say, but how can we? Oh, what will become of us?'

It seemed just then very likely that mischief would happen from the pressure put upon the crowd. Helena found herself violently separated from her companions, now swayed this way, now that, finally leaning against one of the illuminated pine-stems, breathless and bewildered.

She strained her eyes in the direction that the police had taken, but could see nothing; she tried to move, but the throng prevented her.

But on a sudden there was silence. The crowd fell back, and she saw that Ogliostro was lying on the ground wounded. Her knees trembled, she could not utter a cry, but somehow she made her way to the spot. How she got there, through the masses of horror-stricken gazers, she never knew; but there she was, kneeling beside her adored master, alone of all his women friends doing what she could for him in that hour of humiliation, agony, and dismay. She hardly heard the curses of the gipsies as they were laid hold of by the police, she knew not what was happening besides, she only thought of stopping the wound as best she could, and long before a doctor could be found, that much despised limp cambric dress of hers had been torn into bandages, her cheap little sixpenny scent-bottle had revived the fainting man, and she had prevailed upon one of Ogliostro's friends, a stout Kapellmeister, who stood by, sobbing like a

child, to fetch a tumbler of water. The ladies were fleeing as fast as they could, for all kinds of rumors had reached the crowds waiting to see the procession—fire, murder, assassination, and so on. Some of the police were looking after the Grand Duke's spoons and forks, the banquetting booth not yet being cleared; the miscellaneous mob that delight in a panic was screaming, yelling, and capering; in fine, amid such a scene of confusion as had never disgraced Poppenheim annals since the wars of Napoleon, poor Ogliostro was helped into a carriage by Helena and his friends.

But as there is ever a comic element in human tragedy, so it was now. The Grand Duke, who had gone to bed early, appeared on the balcony of the palace in slippers and dressing gown, thinking that, perhaps, Prussian Annexation or the Socialists were at the bottom of the uproar; the young Princesses, who were sitting up to see the torchlight procession, rushed into their governess's bedroom—Feodora the Mischievous waking that plethoric and timid lady out of her slumbers by shouting, 'A revolution! a revolution! We must fly for our lives'—the royal attendants sleepy and stupid—the Grand Duchess in curl-papers and *peignoir* finally scolding all round, and restoring order with the presence of mind for which her august race was remarkable.

When the truth reached the palace, the royal pair were not a little shocked at the scandal that must ever after be linked with the names of Ogliostro and Poppenheim. Enquiries, however, were posted off, and not only enquiries, but the Grand Duke's private physician and the Duchess's favorite plaster were despatched, for Ogliostro might have forfeited royal forgiveness, but Ogliostro must not die. Both Duke and Duchess sat up till almost daylight, to hear the latest particulars: perhaps the time seemed unusually long, as they spent the time in conversation, taking different views of the question, the Duke feeling privately inclined to be lenient to the poor musician, the Duchess more than usually severe. When at last news came that for the present, at least, there was no danger, they retired to rest.

Next day the more didactic of the Poppenheim world were a little shocked at discovering that at the bottom of the mystery lay the musician's fancy for a gipsy

girl. Never had such a scandal happened before. Full particulars were not to be had, of course, but thus much transpired, that in his last wanderings he had testified a stronger liking for this girl than it behoved him to do. Some went so far as to say that having originally come of a gipsy stock himself, he had even promised her marriage. It was well known that he had a strong inclination for the music, the language, and everything else connected with her race; and story after story was brought forward in confirmation, not only of his gipsy likings, but his gipsy idiosyncrasies.

What more Helena knew than this she discreetly kept to herself, not only during the first days of suspense and anxiety, but during the after period of convalescence and criticism.

Had our Ogliostro died then, it is hardly necessary to say that the period of criticism would never have set in. The men would have held their peace; the women would have wept. As it was, the wound, which at first threatened to rob the world of one of its brightest musical ornaments, healed slowly, but not so slowly that by the time he was himself again, Poppenheim had forgiven him. Now it cannot be said that Helena's task of nursing her hero was as enchanting as her more romantic young friends might imagine. The Maestro was, as we have seen, the most spoiled of all the children of genius, and like all spoiled children was not amiable under the discomfort of pain, the tedium of confinement, and, what was worse than all, the cloud of disapproval. As all his other lady friends kept aloof in virtuous indignation, the Countess's forgiveness only going so far as to send jellies, which he insisted upon being thrown out of the window, Helena had to bear the brunt of all his caprices, and he scolded her and ordered her to do this and that just as if she were his wife. And there was not only this to bear, but her own conduct was severely condemned. No one wanted the Maestro to be neglected; there were elderly mothers of grown-up sons who would have taken care of him, and the Duchess offered to send a nurse from the palace; why, then, need she stay? said her mother, and her friends Annchen and Lotte, and the austere feminine world. But Helena cared little for what might be said or thought of her conduct, and kept her



post with unwavering courage. She was accustomed to a hard life: it was nothing to her to have to keep watch at night, dress wounds, cook invalid's food—in fact do all the hard unpoetic work that one human being entails upon another in severe illness. She knew well enough that no one else understood the sick man and his humors as she did, or would have the same patience with them, and no one else would have been so rigidly obedient in the fulfilling those orders, 'Out of window, to the cabbage-beds at once!' when flowers or some little dainty came from the Countess. Out of window, to the cabbage-beds, they went, roses, confections, fruits, no matter how rare; and though he forbore to treat the Duchess's gifts in the same manner, he declared that a posset of Helena's making pleased his palate better.

However, he got well again, and upon the very first day that the doctor was dismissed, Helena was bidden to pack his portmanteau, fetch a cab, and see him off to Paris by the next train, without saying a word to any living soul. The train started in an hour's time, and she had no leisure to weep or sigh over what seemed very much like ingratitude on his part, or reflect that he ought to have accompanied her home and mediated with her mother on her behalf—done something, in fact, to smooth things for the poor little nurse who had, perhaps, saved his life! But she thought of none of these things, and when, on reaching the station, he just kissed her as a father might have done, and said she was the dearest and best little girl in Poppenheim, she walked back almost elated, set to work with the help of a charwoman to put his little villa in order from top to bottom, and when it was done, returned home, to make up matters with her mother and the world as best she could. Of course, Ogliostro's friends of his own sex took Helena's part, and it was even rumored that the stout Kapellmeister, before mentioned, wanted to marry her outright. Be this as it may, by little and little reconciliation was made with all, her pupils returned one by one, the Countess sent her a present of jewels, and before the autumn and winter had passed, Helena forgot the obloquy she had suffered on the Maestro's behalf.

Meantime he was in Paris, paying his debts—so he wrote to Helena—and if he got into any scrapes there, rumors of them never reached Poppenheim. In fact his escapades were over.

When the next musical season came round, neither Ogliostro, nor the Countess, nor Helena contributed to those entertainments for which the little city was famous. Ogliostro was still in Paris, whither Helena had at last gone under his auspices, and was making her *début* as a pianiste; the Countess went to Vienna; and had it not been for the brilliant bridals of Feodora the Mischievous with the heir apparent of a neighboring Duchy, dull indeed would have been the Poppenheimers. But what was the general surprise, some time after, when news came of Ogliostro's marriage, and marriage with his pupil Helena, who had been one of the poorest and least admired girls in Poppenheim!

It seemed incredible that the great man should take such a step in the zenith of his reputation; yet his princely patron was well pleased, and his intimate friends saw in this homely alliance the best guarantee of a worthy career. So the days of Poppenheim romance and adventure drew to an end. The musician and his wife soon returned to the little city, and quietly settled down there. Society became at last sedate and respectable.

Music and art still reign supreme there, but improprieties and indiscretions are banished forever. Ogliostro and the Countess are now stout and elderly, and can play duets without raising a breath of scandal. Helena is the same impetuous creature she ever was, but her impetuosity does not damage her reputation as when she nursed her Maestro in the days of her youth. Whenever the celebrated pair make a musical tour, they create a sensation and reap a golden harvest. But that is seldom. They are devoted to each other and to Poppenheim, and receive at their musical parties princes, ambassadors, poets, artists, wits, and beauties. But, on the whole, Poppenheim is quite a different place to what it was twenty-five years ago; and, if the truth must be told, a little dull.

—*Fraser's Magazine.*

## THE STORY OF THE DEATH OF THOMAS, EARL OF STRAFFORD.

A.D. 1641

BY REGINALD F. D. PALGRAVE.

It needs some courage to tell again the oft-told story of the death of the Earl of Strafford; by an easy stretch of memory twenty-two narratives describing the closing months of that statesman's life may be reckoned up. And though these many story-tellers vary in ability, from Macaulay to Oldmixon, and though according to some Strafford was both 'good and great,' and to others 'that wicked Earl,' still all so far agree, that they ascribe his death to the overpowering authority of Pym and his associates, all ascribe the passage through the House of Lords of the Attainder Bill to threats from a London mob; all aver that Charles I. did what he could to save his Minister. Instead, however, of attempting another version of Strafford's trial, and with absolute indifference about his guilt, we propose to show that these two-and-twenty narratives are throughout untrue, that the impeachment of Strafford was a failure, his Attainder Bill a blunder, and that his condemnation by the Upper House was due solely to the King; that he, and he alone, brought death on his faithful servant.

Our story is not a pleasant one; it is not agreeable to an Englishman to tarnish the renown of the 'popular party' in the Long Parliament, or to add gloom to the shadows upon the character of Charles I. It is distressing to think that such a man as Strafford fell before the intrigues of those 'old subtle foxes' he justly called 'the Court vermin.' Still this is the impression forced on us, almost against our will, by a long-continued study of all the authorities at the Rolls Office and in the British Museum, both in MS. and in print, relating to the years 1639-41; and arising especially from the examination of diaries which Sir S. D'Ewes and his brother note-takers in Parliament scribbled on their knees, descriptive of events which took place before their eyes.\*

\* Among these authorities I include '*A Brief and Perfect Relation of the Trial of Thomas, Earl of Strafford*.' Though published in 1647, evidently this pamphlet was written in 1641, and by one in the Earl's service. This *Relation* is the stock from which the compilers of the *State Trials*, and of Rushworth's and Nalson's *Collections*, drew

As our story is not based on mere surmise, or on the comparison of one received account with another, but is what may be called 'self-contained' and self-supported, we shall not contradict, step by step, the statements of our predecessors, or show how they were misled; nor shall we venture on a minute investigation into the King's motives as regards Strafford. First shall be exhibited—and it must be at some length—the true position occupied by the popular party between November 11, 1640, and May 12, 1641, the dates of Strafford's arrest and execution; then it will be shown that the Attainder Bill but increased the chances of his safety; and then, that the King's actions, dictated by Strafford's enemies, overthrew all prospect of his escape, at the very time when his acquittal was confidently expected.

A false impression has been created about the opening scene of this tragedy. King Charles, it must be remembered, renewed in 1640 his attempt to force the Scottish nation to a conformity in Church government, and the failure of that attempt must be recalled: the royal army being stationed in Yorkshire, and the English frontier wholly unguarded, the Scottish army advanced, defeated a small body of our troops at Newburn, occupied Newcastle and all the northern counties. This took place in August. September was spent in negotiation; the Long Parliament was summoned; and on the 26th of October a cessation of arms between England and Scotland being agreed to, the final settlement of peace was adjourned to London. During this lull in public events Strafford returned to his Yorkshire home—'Old Wentworth Woodhouse.' He was full of general anxiety, he noticed the 'rare art and malice' of the Earl of Bristol and his other associates, and their evident intention to make him the scapegoat for the widespread misery of the year of 1640. He also

their narratives: passages from it are inserted in Heylin's *Laud*, and Ratcliffe's *Memoirs of Strafford*; this *Relation* is, in fact, the sole origin of all the descriptions of the closing scenes of that statesman's life. Reference will be made to it as, *Narrative*, 1647.

was aware of the fierce malignity of his enemies, and apprehensive about 'the great matters' against him they expected to hear 'out of Ireland'; and though unwilling to leave Yorkshire, not because he dreaded quitting the shelter of the army, but because he wished to fulfil the duty there entrusted to him; still, according to his own description, he was 'hastened up' to London, by fellow-councillors whom he evidently distrusted. But he never, it would seem, shrank from meeting his adversaries; certainly he was not ordered up from Yorkshire by the King. He was sent for to correct a blunder made by the Lord Keeper, told 'that there was a great want' of him at Westminster, and that if he 'had been there that folly had not been committed.' And his last impression was one of cheerfulness, he thought that 'to the best of my judgment we gain much rather than lose. . . . The Irish business is past, and better than I expected, their proofs being scant. . . . All will be well, and every hour gives more hope than the other.'\*

These are Strafford's words and feelings, expressed in a letter, written the very night before he quitted Yorkshire for London, to his intimate friend Sir G. Ratcliffe; and they make it impossible to believe the statements of the sham-contemporary chronicler, who asserts that the Earl was forced by the King to place himself within the power of his enemies, and that he journeyed to London expecting certain death, trusting for safety to his monarch's solemn pledge. This gives a far more picturesque idea for an opening chapter in Strafford's impeachment than the reality, which was that he quitted the army reluctantly 'but not very unwillingly;' that he came up in good hope, merely on the call of his official colleagues. The object of the invention, however, is plain: it is to create the feeling that from the very beginning Strafford foresaw the scaffold, and looked to the King alone as his protector.

And so again, to create the impression that unthinking haste and over-masterful power governed Parliament at the very outset of Strafford's trial, we are told that Pym, rising suddenly from his seat in the House of Commons, the doors being locked, drove them, by a long-continued

blast of invective directed against the Earl, to accuse him of high treason: and that the Lords were surprised, by equal rapidity of action, into his committal. The Commons, in truth, acted on proceedings extending over four days, and on the report of a select committee.\* They even prefaced the impeachment at the bar of the Upper House by a previous message, 'touching things against the Earl of Strafford.†' Nor had that charge been justified by an enumeration of his 'high and imperious actions in England and Ireland,' and his 'passionate advices:‡' that was expressly reserved. The accusation was founded on 'my Lord Mountnorris his cause, and papists suffered in England to increase under arms.§' These were the sole charges: the first was an act of severity, perhaps of injustice, committed in 1635 upon a subordinate in the Irish Government; the second, as might be expected from its vague character, was 'set aside' in Westminster Hall.

Strafford, then, was, on the 11th of November, 1640, impeached of high treason, on the deliberate verdict of Parliament, for actions which, supposing they were crimes, certainly were not treasons. But these petty charges were only the excuse for his arrest. He was, in truth, placed at the bar that day as the author of the quarrel between the King and his people, of the dissolution of the Short Parliament, the injuries caused by the preparations for war with Scotland, and of the disasters of that war. On him was charged England's disgraceful defeat by the Scots, the shame that this disgrace rested unavenged, and the triumphant occupation of our northern counties by a hated and despised invader.

But if Strafford came to London trusting that nothing more would be heard from Ireland, not fearing a capital charge, and not relying on any special promise of protection from his master; and if, when he appeared in the House of Lords, he was suddenly arrested on the charge of high treason, a charge based on no proof at all,

\* So little was secrecy attempted, that Sir W. Pennyman, an intimate friend of Strafford's, was placed upon this Committee, November 7, 1640. D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), 4.

† Nov. 11, 1640. D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), p. 5, 6.

‡ Clarendon, ed. 1838, p. 73.

§ November 11, 1640. D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), 4-7.

\* Letter to Sir G. Ratcliffe, begun November 5, and ended Sunday, November 8, 1640. *Ratcliffe Correspondence*, 214-223.

but entertained because he was odious to the community, then it will be felt, that as time went on, when the tale of all his evil acts and thoughts against our three nations had been told, that the fate of that 'wicked Earl' was certain. This is the natural expectation: the contrary, however, was the fact. He was in March 'favored by not a few' among the men who impeached him in November on such trivial charges, and by a 'great party in the Upper House'; and he was regarded by a large and influential mass of his fellow countrymen with admiration and regard.\* Such was the power of the man, and the force of circumstances. The attack on him was foiled: the blow directed against him returned upon his accusers. Their strength, and then their weakness, to place this fact before our readers, must be estimated with precision. And this estimate, as it has never been attempted before, must be set out in full.

Strafford's accusers, at the outset of their 'great business,' derived assistance from that blast of popular wrath which sent him to prison; and then turning to more material aid, they had under their thumb that most important witness, Sir H. Vane, the Secretary of State. In that capacity, obeying the King's commands, immediately after the dissolution of the Short Parliament, he signed warrants, under which messengers searched the rooms, even the coat pockets of Pym and Hampden, and carried off their papers. And though Hampden lost by this seizure only some letters, and Pym a trunk full of parliamentary journals, † which can do him little hurt; ‡ still Vane had committed a breach of Parliamentary privilege, punishable, perhaps by a fine, certainly by imprisonment. And, 'as Mr. Speaker had the warrants, § that punishment might be both swift and heavy. At any moment Vane might be taken from the Treasury Bench in the House, and placed at its bar; and then where would be the 'daily diet' from the Court he drew for his household, as Secretary of State, and his fees and

official gains? And hence arose that tenacity of memory, as well may be supposed, which enabled Vane, unlike the rest of his fellow-councillors, to prove at the trial Strafford's suggestion to the King—that by the Irish army England might be reduced to obedience.

Willing helpers, also, to the work in Westminster Hall, were found among Strafford's subordinates in the Irish Government, greedy to profit by his downfall. They furnished, accurately penned, the charge that he quartered soldiers on peaceable subjects, to starve them into submission to his decrees. This offence ultimately secured his conviction; the exulting words of the draftsmen on their completion of that article, 'now the bird is our own,'\* were fully justified.

And from some members of the House of Lords co-operation against Strafford might be expected; for their pecuniary interest was bound up with his fate. To stay the advance of the victorious Scots during the last September, an immediate loan from the City of 200,000*l.* had been required; and the Earl of Bristol, and a few other members of the Great Council of Peers, were constrained to give the security of their bonds for repayment of the loan.† Whilst Strafford was in prison they were free from anxiety; but he at large, amid the altered circumstances that might arise, those bonds would certainly assume a most unpleasant aspect. And it is a singular conjuncture of events to find that the Commons voted a resolution pledging the State to repay that loan for which the Peers had bound themselves, on the very day which witnessed the passage of the Attainder Bill through the Upper House.‡

For help outside the walls of Parliament, Strafford's opponents would rely on that 'sink of all the ill-humor of the kingdom,' the City of London. Were it needed, an effectual hold was placed on the then Lord Mayor, because he, as Sheriff, was mixed up in one of the worst cases of oppression committed by the Star Chamber Court;§ but the hatred of his community against Strafford needed no stimu-

\* *Earl of Strafford Characterised*. Written during April 1641. Somers' *Tracts*, iv. 231; May's *History of the Parliament*, 62.

† Lambeth Library was thus enriched by MSS. No. 1030, 108. Bishop William's *Remembrances to Mr. Hampden*.

‡ *Newsletter*, May 12, 1640. Rolls Office. Clarendon, ed. 1839, 77.

§ *Com. Journ.*, ii. 26.

\* *Ratcliffe Correspondence*, 232.

† Rushworth, iii. 1281.

‡ May 8, 1641. *Com. Journ.* ii. 139; D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (164), 1,003.

§ Dr. Leighton's Case, orders for his separation. *Com. Journ.* ii. 124.



lus. The bench of aldermen did not forget their appearance before the King's Council during the previous autumn, or who it was that 'burst out' with the proposal to hang up some of them.' And the whole City was moved by the alarming change that had come over the Tower of London. Hitherto unarmed: now 'sakers and basilisks' pointed from the battlements against London Bridge and Tower Street; case and round shot lay heaped on the batteries; soldiers kept guard behind earth baskets and planks set with pikes, with 'granadoes, dark-fire beacons, spoons, and lynstocks,' ready to hand.\* Even while Parliament was sitting, the men were seen 'training cannon' and mounting 'many other guns' upon the Tower walls.†

These ominous appearances were ascribed to Strafford; and rumor played its part to confirm this impression. Somebody declared that he heard that London would shortly be battered down, and another that his master Strafford 'would subdue the City.'‡ And the City could make its resentment felt; as sole money-holder it was an estate in the realm equal in power to Parliament.

All the helpers on which Pym and his associates could rely have been mentioned save two; the King was one—the other, themselves; they were 'the inflexible party,' this was the title they bore then,§ nor will the justice of that name be doubted now, after a description of the forces which opposed them.

As the very groundwork of their policy, they were compelled to draw on themselves odium, to resist popular instincts, even to inflict injury on their countrymen. For they were driven to make common cause with the Scotch invaders; and to procure the postponement of their claims till after Strafford's trial. On these terms alone could be obtained the protection of the Scottish army, and the checkmate which it placed on the royal forces afforded the sole chance of obtaining the offender's trial. But this was a policy offensive to national feeling, and productive both of

serious danger, and of positive injury to the country. To keep the Covenanters in England, peace could not be concluded between us and Scotland. We had to endure the sight of a victorious enemy upon our soil, living on us, threatening us, humiliating us, and causing protracted anxiety during a most anxious time. And this debatable time of strife was full of imminent risk; the conquering army had to be opposed by our army, the one stationed over against the other; temptation to outbreak of hostility was constant, a ready field was opened to the intriguer against the State.

Much pecuniary injury, also, was inflicted by that policy upon us. As neither army could be disbanded till Strafford was dispatched, the cost of 80,000*l.* a month\* must be incurred for the pay and maintenance of those 'foreign contemned' troops and of our own army, hardly less obnoxious; and this, though the king's debts were 'huge,' the military arrears daily on the increase, and the royal navy absolutely non-existent, though panic of foreign invasion then was rife, even beyond our power of fellow-feeling. These distracted times, also, had paralysed the industry of England; the condition of the northern counties was pitiable, owing to the brutality and pillage of our troops, and to exactions from the hungry Scot. And the cry of a distressed people naturally provoked the demand to get rid of the invader either in peace or by war; a proposal that destroyed the prospects of the 'inflexible party.' Nor could they, in place of the tempting hope of seeing 'wholesome days again,' or of the gratification of revenge, set Strafford at the bar of trial. This they could not do; time every way sought against them.

In the first place, that 'sight was prevented by the 'great concurrence of business' in Parliament, concerning 'the very being of three kingdoms.' To us, an over-burthened Legislature is an accustomed evil. Not so to Englishmen of 1641. Parliament, then, was a wonder-working machine, able to do everything, all at once; and they demanded instant judgment on many an offender besides Strafford, and instant attention to many a matter besides his trial.

Obedient to their command, the Com-

\* Official Minutes, October 10 and 20, 1640. Rolls Office.

† November 11, 1640. D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), 5.

‡ Somers' Tracts, iv. 210; D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), 5.

§ Strafford Characterised; Somers' Tracts, iv. 232.

\* Clarendon, ed. 1839, 113.

mons called before their bar, one archbishop, and two bishops, one lord-keeper, and six judges, one Secretary of State and many minor officials. That band of human locusts, the 'thievish projectors,' was dispersed, who withheld from thirsty English souls their wine, blistered women's fingers by execrable soap, and who, by monopolising the sale of cloth, hides, salt, gold lace, and even pins, had 'marked and sealed the people from head to foot.' Monstrous inflictions, like the Courts of High Commission, and the Star Chamber, were abolished, and reparation made to the victims of those tribunals. The Commons, also, were obliged to meet that ever-growing difficulty, the supply of money, to protect the State by passing the Triennial Parliaments Bill, and to conciliate those most importunate suitors, the men of Scotland.

And this mass of business, obstructed by party passion, dead-weighted by formalities, was also delayed by that odd uncertainty of action inherent to any large collection of men. Then, as now, the Commons made holiday when work was most needed; and one day's 'discourse' was stopped because 'the Earl of Strafford came in his barge to the Upper House from the Tower, and divers ran to the east windows of the House, who, with them that sat by, looked out at the said windows, and opened them; and others quitted their seats with noise and tumult;' and another sitting was in like manner broken off, in the very crisis of national anxiety, because 'such numbers' preferred 'the play-houses and bowling-alleys' to the committee of Supply.\*

Much delay also arose from the very nature of the impeachment. Strafford was accused of high treason, on the ground that he had attempted the overthrow of the Constitution itself; and the proof of this charge lay in showing that his words and actions, during fourteen years of public life, tended to that end. But of the chief portion of his career, his accusers absolutely knew nothing. Nobody could leave Ireland without official license; and so the women his officers maltreated to enforce his system for the manufacture of yarn, the farmers pillaged by his soldiers, and the landowners he had ousted, could

not make heard their wrongs till the ports were opened. And consequently the articles of impeachment were modelled and re-modelled; and though the draftsmen met early, and sat up late,\* the book of 200 sheets of paper containing a catalogue of Strafford's crimes was not delivered to the House of Lords until January 30. And even then, eight weeks passed away before the trial began. The defendant's replies were received and considered; repeated conferences took place to settle both the essentials and formalities of procedure, such as the legal aid allowed to the accused, an important question whether or no the Commons might wear their hats, or be uncovered, and the time and place for the tribunal.

Before the trial began, delay—and irritation and anxiety it provoked—soured the minds of men. 'Impatient people' were turned against Parliament, and the House of Commons against the Lords; whilst Strafford's friends became 'insolently confident.'† This discontent was the more bitter because that delay had not been anticipated. Dispatch was to the interest of the nation, therefore the dispatch of Strafford, the dispersion of the armies, and the pacification of the Scots, were events expected in quick succession. Baillie, their Commissioner, at the close of February hoped to see Kilwinning 'in a little time'; and Uvedale expected a relief from the unpleasant post of Army Treasurer to a bankrupt Treasury, at the very beginning of that month.‡

And so reasonable a hope was hard to extinguish. When the trial at last began, 'some thought that the process would be short;§' but the mere hearing of evidence consumed a fortnight: and every day in Westminster Hall revealed more clearly the disposition of the Lords to protract the proceedings. On the fourth sitting of the impeachment, D'Ewes was 'astonished at the many delays of this day,' and urged that Strafford should be compelled to 'avoid impertinences'; indignation, also, was expressed at the readiness the Lords showed to discuss every point of order he raised, adjourning for that pur-

\* Mr. Pym's Statement. D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), 178.

† Baillie's *Letters*, i. 309; May's History, 64.

‡ Baillie's *Letters*, i. 300; Uvedale to Bradley, February 2, 1641. Rolls Office.

§ Baillie's *Letters*, i. 313.

\* February 17, and April 27, 1641. D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (161), 233; (164), 991.

pose, from the hall to their own chamber.\*

And as the trial began, so it went on : an article expected to take half an hour, occupied the whole day ; another sitting was cut short by one of those unseasonable adjournments ; another appeal for delay, though negatived, consumed an hour and a half ; and Strafford came late,† and then, evidently a pre-arranged step, he did not come at all, sending only his 'foot-boy' to give notice that his master was sick in bed.‡

The day of this occurrence, Friday, April 9, is a turning point in the story of Strafford's death. The 'inflexible party' that afternoon reviewed their position ; and it looked most hopeless. All the evidence they dared to use was exhausted ; they had prosecuted or abandoned all their charges : every possible method had been sought to exhibit Strafford as an oppressor, and as the man who worked the ruin of his fellow-countrymen by the dissolution of Parliaments, by inciting the King to war, and by his evil advice. But all in vain. Strafford's insolent non-appearance in Westminster Hall proved his strong reliance on friendship from the House of Lords and on public favor : reliance justly placed. The majority of the Peers, his judges, were on his side : § so was the outside world : the general opinion of the criminal by 'art and time' was converted from hostility to pity, even to admiration. Curses attended Strafford through Palace Yard in February ; in March he received respectful salutations ; and the 'Black Tom Tyrant' of Ireland, the 'grand apostate,' was 'cried up as an accomplished instrument of State.'|| The longer the impeachment lasted, the more this popularity increased : the odiousness of ransacking a man's life to find cause to put him to death, was enhanced by Strafford's heroic power both of endurance and resistance.

To use Denham's words, the trial was a scene where

Private pity strove with public hate,  
Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate ;

and to all appearance pity, reason, and eloquence were victorious. It was also thought, at that moment, that confidence might be placed in the King, and even in the Queen. On two occasions, thanks from the House of Commons were proposed to her for 'furthering the call of the Parliament, and the passing the Triennial Bill ;'\* proposals that signify much to those acquainted with the English mind of 1641.

And this altered state of public opinion affected the position of parties in Parliament to a degree that must have troubled Pym and his associates. The continuance of the Treaty with Scotland was their mainstay—that abruptly closed, and the trial would be closed also—yet on that very day, Friday, April 9, defeat on that vital question was but narrowly avoided. Appeals to national and pecuniary interests must have influenced the debate : the 'cessation of arms' was held up as both dishonorable to the Commons, and costly to the Nation, and the prolongation of the truce, so naturally 'disliked and opposed by many,' was only carried by a majority of thirty-nine.†

The inflexibility of Strafford's opponents was now tested. Ill-will and odium fell, not on him, but on them : they were held responsible for the cost of the trial, 600,000*l.*—according to the popular estimate‡—for the precious time it had wasted, and for the discontent aroused against Parliament ; and, after all, they had not brought high treason home to the criminal ; they had not proved 'the hinge upon which that charge was principally to hang : '§ namely Strafford's suggestion to the King in Council that England might be brought to obedience by the Irish army.

One proof, however, of that 'passionate advice' for long had been in their possession, the transcript of the notes which Vane took down of the deliberations of the Council meeting, when that suggestion.

\* March 25, 1641. D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), 359.

† D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), 362, 368, Husband's *Diurnal*, April 8, p. 74 ; Baillie, i. 319, 328.

‡ April 9, 1641. D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), 416.

§ 'Sir B. Rudyard : that he thinketh the Lords, by the notes they have taken, will not judge it treason in my Lord of Strafford.' April 12, 1641 ; Gaudy's notes, Add. MSS. 14,827, Brit. Mus. ; Clarendon, ed. 1839, 96 ; Heylin's *Land*, 449.

|| *Strafford Characterised* ; Somers' *Tracts*, iv. 231 ; May's *History*, 62 ; Clarendon, ed. 1839, 96.

\* February 17, March 15, 1641 ; D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (162), 230 ; (164), 939.

† N. Tomkins to Sir J. Lambe, April 12, 1641, Rolls Office ; *Com. Journ.* ii. 118.

‡ *Fairfax Correspondence*, ii. 105.

§ Clarendon, ed. 1839, 95.

was made. That 'fatal scrip of paper' proved Strafford's very words, that 'loose and absolved from all rules of Government,' the King might 'employ here' that army in Ireland to 'reduce this Kingdom.' It also proved the time, place and manner of these 'wicked counsels,' that they had provoked discussion, and that the politic forgetfulness of Vane's fellow-councillors must be near akin to perjury.\*

Such a disclosure, affecting both king and council, obviously was a last resource, not to be used save upon 'a case of necessity.' That case now they 'conceived was clear': † 'Vane's notes' must be exhibited in Westminster Hall. Accordingly the managers of the trial, when the next day (Saturday, April 10) brought the tribunal again together, claimed liberty to examine one or two witnesses respecting 'the main article of their charge touching the Earl of Strafford's advices to his Majesty after the dissolution of the last Parliament.' He, of course, resisted the proposal, and urged, if it were granted, 'that the Lords would also show so much favor to him, being a Peer of the realm,' as to allow him to adduce evidence on some articles which he had omitted.‡ And a claim, urged on grounds so offensive to the Lower House, in itself most objectionable, was granted. Naturally enough 'this the Commons stormed at;' the proceedings closed in tumult; 'the King laughed,' and Strafford was 'so well pleased that he could not hide his joy.'§

Good cause he had for joy. If the trial proceeded, though that seemed most unlikely, delay almost to any extent was by that decision placed in his power: the growing ill-will between the two Houses was now at a head; and every expression of that ill-will drove the Lords more and more to adopt Strafford's cause as their cause. This 'feeding storm' of discord spread over the Commons; his friends there could trust to assured support from the other House; his opponents also became divided: anyhow the publication of that 'fatal scrip of paper' was prevented. The Peers remained firm: the power they

had given Strafford to re-open the impeachment rendered public use of that document impossible. So Pym turned 'Vane's notes' to the best account he could: on the afternoon of that Saturday he read them aloud to the Commons, then they were sent to the Lords 'for their consideration.'\*

Such evidence naturally produced a strong impression; but the result was not a unanimity of feeling about Strafford's guilt, but the division of the 'inflexible party' and an aggravation of the quarrel between the two Houses by the introduction of the Attainder Bill. For the chief object of that measure apparently was to retort upon the Lords for their adoption of Strafford's cause, and to assert that though he was a Peer the Commons might be his judges. Even to make it clear that Parliament was 'severed' upon the question whether or no a Peer was guilty of high treason, it was intended, if the Bill was rejected, to make public protestation against the House of Lords for their denial of justice. It was for this very reason that Pym so earnestly resisted the step.† And the wording of the Bill reveals that this was its object; it is not based on the inherent right of Parliament to pass an Act of Attainder, but is framed as a statutory conclusion to the impeachment. It begins with a recital of the proceedings at the trial, then follows a declaration that Strafford's crimes were proved by the evidence, and an enactment that he is therefore guilty of High Treason. The Bill thus, from its very form, was an intrusion into the province solely reserved to the Peers, of sitting in judgment on an impeachment, and especially on the trial of one of their own order. The measure also amounted to a declaration, that as they had, whilst they sat as judges, indirectly protected Strafford, the Commons took upon themselves to give their verdict.

This course had its strong points: but if on the 27th of February, when it was open to the Commons to select their method of procedure, 'we all declined a bill,'‡ it was far more imperative on them to do the like in April, when they had so fully com-

\* This document is among the Archives of the House of Lords, Hist. MSS. Commission, 3rd Report.

† Baillie, i. 345.

‡ D'Ewes, Harleian MSS. (163), 420-422.

§ Mr. Tomkins' Letter, April 12, 1641. Rolls Office.

\* *Com. Journ.*, ii. 118, 119.

† *Earl of Strafford Characterised*; Somers' *Tracts*, iv. 232; Baillie, i. 346; Sanford's *Great Rebellion*, 337. Though this is the only reference to this work, a warm acknowledgment must be made of its great value.

‡ D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. (162) 26<sup>v</sup>.



mitted themselves to an impeachment. And as might be expected, the progress of the measure and the conclusion of the trial came into constant collision. The Bill itself also involved the House in ceaseless complication. The debate on Monday, April 12, was ominous to all who desired Strafford's speedy execution: twelve hours passed by before the Bill was read a second time; the main question having been kept from solution, by suggestions that now the impeachment was superseded, by proposals to lay the Bill aside and to return to the trial, and by formal doubts whether or no the clauses should be considered either by a select committee, or a committee of the whole House. So irritated did the Commons become, that when a member desired 'to know, Mr. Speaker, whether I have spoken to-day, or not,' 'the House taketh that for a jeer, and cry to the bar.\*

The Attainder Bill, at last committed, fresh difficulty sprang up; it was the first contested piece of legislation ever referred to a committee of the whole House; and so novel was this mode of procedure, that questions arose, whether during this stage 'a man might speak against the body of the Bill, or no?' or whether the committee could add to, take from, or 'destroy' the Bill; † and such was their uncertainty, that it was deemed expedient to re-vote in the House, before the final report, one of the leading clauses of the Bill.‡ How zealously a member now-a-days, anxious to effect delay, would have improved so fair an occasion: nor were his predecessors in the Long Parliament by any means remiss.

A 'talk out,' however, cannot be esteemed a 'witty invention;' and though the debates between the 12th and the 21st of April, 1641, are curious as the first example of the kind, they reveal traces of the same dull absurdity too often exhibited in the present parliament. Then, as now, from pretended zealots for rapid progress, came the suggestion of impossibilities, such as the report of the Attainder Bill piece-meal to the House; the ingenuous seeker after truth meets a proposal to vote that Strafford sought the overthrow of our 'ancient

and fundamental laws,' by the question, 'what is a fundamental law?\*'—a truly conscientious soul cannot rest till the depositions used at the trial are read aloud to the House; and, of course, adjournments are often demanded, 'because morning thoughts are best,' or that 'we might have time to study these points.' D'Ewes, acting the part of indignant chorus, is amazed that 'on the debate of so few lines we had lost so many hours,' at the trifling objections raised, and the art with which 'divers lawyers of the House' re-thrashed out every question, from a legal point of view.†

The Attainder Bill was not then received by the House of Commons with 'wonderful alacrity,'‡ and indeed it seems surprising that it passed at all. A majority of 39 on the last critical vote showed that the popular party had no surplus strength; and the long continuance of a Parliamentary contest unmarked by a division is a sure sign that opposing parties are very even. This was the case with the Attainder Bill; though in length only about a couple of pages, ten sitting days elapsed between the first and third readings. And then, at last, the Speaker's decision was challenged, and the Bill passed on April 21, by a majority of 143 votes. But this was no triumphant majority; only 263 were mustered to the division out of a House composed nominally of 510 members.§ The success of Strafford's enemies resulted from the defection of his friends. The probable cause of that defection will be hereafter explained.||

The delay and difficulty caused by the Attainder Bill have been exhibited; even as a question of policy it was open to serious objection. The Bill of necessity assumed the aspect of a retrospective law, an aspect naturally revolting; and as it had been the ill-luck of the 'inflexible party' to offend the instincts of human nature by their attempt to ensnare a man by the review of his whole life, so now an odious character was again stamped upon their efforts. And if regarded from a

\* The poet Waller, April 1641. More's MSS. Journal.

† April 12-21, 1641. D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. (163), 437-446; (164) 966-975.

‡ Clarendon, ed. 1839, 96.

§ This was the smallest house collected since the beginning of the Parliament to vote on an important occasion; the largest took place on March 1, Dr. Chaffin's case, when 379 were collected together.

|| See p. 680.

\* Gandy's Notes, April 12, 1641. Add. MSS. 14,827.

† More's Journal, April 14, 1641. Harl. MSS. 476.

‡ April 16, 1641. D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. (163), 446.

technical point of view, supposing, as was urged during the progress of the measure, the Lords gave immediate judgment on the impeachment, which was quite in their power, what then would be the position of the Bill? Or if they chose the safer course of amending, not rejecting it altogether; Strafford's punishment, short of death, would have been acceptable to many. What, then, would be the effect of that threatened appeal to the country against the Upper House? The Bishops also might vote upon the Bill; here was another risk.

Above all, it was dangerous to widen the breach between Lords and Commons, and to convert the question of Strafford's guilt into a class question between rival branches of the Legislature. And this took place. A Bill offered by the Commons as the conclusion of an impeachment, instead of a demand for judgment, enabled the Lords to challenge their right to pass sentence on a Peer. They could also argue that as the verdict of the Lower House was 'guilty of high treason,' the Lords being precluded from considering what lesser crime had been committed, must reject the Bill, on the technical point that Strafford, though perhaps an offender, was not a traitor against the State; and to the end the Peers were 'resolute, because they find that they have no authority to declare a treason in a fact already past.\* The presumption, also, of the Lower House deeply moved the whole House of Lords. Strafford knew well when he addressed them for the last time, the force of these words, 'You, and you only, are my judges; under favor, none of the Commons are my Peers, nor can they be my judges.†

The Lords, thus tempted to link the life of Strafford with the life of their order, 'some went so high in their heat as to tell the Commons, that it was an unnatural motion for the head to be governed by the tail;‡' and they declared on another occasion, 'that they themselves, as competent judges, would by themselves only give sentence' upon Strafford.§ During moments the most tranquil, open collision between the estates of the realm is a dis-

quieting event: how deeply so when all were distracted by every species of anxiety. And the alarm this civil war in Parliament then provoked, is best illustrated by words then used. It is stated in a news-letter, that at a conference Mr. Hollis addressed to the Lords 'a terrible speech, wishing the curse of God might light upon all those which sought to divide the Houses.¶

What more could Strafford desire? regarded with a favor that spread even to the army, that formerly detested him,† his cause united with the existence of the nobility, and his opponents weakened by a 'great defection of their party,‡ disunited, and committed to a line of action beset with danger, not only from the very nature of the Attainder Bill, but from the delay it caused. And this delay added 'fear upon fear;' the world outside Parliament was perplexed, the Commons were 'misrepresented,§ mistrusted even by the Londoners. This soon was proved; a formidable deputation came to their House door, crowds of citizens bearing a petition signed 'by many thousands,' demanding instant justice upon Strafford.|| Even 'that worthy man Mr. Pym' fell into disgrace. Heated by fierce anxiety, provoked by the state of the unpaid armies, he threatened in most Straffordian language, that 'Parliament might compel the Londoners to lend money,' much to the offence and 'marveil' of his hearers.|| Even his honesty of purpose became open to suspicion, and Lord Digby could venture to hint, that the transmission of documents affecting Strafford into the hands of his partisans, was the act of 'some unworthy man who had his eye upon place and prefer-

\* May 4, 1641. Add. MSS. Brit. Mus. 1467.

† *Fairfax Correspondence*, ii. 65.

‡ *Narrative*, 1647, 67.

§ April 16, 1641. D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. (163), 446.

|| April 21, 1641. D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. (164), 985. It suited the chronicler's purpose to pass over examples of popular pressure put on the Lower as well as the Upper House. This turn for omission has kept out of sight the fact that public anger was excited, not only against the 'Straffordians,' who voted for him, but that a 'catalogue' was placarded on the walls of London containing the names of 'divers' who voted against Strafford, under the title of 'The Jews, Anabaptists, and Brownists of the House of Commons.' Mr. Tomkins' Letter, April 26, 1641. Rolls Office.

¶ February 20, 1641. D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. (162), 245.

\* *Narrative*, 1647, p. 77.

† *Ib.*, 1647, p. 59.

‡ *Narrative*, 1641, 69.

ments, wherein he was supposed to allude to Mr. Pym himself.\*

And these were days when offences needs must come; the men who formed the main support of the 'inflexible party' became discredited; the months they spent in London, gave the Scottish Commissioners an opportunity of giving offence, and they offended everybody. First, they were suspected 'to be so far broken by the King, that they were willing to pass from pursuit' of Strafford and Episcopacy;† then they irritated the whole nation by an attack on the English Church—then they fell into 'a new pickle' by a supposed recantation of that attack. And no diversion could be more happy to enemies of Pym and his fellow workers, than a shake given to our social fabric, such as the threatened demolition of Episcopacy by the hands of the Scottish Covenanters. Even the London citizens were 'troubled' by their anti-prelatic pamphlet.‡

Time also revealed the Scotchmen in the light of sturdy beggars. To the never-ending demands for paying their soldiers, to restitution money claimed for ships taken by our cruisers, they added 'the pretty sum' of 300,000*l.*—as a 'brotherly gift' from England to her conquerors. The 'discord' the King hoped that 'vast proposition' would excite, did not arise. Although the Commons were reminded 'what a dishonor it was to our ancient and renowned nation,' and although Speaker Lenthall, the House being in Committee, 'spoke as any other member' in opposition to the grant,§ the grant was made. But when the vote had passed, speedy national tranquillity was expected: that now seemed further off than ever; in April 'Gramercy' could hardly be felt towards the 'good Scot,' who during that season of 'horrible confusion' urged constant demand for a 'brotherly gift' of 300,000*l.*

Amidst this clash of interests, one cause alone seemed to prosper, and that was Strafford's. The confidence of his friends, strong in March, was in April still stronger. The news from Yorkshire ran, that there 'they were all hopeful'; that according to the 'general opinion, he will escape the

censure of treason.\* A well-wisher from Paris wrote, 'I am very glad to hear that my Lord of Strafford is like to speed so well;' the Court whisper was, 'that the King will not let him go, and that the Parliament is not likely to be long-lived.†

That rumor about Parliament contains the secret of Strafford's death. That month of April that seemed to promise to him so well, in truth revealed indications of his fate. Two important appointments were made during that month; in each case his enemies were favored. Oliver St. John, the ablest, certainly his bitterest legal opponent in Parliament, received from the King the post of Solicitor-General;‡ and to the Earl of Holland, who for years hated Strafford, and was hated in return, at Court his most successful rival, and among the Scots 'our good friend,'§ was given chief command over the Royal army; and this appointment, made at a time when it was essential for Strafford's sake that King and people should be on good accord, created alarm and distrust both among the Scotch and English.||

Whatever was Strafford's suspicion, when power was thus bestowed upon his enemies, that suspicion was soon converted into certainty. On the 23rd of April he received by letter an explanation from the King himself. With fervent expressions of regret, he forewarned his minister, that owing to the 'strange mistaking and conjuncture of the times . . . I must lay by the thought of employing you hereafter in my affairs.¶ That letter seemed an act of tender care: but the true meaning was, that Charles was not able to act with the House of Lords; they were resolute to acquit Strafford: the King was about to condemn him, though not to death. And he did so. Acting on the advice of Lord Savile and the Earl of Bristol,\*\* he went on Saturday, the 1st of May, to the throne in the Upper House,

\* April 10, and 30, 1641. *Fairfax Correspondence*, ii. 104, 207.

† Mr. Read's and Mr. Tomkins' Letters, April 26, 1641. Rolls Office.

‡ D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. (164), 993. 'Mr. O. St. John, lately made the King's solicitor.' April 29, 1641.

§ Baillie, i. 306.

|| April 2, 1641. Dalrymple's *Memorials of State*, 118; Clarendon, ed 1839, 116.

¶ *Strafford Letters*, ii. 416.

\*\* Letter from Father Philips, read to the Commons by Pym, June 25, 1641. Rushworth, iv. 257.

\* Mr. Tomkins to Sir J. Lamb, April 26, 1641. Rolls Office.

† Baillie, i. 305.

‡ February 27, 1641. Gaudy's *Notes*, Brit. Mus.

§ D'Ewes, Harl. MSS. (162), 140, 149.

summoned before him the House of Commons, and assuming throughout his speech that the Lords were prepared to pass the Attainder Bill, he pleaded guilty in behalf of Strafford, not, indeed, of high treason, but of a misdemeanor.

Like all acts of double dealing, this speech was capable of most contradictory interpretations, all mysterious. To those who knew that the Bill, coldly received by the Lords, had lain four days untouched upon their table, and therefore expected its rejection, an expectation justified by the practice of that time, and to those who knew 'that it was both possible and probable' that the 'declaration' of the Upper House would be given in Strafford's favor,\* it seemed as if Charles, braving the anger of Parliament, had illegally interfered in its proceedings, to bring punishment on a criminal the Lords were disposed to acquit.

But the Peers were, on the contrary, addressed by the King as if they were all about to vote Strafford guilty of High Treason, though it was notorious that 'of the four-score present at the trial, not above twenty' held that opinion, and as if they were ready to agree to the Attainder Bill, although then 'there was little suspicion that it would pass.†' Nor was that address to them only an offensive proof that Charles 'feared their inconstancy,‡ or a breach of privilege: it interrupted the quarrel between the two Houses, and spoilt the fight the Lords hoped to wage. They saw that they now must retract the haughty tone they had assumed towards the Lower House: that as Charles 'himself had declared Strafford to be a criminal, certainly deserving civil death, they were driven from the technical legal question of high treason, into the moral bearing of his offences. And if compelled so far to accept the decision of the Commons, what course was open but to pass the Attainder Bill?

The effect of that speech does not end here: the Lords and Commons and all classes in society were deeply moved by this perplexing feature in the King's conduct: it exhibited those terrors of a stricken conscience which make 'the wicked flee when no man pursueth.' The whole tenor of his speech to the House of Lords implied that there was extreme danger, even

in saving alive, though stripped of honor and estate, the man whom the Peers were prepared to set free; and in the assumed character of intercessor with judges resolved on their victim's death, he begs them 'to find out a way to satisfy justice, and their own fears.' And the same strain of argument runs through the letter to Strafford; Charles ascribes his inability to employ him hereafter, to the 'strange conjuncture of the times.' Yet neither on the 23rd of April or on the 1st of May, had any special crisis, either in Strafford's fate, or in public affairs, taken place: the times were stormy; but no storm had broken forth: without thought of 'fears,' it seemed 'very likely,' even then, that he 'might have passed free by the voices'§ of the Upper House.

No wonder that the King's use of such unaccountable words made all men suspect that something even more alarming was behind. For weeks vague rumors of designs against the State had floated through London;† and now, warned from the throne itself, it became known that there was a plot. And so there was: Charles had sanctioned and promoted, from the beginning of April, the project of bringing the royal army from Yorkshire to London, to overawe both City and Parliament; and it was evidently for that purpose that he placed it under the charge of Strafford's enemy, the Earl of Holland. The King also knew that the project had been betrayed.‡ When he wrote that letter to Strafford, on the 23rd of April, Parliament had acted on that information; on the 19th of April, the Commons made an order, staying the officers who were Members of the House, from obeying the command of their General, the Earl of Holland, 'to go down to their charges in the army very suddenly;§ one of the leaders in the conspiracy being by name connected with that order. And forty-eight hours after the King's speech in the House of Lords, the Army Plot was fully revealed to Parliament. Then it became clear what 'fears' might justly arise if Strafford was not sent out of this world, and what was the

\* *Narrative*, 1647, 82.

† Clarendon, ed. 1839, 96, 108.

‡ *Ibid.*, 79.

\* *Narrative*, 1647, 82.

† Dalrymple's *Memorials of State*, March 3, and April 2, 1641, 114, 117.

‡ *Narrative* by Queen Henrietta Maria, Mdme. de Motteville's *Anne of Austria*, Vol. i. 207.

§ *Com. Journ.* ii. 123.



source of that undercurrent of alarm which drove Charles to use that word.

The disclosure of the Army Plot was fatal to Strafford; yet the immediate cause of his death was the King's visit to Parliament on the 1st of May. For, to quote a very good authority, that speech 'put the Lords to such a stand, who were before inclinable enough to that unfortunate gentleman (Strafford), that a multitude of rabble'\* beset the doors of Parliament, demanding his execution. They apparently were not acquainted with the language the King had used from the throne, and that he had made an 'appeal for his servant's life. On the contrary, they supposed, not that he deemed the Lords to be too ready to condemn Strafford, but not ready enough; and they thought that they must imitate the King, and show themselves before the Upper House to prevent their acquittal of the criminal. And so, 'inflamed by the King's speech'† early in the morning of Monday, 3rd of May, before any revelation of the Army Plot had been made, a crowd of citizens filled Palace Yard, and saluted the Peers as they arrived with cries demanding Strafford's execution.

Historians give a most exaggerated account of this event, and ascribe the consent of the Lords to the Attainder Bill to panic terror, and the dictation of a mob. This was not the case. The crowd was not composed of rabble, but of wealthy merchants: their threats were only 'that to-morrow they will send their servants, if the Lords did not expedite justice speedily.‡ This they did not do. The rumor that an escape of the prisoner from the tower was imminent, brought next day another, but a smaller gathering to Palace Yard, which soon dispersed;§ the demonstration of Monday was not repeated. And the Attainder Bill certainly did not pass under the immediate threat of mob violence; not touched by the Lords on that Monday, though undiscussed since the 27th of April, its third reading only took place on the 8th of May, after seven stages of debate.

And a contemporary authority confirms our assertion. At the very moment of the

event, the demonstration of the 3rd of May was not regarded as a spontaneous expression of public feeling, but as an organised affair, arranged by the same agency which had urged the King to make his address to Parliament. Both events are ascribed to the working of Strafford's 'seeming friends,' but 'real enemies,' who 'put the King upon this way, hoping thereby that the Lords should find occasion to pretend necessity of doing that which, perhaps, in regard of common equity, or the King's displeasure, they could not durst have done.' And apparently that pretended necessity was furnished by the crowd in Palace Yard; for we are told by the same authority, that on the final stage of the Bill, 'the greatest part of Strafford's friends absented themselves upon pretence (whether true or supposititious) that they feared the multitude.\* It was not, however, to the third reading of the bill, that Strafford attributed his death, but because, to use his own words, by that 'declaration' of the King's, 'on Saturday,' 'the minds of men were more incensed against him,' and because Charles had not 'entirely left him to the judgment of their lordships.†

The motives that prompted that untoward act, we do not attempt to fathom: but that ideal being, the historic Charles I., must part with an invented justification of his conduct. It has been assumed that the Army Plot was designed for Strafford's release from prison, and that his friend, Lord Say, misled the King into making that 'declaration.‡ But supposing that Charles could be ignorant of the intentions of the Upper House, and blind to the effect of his interference, he must have known the dispositions of his advisers, that Savile had 'particular malice to Strafford, which he had sucked in with his milk;§ and that the Earl of Bristol was foremost in that group of Peers, who by giving security for the loan of 200,000*l.*, had given security against Strafford's acquittal, and that he had been throughout the 'Mercury' of the Scottish Commissioners.||

But there is no doubt whatever about

\* *Narrative*, 1647, 82, 89.

† Strafford's Letter to Charles I. May 4, 1641.

‡ Clarendon, ed. 1839, 108. It seems from a passage in Father Phillips' Letter, that, at the time of the event, Lord Say was supposed, though wrongly, to have given that advice.

§ Clarendon, ed. 1839, 396.

|| Strafford's own expression. *Ratcliffe Corr.* 216.

\* Heylin's *Life of Land*, 449.

† *Narrative*, 1647, 84.

‡ Uvedale to Bradley, May 3, 1641. Rolls Office.

§ *Narrative*, 1647, 89.

the Army Plot: the King set that on foot, with the full knowledge of the risk it caused his prisoner, and that it was a design of his enemies to profit by his ruin. Nor was Charles tempted by the proffer of a hopeful project fully matured without his consent; he caught at the hasty tender of an obviously desperate attempt. One, wiser than he, gave him ample warning: it was the Queen. At first 'overjoyed' with him at the prospect thus opened out, reflection told her that jealousy among the conspirators would provoke disclosure of the plot: and as, 'if the secret was once blown,' Strafford would be destroyed, she decided 'not to do it;' but the King resisted the Queen's playful reiteration of 'No, no, no—it shall not be,' and her more serious persuasions; he initiated the plot, and at once it was revealed to Pym and his associates.\* Nor could he have supposed that Strafford's welfare formed any portion of that design: the object of the conspirators, Willmot and Goring, was to obtain the post Strafford filled of Lieutenant-General of the English Army: nor could they be his 'good-willers,' as they were among the 'merry lads' who depended on the Earl of Holland.†

And one final blow must be given to that false image of Charles I. that historians have set up. It is represented that when 'wrestled breathless' into giving his consent, the King signed the Commission to pass the Attainder Bill, 'comforted even with that assurance, that his hand was not in' the document itself. If so, it is strange, that not using a common form appropriate to the occasion, the Lord Privy Seal, acting under the authority of that Commission, should have declared to both Houses of Parliament, 'that his Majesty had an intent to have come himself this day, and given his Royal Assent to these two Bills,' of which one was Strafford's Attainder.‡

Speculation whether or no King Charles deliberately intended by his speech of the 1st of May to sacrifice his minister in order to avert the consequences of the disclosure

of the Army Plot, is not within our province. Clarendon admits that those events alike were fatal to Strafford: our argument is fulfilled by an explanation of the true meaning of the royal interference with Parliament, by showing that the Earl's enemies were leading spirits in those transactions, and that the King could not have supposed that Strafford's benefit was designed, either by the speech or by the plot. So completely, indeed, did that conspiracy play into the hands of the 'inflexible party,' and justify their unpopular policy, that Sir P. Warwick suggests that the 'leading men in Parliament' were the secret authors of the scheme.\* And without laying too much stress on a surmise, it is to the information that must have influenced the Commons to make that order staying the officers from obeying their general's commands to repair immediately to the army, that we attribute the defection of Strafford's friends on the third reading of the Attainder Bill; that proceeding, at least, took place two days after the order was voted, and it is evident that up to that time the popular party had, during a protracted contest, shrunk from testing their numbers by the criterion of a division.

Yet, though a positive judgment on the motives that guided the King in his conduct towards Strafford is not to our taste, and though we have refrained from reference to those repeated actions—such as the refusal to disband that very Irish army that had threatened, and still threatened, England—by which Charles indirectly, yet most effectively, prejudiced Strafford's cause. Still, if it be the case that through all the many days which held his fate in suspense the utmost disregard of his safety was exhibited by the King, who certainly hated Parliament more than he loved the servant in jeopardy for his sake, it is well that this should be known. For it is but just that 'the vile person be no more called liberal,' and that King Charles be no longer credited with efforts that he did not make, and with tenderness he did not show towards his poor prisoner in the Tower. It is there that the 'bountiful man,' the truly royal man, was to be found, and not at Whitehall. Our story of Strafford's death enhances the majestic compassion he ex-

\* *Narrative by Queen Henrietta Maria*. Vol. i. 202. Goring's depositions, *Archives, House of Lords*.

† *Warwick's Memoirs*, 147.

‡ May 10, 1641. *Journal House of Lords*, vi., 243. These words were not used on the previous Commission, July 11, 1625, or on the next, January 15, 1642.

\* *Warwick Memoirs*, 179.

tended to his master: with the language of a humble suppliant he besought that the Attainder Bill might be passed, that 'a blessed agreement' might be established

in the realm; and then, 'as a king gives unto the king,' Strafford gave to Charles 'the life of this world, with all the cheerfulness imaginable.'\*—*Fraser's Magazine*.

#### A CHRONICLE OF THE COTTON COUNTRY.

THE scene of the tragedy recorded in the following pages is a village situated in one of the great cotton plains of Central India, just such a village as those of which travellers by the G. I. P. Railway catch fleeting glimpses as they flash through the dreary expanse of cotton fields, and consisting for the most part of clusters of mud-heaps with a larger mud-heap to represent a fort in the middle. Doongergaon, which is the name our hamlet bears, is perched, as its name implies, on the top of a low mound, from which the long black smoke-lines left by the far-off trains are faintly discernible, and from which, on a clear day, the white buildings of that most dismal of all dismal settlements, Hingunghat, may be descried. At the foot of the mound and along the watercourse which encircles it, are a few groups of babul trees, some scattered mangoe and tamarind clumps, which, when seen from a distance, make up something of an oasis on the weary wide-spreading level of the cotton plains. How flat, how weary, how wide, how void of shade, of water, and, at certain seasons, of all things green and pleasant to the eye, those only who traverse them can quite understand.

There is a brief period indeed when even the cotton country looks bright and cheerful; this is before the vivifying influences of the rains have passed away, before the streams have given up their waters, when the stunted cotton plants, in endless rows, cover the length and breadth of the land, hiding the coarse black soil they thrive in, when alternating with them are patches of strange pulses and oil-producing plants, fringed now and then with long rows of crimson-blossomed castor-oil shrubs. Then the face of the country is not so uncomely. But view the same landscape again from the window of your railway-carriage on some scorching afternoon towards the end of May; look out across the parched, cracked, brown-black desert stretching away, oftentimes without even a tree to break its monotony, to each horizon; look at the squalid villages, each on

its mound, looking like nothing so much as clusters of mud-pies well baked in the fervent heat poured upon them for months together; behold the people who dwell therein, as squalid in appearance as are their houses, descending to the dry beds of their watercourses to scoop thence a little brackish water from holes dug in the sand. On the whole brown world around there seems to be no living green thing, excepting, perhaps, the dwarfish babul trees with their crooked black limbs and shade-mocking branches marking the lines of the dry ravines. Watch the village cattle moving, as the sun droops towards the west, in slow and mournful procession to their homes, dirt-colored buffaloes and cows, bullocks and goats, gaunt skeletons of cattle; for what have they save earth and stones to eat. Round about the villages and on the banks of the dried-up rivers many of them lie down and die; life, without food and water, being too hopeless a prospect even for them. And those who drive them are in many respects like unto them, lean and hungry-looking, dirt-colored as the soil they till; they trudge along, their knock-knees bent, and all their available clothing piled upon their heads to keep off the savage rays of the setting sun. Well may the traveller wonder how men and cattle may be so lean and live. Not that it of necessity follows that they are starving, but the agricultural population of the cotton countries is accustomed to look lean and hungry; their lives have not, according to English ideas, been cast in pleasant places. The railway train, in its rapid flight through the black cotton country, passes, for a few brief miles, parallel with and close to the old high-road; so called, not from any superiority it possessed in the way of metal or bridges over other roads, for indeed it had neither the one or the other, but simply because of all the other and similar dirt-tracks in the country, it was most direct and therefore most traversed.

\* Strafford's Letter to Charles I., May 4, 1641.

Let travellers in these days, who pass smoothly and swiftly across the face of the country, seated in comparatively commodious (though red-hot) railway-carriages, ponder as they look upon that road, once the only highway to the coast, and as they look upon it and think upon the many graves of English men and women and children that line it, let them congratulate themselves that the India of to-day is not altogether as was the India of the past. The road, so-called, whose course is changed with every season, is at one time knee-deep in black mud, at another more than ankle-deep in black dust; now, in this dry season, dark clouds of dust hang over and hide its ruggedness and its ruts, which latter are so deep and determined, that if the wheels of any cart should not fit into them, that cart were as well made fire-wood of, for not a yard can it move. The thorns of every bramble, the branches of all the stunted trees, and the milk and cactus hedges are all flecked over with cotton flakes torn from the piled-up wains which passed along last season.

The road, rough as it is, has many travellers; for the agricultural population clings to old traditions, and for many reasons, economic and other, eschews the railway. If it be a poor man—and the poverty of many of them is excessive and grinding—he would rather tramp many and many a weary mile, than spend the few pence he may scrape together on the indulgence of a railway journey. And if it be a man well to do and warm, he goes to his wedding, or his fair, or on his pilgrimage with much people about him, and he would rather pack up his women and children like goods in his low and ricketty bullock-carts, and with his flocks and herds and dependents about him travel from stage to stage in a dignified manner, than for the sake of an unnecessary speed, endure the hustling and expense, inconvenience and absolute physical suffering inseparable from railway journeying. And so many motley subjects of the Queen placidly gaze at the flying trains from under their enormous turbans, in silent wonder and contemplation of the amazing works of those never-quiet Englishmen.

And, indeed, it is quite astonishing that natives travel at all by railway; for they are treated more like cattle than human

beings, as any one who has watched the progress of a so-called coolie train can testify.

It was on a day in the month of April that the coolie train—so called because it travels with surpassing slowness, halts for long intervals at impracticable stations without any towns attached to them, and is altogether a local affair, quite beneath the notice of the rapid and fashionable mail—it was on one burning afternoon in April that this coolie train advanced slowly into the heart of the cotton country, bearing its heavy freight of third and fourth class passengers, and drew near the little station known as "Doongergaon Road." Fast wedged, like a herring in a tub, in a crowded third-class compartment, resembling nothing so much as an ill-smelling cattle-truck, sat an elderly man destined to play a conspicuous part in the present narrative. He was perched upon an immense bundle, chiefly composed, it would seem, of brass pots and dirty clothes, which was wedged in among many similar bundles on the floor of the carriage. The elderly gentleman and his fellow-travellers (all of the male sex, for women are always penned up in separate trucks), none of whom could by any possibility have moved until the door of the carriage opened, so well were they packed, all rejoiced in the ridiculous turbans, the size and shape of a small cart-wheel, common to that part of the country, and of the brightest crimson, scarlet, pink, and orange hues. Owing to the compactness with which they were fitted into their compartment, these absurd affairs could not, of course, be worn; so they were propped up against backs and against bundles, while the shaven polls and knotted pig-tails of their owners were exposed to view. Our elderly traveller's tail was of an iron-grey color and scanty in its proportions; his face was wrinkled and scarred terribly with small-pox; like seventy-five per cent of his compatriots he was afflicted with ophthalmia; his teeth and his tongue were scarlet with betel-juice, on which refreshment, together with a vast quantity of a sweetmeat made chiefly of castor-oil, coarse sugar, dirt, and the heads and bodies of ants and flies, he had subsisted throughout his long day's journey. His thin white garment was stained with heat and dust, which latter blew in hot and suffocating clouds through the carriage, and resting upon his bundle were a pair of



heelless shoes, with toes very much curled up. On his wrist, but hidden under his tight sleeve, was a massive bracelet of heavy red gold; from his ears dangled pearl ear-rings; on his toes were silver rings; and round his waist, well concealed under the many folds of his waistcloth, was a broad silver girdle, curiously wrought. He and his fellow-travellers had sat thus, patiently enduring heat, thirst, dust, smoke, unrest, jolting, semi-suffocation for many hours; for their progress across the great cotton plains was very slow, and the officials hastened not to unlock the doors and let the suffering creatures out; and it was with a deep sigh of relief that passengers for Doongergaon heard the clank, clank of the train as it crossed the points on entering the little station-yard. On the platform was just such another crowd of narrow-shouldered, knock-kneed, big-turbaned, shambling, large-bundle-carrying cultivators as had appeared at every station for the last hundred miles. And when the doors were opened, and the rush to get out and to get in began, and when every man, woman, and child, as is their habit, shouted at the top of his or her voice, and endeavored to pass in and out by impracticable doors, or, as is also their manner, sat suddenly on their heels in inconvenient places, and all with one accord began to wrangle, and scold, and fight, then it required all the tact and temper of the one-eyed station-master, who with shaven head and curly shoes ran to and fro among the crowd, to quell the babel of sounds, which he achieved with labor, and sorrow, and much clanging of the station-gong. Emerging from the crowd at length, our middle-aged traveller, who, like the rest, had scuffled, fought, and shouted, looked about him for his chariot, which soon appeared in the shape of a wooden tray between two very unreliable wheels, and drawn by a pair of small bullocks of amazing speed and endurance. Our friend placed himself cross-legged on the tray as on a saddle, with a faithful retainer close in front of him, also on the tray; and the latter, seizing the tail of a bullock in each hand, and uttering divers cluckings with his tongue, and many maledictions upon all their female ancestors for past generations, drove swiftly away homewards. The name of the elderly gentleman on the tray was Ram lall. Lord was he of the hamlet of Doongergaon, and all that black cotton

soil surrounding it. To the right and to the left of him he beheld his own acres—acres which had been in his family for unnumbered generations; for he, sitting there upon a tray, simple as he looked, could trace back his lineage for more centuries than can many a noble earl in our own country. Ram lall was, in short, the proprietor of the estate of Doongergaon; a man of note and position in the country, who led public opinion in those parts where there happened to be any, and who had more jewels of gold and silver and bags of rupees buried in earthen vessels in the floor of his house than any other proprietor in the countryside. Like most of his kind in these litigious days, he wasted much of his substance, his time, and his patience in law-suits. Litigation was a game he played at greedily; but it was none the less a stumbling-block in his way, for he was a settled annuity to half-a-dozen pleaders in consequence.

His hereditary enemy, whose forefathers and his own had been from time immemorial at deadly feud, held lands adjoining his own, and the lapse of time quenched not in any degree the fire of their mutual animosity. In the good old days, indeed, when might was right, and law courts and troublesome police as yet were not, many a raid was made on the one side or the other, many heads were broken, and much cattle lifted. But those days are past and gone, and such matters are differently settled now-a-days. Actions for criminal trespass, for defamation, or wrongful restraint, suits to recover imaginary debts and to get redress for imaginary injuries, took the place of clubs and cattle-lifting, and our Ram lall's face was as well known at the district court-house as that of the clerk of the court himself. He was even now returning home after a lengthy sojourn at the district head-quarters, where a multitude of actions and counteractions had resulted in his (Ram lall's) being tried for fabricating false evidence (a weakness not uncommon among our fellow-subjects in India, where witnesses can generally be bought at a fixed tariff to swear to anything), and had been discharged, with an assurance on the part of the judge, that so utterly at variance and contradictory had been the statements made by him and his witnesses, and by all the witnesses on every side of the question, that there was not a man of them present on whose word or

onth he would hang a dog. With this highly complimentary assurance, Ram lall betook himself home, pondering as he went what further snare he could set for his enemy, and wondering also how matters had been progressing at home since his departure; for he had troubles at home as well as abroad. As he drew near his village, there came out to meet him a small deputation, consisting of one or two members of the municipal committee, the village watchman, and the schoolmaster. He learnt from them that quiet had reigned in his absence, but that several incidents worthy of note had occurred. First of all, the government vaccinator had paid them a visit, and had attempted to bring pressure to bear on some makers of brass pots to have their children vaccinated, which the said pot-makers declined to do, on the ground that a child of one of their number having been vaccinated the previous year, ill-luck, as might have been expected, had come to them, and their pots remained unsold. And they further made demonstrations of an attack upon the vaccinator, who thereupon lifted up his voice and denounced the village, and finally took to his heels, declaring his intention of complaining to the district magistrate. Ram lall, in his heart, cursed all makers of brass pots and all vaccinators, for he knew he would surely be called to account for the affair.

Further, it was reported to him that the inspector of schools, or the "Tugspielle," as he was popularly called, had come to see the village school, and had threatened dire penalties unless more children were made to attend, and refused to be pacified, although he was assured that, on his intended visit being known, the highways and hedges had been searched, and all the obtainable infant population dragged to school to make a good show; and the schoolmaster and all the school-committee, with loud lamentations, declared to him that the people of Doongergaon, of all the people of the cotton countries, were obstinate and obstructive in the matter of education, and stuck to it that they wanted no education, and that their children were better employed herding cattle than wasting their time in school. And the inspector had gone away threatening to complain to the district magistrate of the negligence of all concerned. Then Ram lall went on his way, cursing, in his heart, the obstinacy of his people and all school-

inspectors everywhere. Further on, he learnt that the district medical officer had been to the village and grumbled because more quinine had not been purchased by the people, and because the sanitary condition of the village was not as it should be. "I assured him," said Ram lall's informant, "that these people here will not eat quinine; they don't believe in it, and think they will spoil their caste by using it; they will not be cured of fever, and they think that there is a devil in it. And as to the cleanliness of the place, I told the doctor that these people are not clean, and cannot be made clean; they don't like it, it worries them, and they are too poor to attend to such things, but that as soon as we heard he was coming we began to sweep up a little. But nothing satisfied him, and he said he should complain to the district magistrate. And again," went on the same speaker, "there came one of the assistant magistrates, and grumbled because we were spending the municipal funds in building a temple instead of making roads and drains. I told him the people did not want roads and drains, but they did want a temple. He said he would certainly lay the matter before the district magistrate." Then Ram lall went on his way, bitterly cursing the whole municipal committee who had led him into these straits.

They had now entered the village. It was a mass of dull-looking mud huts, without any windows or means of ventilation whatever, with grass roofs and ugly high mud walls about every hut. On the rising ground, in the midst of the village, stood the ruins of the old fort, built long ago when the Pindarries overran the country, and into which fort the ancestors of those now dwelling in safety beneath its shadow had oftentimes, on sudden alarms, made their escape, catching up their portable properties and their wives and children, and had come forth again to find their poor huts pillaged and burnt, their crops trampled down, their cattle and their stores of grain carried off, and themselves happy to escape with sound skins. In all the cotton country, no village of any pretensions was without its tower of defence. But the Pindarries have all passed away, and the ruined old walls of the great mud forts stand as monuments of the old dark days of discord and disorder. That of Doongergaon was a large one, and the

remains of stone gateways and great wooden doors were yet visible, though the people store cotton within the crumbling old walls now; and the village worthies point with pride to an old gun, curiously wrought of hoops of iron, and seemingly a breechloader, lying neglected among the *débris*, which their forefathers had used to intimidate their foes.

The squalid look of the poor huts was somewhat relieved by the bright-colored clothes hung to dry on the walls and the patches of scarlet chillies laid out on the roofs to dry, but it was all sadly in want of something light and brightening about it; for the houses or huts were all alike in monotony of mud color, the rugged stony lanes were deep in dust, and the air was dark with the thick dust-clouds kicked up by the home-returning herds of buffaloes and bullocks, and the cloth in course of manufacture in most of the lanes and alleys was of so dismal a hue, that it only made matters worse. The only bright spots were at the dyers' establishments, where men were dipping cloth in foul-smelling pink and yellow compounds, and the dye escaping formed little pools of vivid color in the filthy gutters. The village god, too, in the market-place, a large, very ugly red stone monster, was a sort of relief to the eye, though hideous in most other respects. There was a great deal of drum-beating and bell-ringing going on before him as Ram lall passed, and from the baskets of flowers and fruit placed before him, it was evident his godship was just going to dinner. The groups of women at the wells were not, on the whole, so picturesque as they look in pictures, and though there were plenty of fine arms and legs, yet the ladies and their clothes were rather dingy and uninteresting.

Ram lall, in making his way to his house, passed across the market-place, and it being market-day, he stopped to gossip and rest awhile, and eased his mind by a little wrangling and chaffering among the busy, noisy throng assembled. The stalls were raised on terraces in long rows, and seated thereupon on their heels, with their wares before them, were betel-nut, spice, and drug sellers, vendors of fish and vegetables, dealers in ornaments of brass and tinsel jewellery, in uncouth metallic masses of immense weight and clumsiness, but precious as rubies in the eyes of the village maids and matrons. Further on, behind

the sweatmeat-sellers, are piles of colored armlets of talc and wax, heaps of toe-rings all very cheap, so many to be had for so few coins that for the fraction of a farthing the girls can cover their arms with them half way up to the shoulder, and it is amusing to watch the process of fitting arms and toes with their respective ornaments. Then there are mountains of coarse tobacco, the product of the neighboring fields, heaps of many-hued grains, and most precious, though very dirty-looking, salt. There is an abundance of cloth, mostly home made, an opium stall or two, one or two dealers in certain preparations for tinting the eyes and nails, and for the caste marks on the forehead.

Every man, woman, and child there present, buyers and sellers and lookers-on, are all shouting at the top of their voices, so that a great roar and tumult of tongues rises up into the evening air. The intense enjoyment with which every purchase is made, the delight with which they settle down for a good long haggle, each purchaser being attended by a crowd of admiring lookers-on, is worth seeing; the women making more fuss about the buying of the commonest earthen vessel, handling it, tapping it, turning it over and over with more anxious solicitude than many a lady in London would display in the purchase of a cart-load of silk dresses. Going shopping, even in the desolate cotton countries, is dear to the women's hearts.

Through this crowd Ram lall slowly makes his way towards his own door, for the great rambling mud establishment, with a big court-yard and quaintly-carved oily old wooden verandahs round it, just facing the market-place, is his house; he turns the corner pondering abstractedly on the innate malice common to all men, and more especially developed in the mind and manners of his favorite enemy Seoram Patail, when he sees standing together just inside the outer door of his court-yard two persons, whose appearance filled his soul with jealous rage. One of these is a pretty, pale-yellow colored girl not more than seventeen years old, whose low broad brows are decorated with a brilliant crimson patch or caste mark, and whose long dark eyes are coquettishly tinted, and whose pretty mouth is filled with, as yet, unbetel-stained teeth. Her bright dress and graceful figure make up so pretty a little picture, that the back-

ground of sombre dirt walls looks ten times dirtier and more dismal from the contrast. Her name is Amanale, and she is the wife of the very respectable Ram lall, proprietor of Doongergaon.

The other of the two persons is a handsome young fellow in a rose-pink turban and smart white muslin garments, who at sight of the angry face of Ram lall vanishes without more ado, while the damsel, hastily drawing the fold of her pretty scarlet cloth over her face—for it had slipped aside somewhat in the ardor of conversation—retreated indoors. Truly Ram lall's troubles lay not altogether outside his house; there were trouble and jealousy, hatred and craving for revenge, intrigues and deceits, threats and tears ready to greet him on his arrival at home. And what else can you expect? oh! Ram lall, toothless old patriarch, far gone in years and wickedness, when, after the evil fashion of your country, you purchase a child for your wife—a child whom you deem to be but as part of the live-stock you possess, worth so much weight of jewellery, or so much cash; she is the mere servant of your pleasure, bought to hew wood, to draw water, and prepare your food for you: an arrangement in which she had no voice or was even allowed a thought. What else can you expect will be the end of so unnatural an union, save that which in all lands is the end of all such ill-assorted matches; what else but deception, dishonor, and disgrace? The custom is an evil one, and you and your fellows reap abundantly the evil fruits thereof.

There were harsh words, ill looks, cruel blows, and bitter tears that night, as on many previous nights, in Ram lall's house; a great storm of wild wailings, shrill cackle of women's angry tongues, and the neighbors, well used to such like concerts, both at home and abroad, knew that there had been a difference of opinion again between Ram lall and his young wife.

Now the hero of the rose-pink turban, about whom all this storm had arisen, was a young merchant of Doongergaon, Muner-  
am Tookull by name, who dwelt with his orphan brother and little sister, and kept a small shop in the market-place immediately adjoining Ram lall's domain. He was as good-looking a young fellow as could be found in any day's march in the cotton countries, possessing a pair of straight-looking eyes, for a wonder, a clean,

pale brown complexion, and a manner decidedly taking with the women, and a reputation among his fellow townsmen as bad as it could well be. Not that he was a reputed thief or that he dealt in suspicious goods, or indulged too freely in dress, or gambled inordinately, or that he was especially successful in leading the young village wives to follow after strange gods: worse, far worse than all this—these would after all have been mere venial offences, freaks of fancy—alas for Muner-  
am, he had the reputation of being a wizard. There are few villages in the cotton districts without either a witch or a wizard to torment them, possessed of a more or less malignant power to bring evil upon their enemies. Not that the cruel tragedies once so common in the more eastern provinces, of witch murders and witch torture, were enacted in the cotton districts; the witchcraft there was of a less malignant type, and its professors contented themselves with laming the cattle, burning the houses, causing women to miscarry, and afflicting people with acute agues and rheumatic diseases, and other like trifles. And although the witches and warlocks were hated and feared and shunned, no overt acts of vengeance were ever heard of.

When Muner-  
am was first accused of witchcraft Ram lall had protected and supported him warmly; for he entertained a great liking for the young man, and did his utmost to re-establish him in the good opinion of his townsfellows. But when it came in course of time to be an undoubted fact that whosoever crossed Muner-  
am in any matter of business or pleasure surely met with a misfortune either in his own person or that of some member of his family, or in loss of cattle or failure of crops; and when the worthy Ram lall himself, after a passing quarrel with his young friend, was stricken with a rheumatic fever which laid him by the heels for a whole year, then, indeed, Ram lall felt that what every one said must be true, and that Muner-  
am was certainly a wizard, and from that time he began to look askance at him; uttering no threats indeed, but steadily avoiding his late favorite. It must be admitted that Muner-  
am had been indiscreet and had been paying, of late days, too much attention to the Patail's pretty young wife, just then blooming into womanhood; and, whether



it was that his eye was evil, and that some malignant spirit lurked within him, or whether the result was, under the circumstances, only natural, certain it is that the young lady wavered in her wifely allegiance and was disposed to turn aside from the path of rectitude; which path was, in her case, poor girl, immoderately straight and rugged. Poor, pretty, soulless creature, what lesson had she ever learnt of any theories of right or wrong? she knew this, that she had a toothless old man for a husband, ugly, decrepit, and cruel, and she fancied that if she had been allowed a choice, she would rather have chosen a younger and pleasanter partner, or rather master. She knew that if she were suspected of infidelity or caught in the act of flirtation, she would be beaten, and possibly have her pretty nose cut or even bitten off; such being the punishment usually awarded by indignant husbands to erring wives. But she determined to risk so great an evil as even the loss of her nose for the sake of her lover, and even went so far as to wonder whether if she were to grind some of her glass bangles to powder and insinuate it into her husband's mess of pottage the result would be satisfactory. She knew for certain that a very little portion of that harmless looking dhatura shrub which grew so abundantly in all the lanes and waste places of the village would, if judiciously administered, send her venerable lord and master out of the world; but she feared the consequences, she hated those meddling, blue-coated policemen who were always intruding in other people's concerns, and so she took no present steps in that direction. Sometimes when abuse and blows had been more than usual her lot, she meditated a leap into the great well outside her husband's court-yard: that would be a revenge certainly, and would cause abundant scandal and gossip against her husband; but she had once seen a girl of her own age taken out of a well, into which, for reasons similar to her own, she had thrown herself, and she shuddered to think of herself lying wet, and cold, and dreadful on the ground, as that girl had lain; and then, too, the thought of her pink-turbaned lover sustained her under many domestic trials.

Now Ram lall had long suspected that Muneram had bewitched his wife, and so caused her to forget her wifely duties; the

clandestine interview he had interrupted increased his mistrust and dislike an hundredfold, and he brooded over his wrongs until he began to crave for vengeance. To accuse him openly of witchcraft would, he knew, have been dangerous in the highest degree; for the English Government, most unreasonably as he thought, had no sympathy for such old world superstitions; and if any harm should befall Muneram in consequence of such an accusation, he knew that the magistrates, in pursuance of an unpleasant habit they had contracted, would surely convict him of an abetment of hurt or of worse. So he pondered deeply in his mind how he might attain his end without getting within the meaning of any of those obstructive sections of that prejudiced volume the Penal Code. Therefore it was that our Ram lall early one morning rose up and saddled his pony, a lean and long-suffering beast, living chiefly on air and having a pink tail, mounted thereupon and set forth across the dried-up waste to pay a visit to the Darogah, or chief of the neighboring police post, a man in whom he had confidence, as being discreet and open to conviction; as doubtless he had proved on many former occasions. Being a man of some importance, a semi-nude retainer held on to the pink tail of the pony, and one ran on either side of him, holding each a leg. A portion of his way being along a new road, which had been for years in course of construction but made no progress, for the simple reason that in the cotton country the result of one season's labor, and all the material collected for the next year's work, literally sank down and was buried quite out of sight in the spongy, swampy, black soil during the rainy season. Ram lall grimly surveyed the piles of stone and metal destined to be decently interred by the approaching rains, and cynically reflected that much as the English undoubtedly could do, they certainly could not make roads; he further wondered why the tracks which had satisfied his forefathers should not suffice for him and his descendants: granted, indeed, that carts stuck hopelessly for weeks together in the mud, or were smashed and jolted to pieces by the rough, stony ravines, still, why all this unseemly hurry? there was a time for all things. And further, as he passed the grand Serai built for the con-

venience of railway travellers, and which was never used because it had been erected half a mile from the nearest water, he pondered on the inscrutable ways of the ever restless Sahibs.

The Brahmins having prognosticated that April would be a favorable marrying month, the whole country resounded day and night with the din of horns and tom-toms, and other fearful and excruciating sounds, supposed by the simple Hindoo to be music, and from out of the village of Malleghat, to which Ram lall was journeying, there issued procession after procession of marriage parties,—the brides clothed in soft raiment, and mounted, cross-legged, on gaily-decorated bullocks; the men in crimson turbans and white raiment, and sprinkled all over with a red pigment, and on their necks garlands of evil-smelling flowers. Arrived at the police post, where the constable on duty was sitting on his heels doing nothing, and the rest of the men were scattered about in various attitudes assisting him to do it, and the Darogah, or chief, was assiduously cleaning his teeth with a piece of stick, and coughing, reaching, and expectorating after the manner of Indians of all classes when at their toilette—which is most exasperating to an English ear, and is, moreover, quite an unnecessary ceremony—our Ram lall was received with consideration; passing through the trim garden, he accosted the Darogah, who on his side, after a final and a violent attempt to choke himself, proceeded to finish his toilette with the help of a looking-glass the size of half-a crown, let into the lid of a pewter snuff-box, and presently entertained his visitor at a light and wholesome repast of betel-nut and buffaloes' milk. Then ensued a dialogue between these two worthies, conducted with a subtlety and power of finesse peculiar to the Oriental mind. On the one hand, Ram lall was weighing the Darogah's dishonesty in the balance, to find out what amount of his hidden treasures would have to be expended if he would gain his end; on the other hand, the Darogah strove to probe the depths of the villany of his visitor's intentions, and by heaping difficulty on difficulty, to make the best bargain he could for himself; and with all this, probably not a word passed on either side which could lead a third person, had there been one present, to imagine that anything unusual was in course of negotiation.

Ram lall left his friend with a plan of revenge fully developed in his evil old brain, and betook him homeward with a merry heart; for he felt there was nothing to baulk him if he only chose to open his purse sufficiently wide.

That night, when all his household slept soundly, and when no sound save the barking of multitudinous curs and the occasional wail of the jackals, or now and then the more discordant notes of the barbaric music of some marriage-feast, disturbed the stillness of the night, Ram lall rose up, girt up his loins, wrapped a loose dark blanket round him, seized a heavy iron instrument, and passed into the courtyard, where some three or four of his men were sleeping, each tied up securely as to his head and ears in a cloth, and snoring to that extent that their united efforts amounted to a roar: this being the customary manner in which Eastern watchmen keep guard. Stepping over their bodies with impunity, for nothing short of a salvo of artillery could have awakened them, he passed out into the lane and crept cautiously to the back of his house, and there selecting a likely-looking spot in the mud wall, neither very thick nor very hard, he began to pick a great hole with the iron instrument in his hand. Softly but swiftly the old man wrought, panting and laboring heavily, but always progressing dexterously, fashioning the hole until it grew large enough to allow a man to pass through it into the chamber within, an outer room stored full of grain. Squeezing himself in, he knocked the grain-baskets about, cut a great hole in the side of one, and then crept back into the lane, panting, trembling, and guiltily listening to every night sound the breeze brought him. Next this midnight prowler stepped a few paces up the lane, entered the patch of weeds and rubbish called by his enemy Muneram a garden, and quietly buried a tin box, of which he had torn off the lid and burst the lock, under some dried leaves and refuse in a corner, threw a silk handkerchief on the ground just outside the same garden, and then, his work over, crept back again to bed, and fell asleep in a highly contented frame of mind.

Morning at Doongergaon, the one cool hour of the twenty-four, that before sunrise: the village hags have commenced to raise their morning sacrifice of dust-clouds each before her respective door; the younger women are setting forth for the wells;

others renew the cabalistic markings on the thresholds and lintels of the door, whereby evil spirits are defied; the cattle are flocking out of their houses (for they not infrequently lodge under the same roof and go in and out by the same door as their owners) and take the road to their dry and barren pasturage; the kochu bird, earliest of risers, begins to practise his scales; the last cry of the last pack of jackals is faintly heard in the distance, as the creatures get them away to their caves and dens; and in all the streets the sound of grinding is heard; all the village, except the customers of the opium-shop yonder, are awake and stirring.

Soon arises a grand hubbub from the vicinity of Ram lall Patail's domain; a terrible chorus of harsh voices is rising up in lamentation, for the cowherd who was first abroad has brought in the news that the house has been broken into; out forthwith rushes the worthy Ram lall, with anguish and surprise depicted on his countenance, and a delighted crowd quickly collects; all the men shout and talk to other men long distances off at the top of their voices, and all the women scold and screech, and the little naked children tumble about, and they all thoroughly enjoy themselves. An Indian crowd, whatever the cause which has attracted it, seldom does anything beyond shouting. For instance, on the occasion of a destructive fire, which is snapping up their houses wholesale, no one ever saw these simple creatures lend a hand to save their toasting grandmothers or their goods and chattels from the flames: they prefer to stand about, and use their lungs instead of their hands. Ram lall, with noisy following, wandered disconsolately about, until, chancing to pass the door of the wizard's house, the handkerchief was perceived lying on the ground, and it was instantly remarked that Muneram had not joined the crowd. Enough—it was all quite clear—it was the work of Muneram or the devil, the terms being almost synonymous. Then up rose Ram lall, and bade his watchman gird up his loins and run to fetch the police; and that functionary, tying a dirty rag round his head and seizing his staff of office, sped away across the plain. The crowd withdraws from the neighborhood of the wizard's house, and awaits the arrival of the police with intense interest. Come what might,

there was at least a chance of getting temporarily rid of their tormentor.

After a while the police arrive in procession: first comes the chief officer in a braided coat, with trousers wrinkled up to his knees, and his bare feet thrust into ammunition boots, astride a very small lean pony, his head being wrapped up in a handkerchief, and an immense yellow umbrella over all. After him come his men, in various stages of undress, their batons in their hands, and a determination to distinguish themselves depicted on their faces. The chief officer, being a considerable personage, was at once stayed with plaintains and comforted with pau, and then Ram lall told his tale; how he had slept in innocent sleep in the bosom of his family, and awoke to find himself ruined and beggared, his long stored-up wealth of jewels and cash gone, and, worst of all, suspicion resting on the man he had so long protected. He wished to destroy no man's house nor to blacken any man's face; he, Ram lall, was a man who said nothing to anybody, who had never been known to injure or quarrel with anybody, but it seemed that the snake he had cherished had stung him. And all the people sitting about him on their heels murmured their approval of their Patail's eloquence.

All this time there had been a great uproar going on within doors, much shrill jarring of women's tongues, loud bursts of passionate abuse. Many times that morning had the poor girl, who was the cause of all this fuss, threatened to hang herself, or to poison herself, and twice had she rushed forth to the great open well, there to end her sorrows, but each time the hags within restrained her. She believed no word of the theft or the suspicion resting on her lover, not she; she bitterly mistrusted her wily master, and fully determined to interfere to save her lover if she could find the means so to do. So she scolded, and sulked, and scolded again after the manner of her species, and behaved herself like a very termagant. The police officers then commenced their usual ceremonies; the chief officer, after a minute and deliberate inspection of the premises, announced to the admiring crowd that, in his opinion, the house had certainly been broken into; for, argued he, there can be no reasonable doubt that a hole has been made in the wall. The premises of Mune-

ram, reputed wizard, were then searched, the broken box found in the garden, and the innocent Muneram was at once hustled off in custody to the Patil's courtyard, in spite of his protestations and cries and the tears and lamentations of his brother and little sister.

The customary examination of witnesses having been gone through, and every witness as usual having denied all knowledge of everybody, every thing, and every place under the sun, and having sworn that they were people who never left home, and never spoke to anybody during their natural lives, Ram lall rose and thus addressed the meeting:—"My friends, it is very necessary in a case of this kind that nothing be done in a hurry. You talk of witchcraft in the village, and indeed there has been much sickness of late; our children have been dying, our cattle falling by dozens, some of our best wells turned brackish, and now I have been robbed of the savings of many years: money indeed which I had set aside to build a temple to the god Gunesh with. Whether this be witchcraft or no I cannot tell, but this I know, that I am a just man, and unless there be certain proof, I hope to see this prisoner set at liberty. Go now, all of you, the heat of the day is coming on, the police need quiet and repose in inquiring into such a case as this. Come again when the sun is a hand's breadth from his setting and you shall know the result."

When the assembly had dispersed, Ram lall took aside the chief officer, and said to him: "Brother, I must get rid of this fellow somehow; he must be arrested, disgraced, driven out of the village: curse him! and the mother that bore him; this charge can and must be proved."

Said the chief officer to him in reply: "I tell you, Ram lall, it won't do; if this goes up to the magistrate we shall be smashed. I'm a family man, and a risk of this sort don't suit me—unless, indeed, I am paid well to undertake it. If, indeed, the prisoner would confess to the robbery, we might have grounds to detain him; but the truth is, Ram lall, you were out walking last night, and you were seen coming from the direction of the prisoner's house. If I am to work this, I must be paid, Ram lall."

The chief officer merely said this on speculation, to tighten his hold upon Ram lall's money-bags, and no entreaties or threats on the latter's part could induce

him to say a word as to his informant. "Pay me and you are safe," was all his answer. After much haggling it was decided that Ram lall was to pay him 2000 rupees to work the case, half in advance, half when a conviction was obtained, and further, a sum of 100 rupees to each of the policemen concerned, to keep them quiet, and as much for hire of witnesses as might be hereafter demanded. These arrangements thus pleasantly concluded, they called for the wretched victim of this vile conspiracy, who all this while had been standing hand-cuffed in the court-yard, with a rope fastened to his arm, his clothes torn and his once gay turban mud-bespattered, under the burning sun, sullen, dogged, and silent. He made no entreaty now, no cry for mercy passed his lips; he knew he had fallen into a snare, and he swore to himself that no entreaty of his should increase the revengeful triumph of his enemy. There was no chivalrous thought in his breast of suffering himself in silence to screen her in the house yonder from shame or punishment; the thoughts of our native brethren are not as our thoughts on such matters: their inner life is as far from ours as the east from the west.

His sullen obstinacy angered the old man, and when at length he raised his manacled hands to heaven, and called upon his gods to say whether he was a guilty man or not, Ram lall turned and said bitterly to the police-officer: "Take him into that outhouse yonder and show him a little of your police procedure." Two of the policemen entered, followed by their officer, and shut the door upon themselves and their victim. Ram lall, who fully appreciated the meaning of that threat of showing a prisoner a little police procedure, waited outside listening for the sounds he knew would come, and which did come—the first fruits to him of his dearly purchased revenge. Those sounds came, but no groan of pain, no cry for mercy. He listened intently, and heard a scuffling of feet, a rapid whispering, and all was still. He waited on impatiently, minute followed minute, still that fatal door did not open. What devil's work was in progress within? Suddenly the door was opened an inch or two, and the chief police officer, with bare head, ghastly yellow face, and terrified eyes, beckoned him in, and shut the door quickly after him. Ram lall peered about in the dark room until, in a



corner, he discerned his victim lying dead. This had been the result, then, of showing him their procedure, or, in plain words, of attempting to make the man confess to a crime he had not committed. The constables, with the sweat pouring like rain down their faces, and the gallows vividly before them, stood trembling with abject terror at the deed they had done. Then the Darogah, throwing his turban at the feet of Ram lall, besought him, saying, "Oh, Patail, you are our father, our mother, and all our kindred, we know none but you; we have done this thing in serving you, and you must save our necks. If we hang, you must most certainly hang too; so, in saving our necks, save your own also. You must pay us and pay others, but payment will not do all things. We did not mean to kill the man—we merely pressed him to answer some questions; and he died in our hands; but you are our king and master, you must and can save us." Thus having spoken, and after covering the body over with wood and straw, the four guilty ones crept out of the room, and shutting the door, took council together how to dispose of the body. In the meantime a sentry was placed over the door of the outside, to make it apparent to all comers that the prisoner was within, and also to keep all intruders on the dreadful secret inside from entering in. It was agreed that at night the body should be thrown into the great well at the back of the house, and it should be given out in the morning that the prisoner had escaped. When the body came to the surface again, it would be apparent, that, in remorse and despair, he had committed suicide. Thus settled, Ram lall re-entered his abode to face the inmates there, and one of them in particular, with a very troubled heart indeed. The long hot hours passed wearily away, and at last the fierce hot wind, tired of its boisterous blowing, died away; the hour of lamp-lighting drew near, the gossips gathered round the house, and, sitting on their heels, condoled with Ram lall on the loss of his property, complimented the police on their skill, and cursed the culprit for a wizard and a thief: for it was given out that the prisoner had confessed to the theft, and was to be taken to the station-house early next morning; and when it was told them that he had endeavored to connect other and respectable persons with the case, the curses against him were redoubled.

The evening grew on to night, the soft clear Indian summer night, the villagers departed one by one, and soon only the accustomed night sounds broke the stillness.

In the second watch of the night the great wooden gates of the Patail's courtyard were softly opened, and Ram lall himself, with the same stealthy tread as that he had on the previous night gone forth on his evil errand, stepped forth into the road, gazed and listened, held his breath and listened, then beckoned with his hand, and there issued out of the gate three men bearing something having the similitude of a human body. With rapid silent steps, without a word or a whisper, they passed like ghosts in the gloom; soon a faint splash broke for an instant the silence of the night, and four figures re-passed with guilty footsteps through the gateway, and once again the great doors were softly shut.

Long before dawn there came the prisoner's brother and little sister to the gate, knocking and asking to be allowed to accompany their brother; immediately there was no small stir within, and the news went forth that the prisoner had fled: for the police in their tender mercy towards him had loosed his handcuffs that he might sleep the easier. There was then no doubt of his guilt. But his brother seemed to have strange doubts and fears, and hung about Ram lall all day, asking for his brother, crying to him to deliver up his brother. Then said Ram lall: "How! do you say that I have got your brother?" "Aye!" said the young man, "you have killed him, and Bugwunt (God) knows it." Then Ram lall, in consultation with his friend the police officer, whose men had of course gone to hunt up the escaped prisoner, drew the young man into a shed, and having gagged him, hung him by one arm to a lofty beam, and left him, saying, "Remember, I am master here: say again what you have just said and the rope shall go round your neck instead of your arm."

The crowning incidents in this village tragedy had yet to be enacted. Two days passed away, throughout which the Patail's young wife had, after the impulsive fashion of her race, mourned her lost lover, and called for vengeance on her hated husband. Early on the morning of the third day, when the first faint blush of dawn reddened the sky, the girl arose and wandered out

towards that great well she had visited once or twice before. Her heart was sore within her, and she had determined that she would run away from the cruel old tyrant who owned her, and seek elsewhere for the lover she had lost. When she reached the well she sat down on the low parapet which surrounded it, and looked down into the depths of the cool dark water which had so often fascinated her before. As she gazed the old thoughts came back again to her, and she began to wonder how it would be with her if she were lying still and dead down below. Suddenly it seemed to her that the still waters grew troubled and trembled, and in a moment there rose up, as though to meet and claim her, from their dark depths, with arms upraised and joined hands uplifted, as though praying to her for vengeance on his destroyer, the dead body of her lover. The waters had given up their dead, their terrible secret was disclosed. With a wild

cry the girl started to her feet, staggered forward and fell heavily into the well: her lover's grave became her grave too.

There is little need to dwell on the closing scenes of this sad story. Enough to say that, by dint of sowing money broadcast, Ram lall managed to hush the matter up. Inquests were held on the bodies, verdicts of suicide returned, and after a while the story began to be forgotten. It was not until six months had elapsed that Muneram's brother plucked up courage to go in and tell his story to the officials of the district, and then at last the whole affair oozed out. Witnesses whose lips had been hitherto closed from dread of the all-powerful Ram lall came forward; the policemen confessed their share in that wicked night's work; and all concerned were brought to trial, and received the punishment they had so justly merited.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

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#### NOTIONS ABOUT THE MOON.

MEN have strange fancies about earth's beautiful satellite. They have worshipped it as a goddess, sung of it as the birthplace of dreams, honored it as the abiding-place of beneficent spirits empowered to visit earth to aid good men and punish evil-doers. Some have held the moon to be the first home of humanity, the Paradise lost by Eve's transgression; others have believed it to be the place to which the souls of men ascend after death. Byron wrote:

Sweet Dian's crest  
Floats through the azure air, an island of the  
blest;

and a modern poetess has avowed her faith that the wretched find rest in Luna's serene regions. Many wise men of old believed the moon to be a world full of life, Pythagoras boldly asserting it had its seas and rivers, its mountains, plains, and woods, its plants far lovelier than the flowers of earth, its animals fifteen times the size of those familiar to mundane eyes, ruled over by men of larger growth and higher mental faculties than those of earthly mould.

Leaving philosophers to speculate as to whether the moon was or was not the home of creatures more or less akin to humankind, unphilosophical folk agreed that

the moon had one inhabitant at least, one of their own race, whose form was palpable to all who had eyes to see. How he attained his elevated position was in this wise. While the children of Israel sojourned in the wilderness, a man was detected gathering sticks upon the Sabbath-day, whereupon he was taken without the camp and stoned until he died. Not satisfied with this exemplary punishment of the offender by his fellow-wanderers, the Vox Populi condemned the unhappy Sabbath-breaker to a perpetual purgatory in the moon, wherein he may be seen, bearing his bundle of sticks upon his back, ever climbing and climbing without gaining a step; accompanied by a dog, faithful in worse than death, to a master, whom an old English song-writer pictures shuddering in constant fear of a fall, and shivering with cold as the frosty air bites his back through his thorn-rent clothes. Shakspeare's Stephano found Caliban ready enough to believe he was the man in the moon, dropped from the skies to become king of the enchanted island—'I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee; my mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.' In Germany, the story runs that, many ages ago, an old man went into the woods to cut sticks upon a

Sunday morning. Having collected as many as he could carry, he slung the bundle upon a stick, shouldered it, and trudged homewards. He had not got far upon his way ere he was stopped by a handsome gentleman dressed in his Sunday best, who inquired if he was aware it was Sunday on earth, when every one was bound to rest from labor. 'Sunday on earth or Monday in heaven, it is all the same to me!' was the irreverent reply. 'So be it,' said his questioner: 'bear, then, your fagot for ever; and since you do not value Sunday on earth, you shall have an everlasting Moon-day in Heaven—standing for eternity in the moon as a warning to Sabbath-breakers!' As he pronounced sentence, the stranger vanished, and before the wood-gatherer could apologise for his rudeness, he was seized by invisible hands, and borne to the moon, pole, fagot, and all. According to another version, he had the option of burning in the sun or freezing in the moon, and chose the latter as the least of two evils.

Travelling northwards, we find the bundle of sticks transformed into a load of green-stuff. A North-Frisian, so devoid of honest ingenuity that he could think of no better way of passing his Christmas Eve than in stripping a neighbor's garden of its cabbages, was deservedly caught by some of the villagers as he was sneaking away with his plunder. Indignant at the theft, they wished the thief in the moon, and to the moon he went instant; there he yet stands with the stolen cabbages on his back, turning himself round once on the anniversary of his crime and its detection. New Zealanders, too, claim the man in the moon as one of themselves, their story being, that one Rona, going out at night to fetch water from a well, stumbled, fell, and sprained his ankle so badly, that as he lay unable to move, he cried out with the pain. Then, to his dismay and terror, he beheld the moon descending towards him, evidently bent upon capturing him. He seized hold of a tree, and clung to it tightly, but it gave way, and fell with him upon the moon, which carried both away. In Swabia, not content with a man, they must needs put a man and a woman in the moon: the former for strewing thorns and brambles on the road to church, to hinder more godly folks than himself from attending Sunday mass; the latter for making butter upon the Sabbath-day.

The Cingalese transform the man into a hare, and make the animal's presence in the orb of night a reward instead of a punishment. Sākyamunni, in one of the earlier stages of his existence, was a hare, living in a sort of partnership with an ape and a fox. One day, Indra paid the three friends a visit, in the guise of an old man in want of a meal. The larder being bare, the fox, the ape, and the hare started at once on a foraging expedition: while his cronies managed to secure something eatable, the hare returned as he went, but rather than be reproached with inhospitality, as soon as a cooking-fire was kindled, he jumped into it, thus providing the visitor with a dainty dish very literally at his own expense. Charmed with the action, Indra took the hare out of the fire, carried him back with him to heaven, and set him in the moon. In Scandinavia, oddly enough, tradition took the New Zealander's view of Luna's character, and made a kidnapper of her. According to the Norse legend, Māni, the moon, seeing two children named Hjúki and Bil drawing water from a well into a bucket, which they suspended on a pole, for easy carriage, seized upon them, and took children, bucket, and pole into the upper regions.

After testing the question again and again, modern meteorologists have come to the conclusion that the moon has no sort of influence over the weather, agreeing with the Iron Duke, that it is nonsense to place any faith in her as a weather predictor. Time was when she was thought absolute mistress of the seasons. Pliny has the following lunar weather-wisdom. Fine weather, wind, or rain, may be looked for according as the moon rises with a pure white, red, or swarthy light. If, at full moon, half the disc is clear, fine weather is betokened; if red, wind; if black, rain. If at the rising of the new moon the upper horn is obscured, there will be a prevalence of wet when she is on the wane; if the lower horn is obscured, there will be rain before she attains her full; if both horns appear obtuse, a frightful tempest is near; if they are sharp and erect, high winds may be expected. Darwin declares it is a sure sign of coming rain when the moon's head is hidden in haloes. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* says a large circle round the moon, with a north or north-east wind, predicates stormy weather; if the wind comes from any other

quarter, there will still be rain, but less of it. If, however, the moon rises after sunset, the appearance of a ring round her is not so significant as the Dutch rhyme puts it:

A ring round the moon  
May pass away soon;  
But a ring round the sun  
Gives water in the tun.

An old Spanish proverb says the circle of the moon never filled a pond, but the circle of the sun wets a shepherd; while an English rhyme pronounces:

If round the moon a circle's seen  
Of white, and all the sky's serene,  
The following day, you may divine,  
Will surely prove exceeding fine.

And:

Whene'er, in autumn or in spring,  
A mist the moon doth with it bring,  
At noon the sun will bright appear,  
The evening be serene and clear.

The turning up of the horns of the new moon is another sign of fair weather: 'There's no likelihood of a drop now, an' the moon lies like a boat there,' says somebody in *Adam Bede*. Southey notices this notion in one of his letters: 'Poor Little-dale has this day explained the cause of the rains which have prevailed for the last five weeks, by a theory which will probably be as new to you as it is to me. "I have observed," he says, "that when the moon is turned upwards, we have fine weather after it, but when it is turned down, then we have a wet season; and the reason I think is, that when it is turned down, it holds no water, like a basin, you know, and down it comes!"' It is a very common belief that the weather depends upon the moon changing before or after midnight; a belief absurd on the face of it, since, as has been well observed, the moon may change before twelve at Westminster, and after twelve at St. Paul's. Dr. Adam Clarke was oblivious of this fact when he put forth *A Weather Prognosticator, through all the lunations of each year for ever; showing the observer what kind of weather will most probably follow the entrance of the moon into any one of her quarters, and that so near the truth, as to seldom or never be found to fail*. Our readers can easily decide as to the worth of the reverend doctor's weather-guide; they have only to note the time of the moon's entrance upon a new quarter, and compare the actual result with that anticipated by the *Prognosticator*. It would be useless to quote

his formulated observations, for, like all other prophecies concerning the lunar phenomena, there is a total neglect of the fact, that weather is local, and not universal. In other words, the change in the moon that is supposed to have given good weather in the south of England, has probably been attended with exceedingly bad weather in Scotland.

There is a time for all things; the difficulty lies in hitting upon the right time. No such difficulty disturbed the minds of the farmers of bygone days, who took my lady moon as their guide. They had only to ask themselves was she waxing or waning, and they knew what to do, and what to leave undone. An increasing moon was favorable to increase, a waning moon just the reverse. So, under the first, grain was cut, grafts inserted, eggs put under the hen, sheep sheared, and manure spread upon the land. Seeds were sown under a waning moon, in order that the young plants might have the advantage of growing with the moon.

Sow peason and beans in the wane of the moon,  
Who soweth them sooner, he soweth too soon;  
That they with the planet may rest and arise,  
And flourish with bearing most plentiful-wise.

When the moon was at the full, was the proper time to make ditches, tread out grapes; and cover up the roots of trees; seven days later being the fittest period for grubbing up such as were to be removed. Timber, however, was not to be touched until the end of the second quarter, and then only when the moon was upon the change. The state of the moon, says Pliny, is all-important when the felling of timber is in question, the very best time for the operation being during the moon's silence, or when she is in conjunction with the sun. Some, however, averred she ought to be below the horizon as well, and that if the conjunction happened to fall upon the day of the winter solstice, timber then felled would be of everlasting duration. Even now, Devonshire apple-growers prefer gathering their fruit at the shrinking of the moon, believing then it does not matter though the apples get bruised in the gathering, which is otherwise fatal to their preservation. Peat-cutters aver that if peat be cut under a waning moon it will remain moist, and not burn clearly. The Brazilian mat-makers of Petropolis account for some of the mats wearing out too quickly, by reason of the



canes having been cut at the wrong time of the moon. It is foolish, according to Suffolk notions, to kill a pig when the moon is waning; for if a pig be converted into pork at that time, the meat will invariably waste excessively when it comes to be cooked. In Burray and South Ronaldsay, they carry the waxing and waning theory still further, holding it unlucky to marry except under a growing moon. A sceptical writer, sneering at one of those who might have boasted like Falstaff, 'We be men of good government, being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress, the moon,' says: 'When the moon is in Taurus, he never can be persuaded to take physic; lest that animal, which chews the cud, should make him cast up again. If at any time he has a mind to be admitted into the presence of a prince, he will wait till the moon is in conjunction with the sun, for 'tis then the society of an inferior with a superior is salutary and successful.'

Tiberius hoped to stave off baldness by never permitting the barber to shear his imperial locks except at full moon. The Roman emperor was evidently as earnest a believer in the ruling power of Luna, as the Duke in *Measure for Measure*, who tells Claudio—

Thou art not certain,  
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects  
After the moon;

or as the fair Olivia, who answers the greeting of her lover's ambassador with: 'If you be mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief; 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.' Othello, too, makes the moon responsible for his rash deed:

It is the very error of the moon;  
She comes more near the earth than is her wont,  
And makes men mad.

Although our mad-doctors have long since scouted the idea of lunatics being influenced in any way by the planet from which they take their name, it was held by men of note like Mead and Hunter. The latter was strong in the belief that the moon exercised considerable influence over the human body, particularly when at the full. 'It is strange, but true as gospel,' wrote the great soldier, Napier, from Scinde, 'that at every new and full moon, down we all go here with fever.' In tropical countries, where meat exposed

in the moonlight turns putrid, the beams of the moon work harm to those who sleep beneath them. 'The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night,' says the Psalmist. Captain Burton tells us that many a Brazilian negro, taking a nap incautiously in the moonlight, awakes with one side of his face a different color from the other. A Mr. Perry, supposed to have been lost in the bush, turned up at Brisbane in very miserable plight. He had been blinded by sleeping under the rays of the moon, and wandered about for five days, until his sight became sufficiently restored to enable him to find the homeward track. The sailors of Southern Italy maintain that the beams of the moon are fatal to the fish they shine upon, and are careful to shelter those they catch from the moonlight, lest they should become putrid.

It was once, and still may be, the custom of Highland women to salute the new moon with a solemn courtesy. English country dames were wont to sit astride a stile or gate, waiting the new moon's appearance, to welcome her with, 'A fine moon, God bless her!' Bachelors were privileged to claim a kiss and a pair of gloves upon announcing the advent of a new moon to the first maiden they met. If, when first seen, the new moon was upon the right hand, or directly before the person making her acquaintance, good fortune awaited the lucky individual on the ensuing month; just the contrary result following its appearance on the left hand, or at his or her back. To see a new moon for the first time through glass, is ominous of ill. To insure good fortune, one ought, at sight of her ladyship, to turn over one's money and wish. At the inquest upon the victims of the railway accident at Harrow, in November, 1870, a juryman said his son was in a meadow close by at the time of the collision, and saw the new moon shining brightly; and having a knack of turning over his money when he saw the new moon, he did so, and counted it easily by her light. To render the charm complete, the money should be spit upon. When Mungo Park visited the Mandingoes, he found a very similar superstition prevalent among them. Upon the rising of the new moon, they always prayed in a whisper, spat upon their hands, and then rubbed their faces with them. The Mussulmans of Turkestan shake off their sins every month by

the simple process of jumping up and down seven times with their faces turned towards the new moon.

Berkshire lasses used to go out into the fields, and cry to the new moon :

New moon, new moon, I hail thee !  
By all the virtue in thy body,  
Grant this night that I may see  
He who my true love is to be.

In Scotland, it was only the first new moon of the new year that was appealed to in this fashion ; to obtain success, it was necessary to set the back against a tree, and the feet upon a ground-fast stone, and sing or say :

O new moon, I hail thee !  
And gif I'm e'er to marry man,  
Or man to marry me,  
His face turned this way fast 's ye can,  
Let me my true love see,  
This blessed night.

And if the invoker was destined to be married, the apparition of her future guid-man would wait upon her before morning. Yorkshire girls have another way of hailing the first new moon of the year : they take care to see her in a looking-glass, and know they will have to remain single as many years as they behold moons. Matrimonial diviners of course wish to see as few moons as possible, holding the more moons, the worse luck. The sight of more than one moon in the heavens has ever been portentous of impending trouble. Hubert tells King John :

They say five moons were seen to-night,  
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about  
The other four in wondrous motion.  
Old men and beldames in the streets  
Do prophesy upon it dangerously.

A red moon was equally ill-boding. When Salisbury entreats the commander of Richard II.'s Welsh soldiers to prevent their dispersion, the Welsh captain replies :

'Tis thought the king is dead ; we will not stay.  
The bay-trees in our country are all withered,  
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven ;  
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,  
And lean-looked prophets whisper fearful change.  
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.

A lunar eclipse was also an omen dire, as it well might be, if the popular notion in ancient times was correct, and the moon was only eclipsed when suffering from the spells of wicked magicians seeking to draw her down to earth, to aid them in their unholy doings ; fortunately, their machinations were of no avail if honest people could make enough noise to drown the songs of the enchanters.

To sing the moon out of the sky, is about as feasible a feat as that of fishing her out of a pond. Attempting the latter, a haymaker fixed a nickname upon his Wiltshire brethren for ever. The story goes that two Wiltshire haymakers going home from work, espied the reflection of the moon in a pond, and took it for a lump of gold. One took off his boots and stockings, waded in, and tried to lay hold of the glittering prize ; it was too deep for his reach, so, seizing hold of his rake, he began to rake the water, and persevered, until a party of Somersetshire mowers came along, and jeered him as a 'moon-raker.' Anxious to remove the slur of stupidity from his countymen, Mr. Akerman ingeniously accounts for the opprobrious nickname in this way : ' Piple zay as how they gied th' neame o' moon-rakers to we Wiltshire vauk, bekase a passel o' stupid bodies one night tried to rake the shadow o' th' moon out o' th' bruk, and tuk't vor a thin cheese. But that's th' wrong end o' th' story. The chaps as was doin' o' this was smugglers, and they was a-vishing up zome kegs o' sperrits, and only pertended to rake out a cheese. So the exciseman as axed 'em the question had his grin at 'em ; but they had a good laugh at he, when 'em got whoame the stuff.' By the way, has the saying, 'The moon is not made of green cheese,' any connection with the Wiltshire tradition, or with that respecting the Middletonians of Lancashire, who are reproached with taking the moon's shadow for a Cheshire cheese, and trying to rake it out of a pit ? We pause for a reply, and shall look for one in *Notes and Queries*.—*Chambers's Journal*.

## THE SECRET.

*"Il faut qu'étant auprès de vous, je suis un secret entre vous et moi, et un enigme pour tous les autres."*—BALZAC (17th Century).

"BIRD," I said, "that in Autumn grey,  
Singing so sweet when the sunlight sped  
Lies low on the hill, and the darkening way  
Is drifted o'er with the light leaves shed,  
Wert thou wounded, for now I see  
That little breast of thine is red?  
Hath any loved thee? and wert thou fed  
On the wine of the berry wild and free?  
Hast thou been mated, and wooed, and wed?"  
Then sang the Bird: "I sing to thee;  
I sing when the Spring's light leaves are shed,  
I sing when the Summer day for dead  
Lies lapped, of its passing sweet and brief  
I sing to thee! of the flower and the leaf  
I sing," sang the Bird. "I sing to thee,  
But I tell to none my historie."

"Flower or herb, that with eager quest  
For thy perfume rare of leaf and stem  
I have sought for east, I have sought for west;  
Now that I find thee among the rest,  
With flowers that grow near the beaten way,  
Thou bloomest, and even, like one of them,  
Thou art not sweet, methinks, nor gay."  
Then the flower said: "Other-where  
Seek thou for flowers that are sweet and fair.  
I lived through the bitter frost that slew  
The sheltered bloom of the orchard's pride;  
I lived on the burning wind, I grew  
Through the summer drought when the roses died.  
I lived," said the Flower, "I was sweet, not gay,  
And my life in its giving passed away;  
Dost thou find me shrunken, and sere, and dry?  
If I please thee not, thou canst pass me by.  
But as thou wert mounting the hill-side steep,  
And as thou wert climbing the rock-hewn stair,  
Didst thou meet with an odor strange and deep?  
I have lived," said the Flower, "and my soul was there,  
It is not mine both to give and keep."

"Voice," I said, "that upon my way,  
At the close of the twilight dank and chill,  
Dost meet me, and then flit away;  
Art thou a shade among shadows gray,  
Or the voice of one who is living still?  
Dost power go with thee, and strength, and will;  
What art thou?" Then the Voice said, "A voice  
That crieth of things that are yet to be.  
If thou hearest me, then abide, for thee  
I have a message from God: Rejoice,

I say, or else lament with me.  
 If thou hearest not, pass on, forbear  
 And leave me, as I leave thee, free.  
 To meet thy question is not my care,  
 I have an errand, but not with thee."

—*St. Paul's.*

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MAN AND APES.

BY ST. GEORGE MIVART, F.R.S.

THE too frequent injustice of popular awards is a trite subject of remark. Christopher Columbus, with a hardihood now somewhat difficult to realize, sailed across an utterly unknown ocean to the discovery of a New World which nevertheless has not received its appellation from him, but from his imitator, Amerigo Vespucci.

As with the new geographical region so with the new force "galvanism." It received its name from Galvani, who called attention to it in 1789; but Swammerdamm had none the less discovered it more than a hundred and thirty years earlier.

Again, the doctrine of evolution as applied to organic life—the doctrine, that is, which teaches that the various new species of animals and plants have manifested themselves through a purely natural process of hereditary succession—is widely spoken of by the term "Darwinism." Yet this doctrine is far older than Mr. Darwin, and is held by many who deem that which is *truly* "Darwinism" (namely, a belief in the origin of species by natural selection) to be a crude and utterly untenable hypothesis.

We find yet another and parallel example of popular misapprehension in the opinion widely prevalent respecting one species of those animals—the apes—which most nearly resemble us in bodily structure.

The species referred to is the much-talked-of Gorilla, and the popular misapprehension concerning it is twofold; first as to its discovery, and secondly as to its nature.

The Gorilla is very generally supposed to have been first discovered and made known to science by M. de Chaillu, whereas, in truth, it was both discovered and described years before M. de Chaillu's name was heard of in connexion with it.

It was discovered by Dr. Thomas Savage, who, with the assistance of an

American missionary, the Rev. Mr. Wilson, procured enough anatomical materials to enable Professor Jeffries Wyman (in the United States) to describe\* important parts of its anatomy.

Other specimens were soon afterwards procured, and were described in our own country by Professor Owen† more than twenty years ago.

The misconception as to the discovery of the Gorilla, however, is but a trifling matter; that as to its nature and rank is of far greater importance.

The lively interest which has been awakened by recent assertions respecting what is called "the descent of man," manifests itself far and wide in the daily press—in popular caricatures—on the theatrical stage, and in the Houses of our own Legislature as in the French Assembly.

It is interesting also to note that whereas a few years ago the notion of the brute origin of man was vehemently and all but universally scouted, the public are now carried by a wave of sentiment in a diametrically opposite direction, and there is even a widely diffused sympathy with notions which but lately were found so unpalatable. *Then* there was not tolerance to listen to, far less to fairly appreciate, the arguments advanced by certain men of science in support of their views. *Now* there is as little disposition as ever to weigh evidence, but the tendency is to accept without examination and without criticism the statements of every advocate of the essential unity of man and beasts.

Concomitantly with this change of sentiment there has also arisen a popular belief in the semi-humanity of the Gorilla, or at least an impression that the Gorilla possesses a very special and exceptional

\* See "Boston Journal of Natural History," vol. iv. 1843-4, and vol. v. 1847.

† See "Proc. Zool. Soc." 1851, and "Trans. Zool. Soc." vol. iv. and v.



affinity to man. This animal is now popularly supposed to be closely connected with that "missing link" which, as is asserted, once bridged over the gulf separating man from the apes. The Gorilla, if not the direct ancestor of man, is yet generally thought to be related with exceptional closeness to such direct ancestor, and so to constitute the one existing and visible bond between ourselves and the lower animals. Highest of apes—close ally of the Negro—the Gorilla is by some supposed to surpass and excel the humbler and commoner apes as man surpasses and excels the Gorilla.

It is proposed here, putting aside all prejudice, to investigate by the unimpassioned process of enumerating and weighing facts of structure, what is the teaching of nature as to the affinities of various apes to man. It is not, therefore, proposed to touch directly upon the question of the ape origin of man considered in the totality of his nature, because that is a matter not to be settled without the intervention of the philosopher and the psychologist. The anatomist—as such, however wide and detailed may be his acquaintance with different animals—is necessarily incompetent to offer a valid opinion as to that question.

The matters to be here investigated concern physical science only—facts of zoology and of anatomy, together with the inferences which may be drawn from them respecting man's bodily structure. The questions, then, which are to occupy us are the following: 1. What is the real zoological position and nature of the Gorilla? 2. What are the degrees of resemblance to man which the various kinds of apes exhibit? 3. What is the bearing of these facts upon the doctrine of evolution (or derivation), as applied to man's body, including the question as to the direction which the line of genetic affinity seems to take in passing from man through the apes to the lower animals?

Whatever existing species is most nearly related to that extinct root-form which, according to Mr. Darwin's hypothesis, was the immediate ancestor of man—must exhibit a greater number of structural characters like those of man than any other existing species. The ape, next in affinity, must show the next degree of resemblance, and so on.

If the Gorilla really possesses that ex-

ceptional affinity to man with which it is popularly credited, it must exhibit a cluster of structural approximations to man such as are not to be found in any other animal. If, again, there should be reason to think that any anatomical peculiarities have special hereditary significance (either from their not being related to habit, or from the organ in which they are found), then such peculiarities should exist in the Gorilla if it deserves the pre-eminence so commonly attributed to it.

In order to understand the first point to be considered (the Gorilla's zoological position), a few words must be said as to the classification of animals generally.

All the higher animals (from beasts to fishes) are separated off from lower animals (such as insects, worms, and shell-fish), and form by themselves a great group (or sub-kingdom) called VERTEBRATA.\* The Vertebrata are divided into five classes:—1. MAMMALIA (beasts). 2. AVES (birds). 3. REPTILIA (reptiles). 4. BATRACHIA (frogs and efts). 5. PISCES (fishes).

Each of these classes is subdivided into a number of subordinate groups termed *orders*, that the class MAMMALIA may be divided into about twelve of such groups.

These are (beginning with the lowest):

1. *Monotremata* (Duck-billed Platypus and Echidna).
2. *Marsupialia* (pouched beasts).
3. *Edentata* (sloths, ant-eaters, &c.).
4. *Ungulata* (hoofed beasts).
5. *Proboscidea* (elephants).
6. *Sirenia* (Dugong and Manatee).
7. *Cetacea* (whales, porpoises).
8. *Carnivora* (flesh-eating beasts).
9. *Rodentia* (mice, squirrels, hares, &c.).
10. *Insectivora* (moles, hedgehogs, shrews, &c.).
11. *Cheiroptera* (bats).
12. *Primates*.

The order PRIMATES contains man (zoologically considered) and all the apes and Lemurs; and it is subdivided into two great groups or sub-orders. The first of these contains man and the creatures most like him (the apes), on which account it has been called *Anthropoidea*. The second sub-order contains the Lemurs proper and the animals most like them, on which account it has been called *Lemuroidea*, the creatures contained in it when spoken of

\* So called because the animals contained in it always possess a spinal column or back-bone, which (except in a few fishes) is made up of a series of separate bony pieces, each of which is called a vertebra.

being generally also termed "Half-Apes" or "*Lemuroids*."

The animals contained in these two sub-orders are exceedingly different, respectively, in structure, and there can be no question but that the anatomical differences between man and the lowest apes are very much less than those which distinguish the lowest apes from the highest of the half-apes.

The *Anthropoidea* may conveniently be spoken of as man and apes, but structurally the group is divisible into three families,\* the first of which (*Hominidae*) contains man only (*Homo*).

The apes may be classed in two families (which, however, scarcely differ so much from each other as do the apes, as a whole, from man), which are as neatly distinguished by geographical distribution as by structural differences.

The first of these two ape families is termed *Simiade*, and is made up of the apes of the Old World. These are, in fact, almost confined to Africa and Southern Asia, the Rock of Gibraltar and Japan being the northern limits of the group.

The second ape family is called *Cebidae*, and is exclusively confined to tropical America.

The *Simiade* are again subdivided into three smaller groups or sub-families: 1. the *Simiinae*; 2. *Semnopithecinae*; and 3, *Cynopithecinae*. The first of these sub-families contains the Gorilla, the Chimpanzee, the Orang, and the Gibbons—or long-armed apes. These creatures are the apes which, on the whole, are most like man. They are often therefore emphatically spoken of as the "anthropoid apes," and they are also (on account of the bony structure of their chest) termed the "lati-sternal" or "broad-breast-boned" apes.

The Gorilla and the Chimpanzee together constitute the genus *Troglodytes*. They are both inhabitants of the warmest parts of Western Africa. The Gorilla is much the larger and more bulky animal of the two, but both kinds are vegetarians as to diet, and arboreal in habit. That the Gorilla in external appearance is not pre-

eminently man-like may be easily seen, and a single visit to the British Museum will serve to convince any unprejudiced observer what a mere brute it is.

The Orang, which forms the genus *Simia*, is exclusively an inhabitant of Borneo and Sumatra, where it attains a considerable bulk, but not equal to that of the Gorilla. Slow, solitary, and peaceful in its habits, the Orang never voluntarily abandons the lowland forests, which supply it at once with shelter and with food.

The Gibbons (or long-armed apes) form the genus *Hylobates*, containing several distinct species, the largest and most interesting of which is called the Siamang.

In external appearance the Gibbons more nearly resemble the Orang than the African Troglodytes, on account of the length of the arms, which is even greater than in *Simia*. They are, however, much more active in their habits, though generally gentle in disposition. The power of voice possessed by some kinds is remarkable. The Gibbons, like the two preceding genera, have no vestige of a tail.

The second sub-family embraces a number of large long-tailed species of monkeys grouped into two genera. The first of these, *Semnopithecus*—of which the Entellus (or Sacred Monkey of the Hindoos) may serve as an example—is entirely confined to Southern Asia. The other genus, *Colobus* (remarkable for the absence of the thumb), is as exclusively African.

The third sub-family (*Cynopithecinae*) contains three genera. The first of these, *Cercopithecus*, is made up of smaller, long-tailed African monkeys, some of which are very common in our menageries; as are also species of the second and Asiatic genus *Macacus*, in which the length of the tail is different in different kinds. The third genus, *Cynocephalus*, contains the great and brutal Baboons (such as the Mandrill and the Chacma), which are entirely confined to Africa and that part of Asia which is zoologically African—namely Arabia.

The second family of apes, the *Cebidae*, or monkeys of the New World, need not be noticed here in much detail. Amongst them may be noted the Spider Monkeys, *Ateles*, with long prehensile tails, but as thumbless as the African kinds before noticed.

The commonest American monkeys are the Sapajous (*Cebus*), which are those gene-

\* Orders (or sub-orders) are always in zoology subdivided into smaller groups, each of which is termed a *family*, and each family is again subdivided into smaller and more subordinate groups termed *genera*. Each of these genera finally is made up of one, few, or many *species*, as the case may be.

ally exhibited for their tricks by itinerant Italians. They have long tails curled at the end, but not capable of grasping with the power possessed by the tails of the Spider Monkeys.

The Howling Monkeys (*Myctes*) are sluggish and apparently stupid animals. They have long and very prehensile tails; but, as their name implies, it is their power of voice which particularly distinguishes them.

Another group of monkeys, the *Sakis*, is interesting from peculiarities in the hairy clothing. The tail may be long or short, but is never prehensile. They form the genera *Pithecia* and *Brachyurus*.

The little Squirrel Monkey (*Chrysotrrix*) is a singularly attractive and beautiful little animal. Two allied genera are called respectively *Callithrix* and *Nyctipithecus*.

The last group of American monkeys comprises the delicate little Marmosets, or Ouistitis (*Hapale*), which differ notably from all the other apes, whether of the Old or New Worlds; so that some authors have proposed to raise them to the rank of a distinct family. Passing now to the second sub-order of the Primates, *i.e.* to the Lemuroids, or Half-Apes, we find a geographical distribution of much interest.

The great bulk of the sub-order is exclusively confined to the Island of Madagascar, three genera only being found on the continent of Africa, and not elsewhere, and three others in South-eastern Asia only. In fact, the Lemuroids have a distribution on the earth's surface similar to that of the woolly-haired races of men.

All the Half-Apes differ strikingly from the apes in external appearance, but there is much difference between the different kinds.

The typical Lemuroids, the true Lemurs (*Lemur*), are creatures with woolly fur, long tails, and pointed, fox-like muzzles. The allied genera, *Hapalemur*, *Cheirogaleus*, and *Lepilemur*, have snouts somewhat less elongated.

The genus *Indris* contains the largest forms of the sub-order. There is a short-tailed Indri, and there are long-tailed forms. All the Lemuroids above noticed are Madagascar forms.

There is a curious group of slow-paced, tailless, or short-tailed Lemuroids (*Nycticebinae*), which contains two African and two Asiatic genera. The African genera are the Potto (*Ferodicticus*), and the Angwán-

tibo (*Arctocebus*). The Asiatic genera are the Slender Lemur (*Loris*) and the Slow Lemur (*Nycticebus*).

A singular and beautiful genus, widely distributed over the continent of Africa, and containing many species, is called *Galago*. They have feet of very peculiar construction, are very active in their movements, and great leapers.

Another genus of Half-Apes is so exceptional as to form a family by itself. It is the Tarsier (*Tarsius*). These little animals inhabit the Islands of Celebes and Borneo, and have a foot of the *Galago* type, but still more exaggerated.

The last genus of the sub-order, which also ranks as a family, is the Aye-Aye (*Cheiromys*). This very remarkable animal was discovered by Sonnerat in Madagascar, in 1780, and was never again seen till 1844, when a specimen was forwarded to Paris. It is now represented in our national collection by two stuffed specimens and by a skeleton; and there is also a skeleton in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. The Tarsier and the Aye-Aye are the two animals which depart most widely from the general type of organization prevalent in the order Primates.

Thus it becomes evident that the position of the Gorilla is in the African group, of the latisternal sub-family, of the Old World ape family, of the Anthropoid division of the order Primates. This is the answer to the first of the three questions proposed.

The second and more interesting question now follows: "What are the degrees of resemblance to man which the various kinds of apes exhibit?"

It may be well to begin with what is most manifest and external—the hair.

All the Apes and all the Half-Apes agree together, and differ from man in having the body almost entirely clothed with copious hair, and especially in never having the back naked.

The postero-inferior part of the body is indeed conspicuously naked, and the skin there thickened in the Baboons and long-tailed monkeys of the Old World. But the presence of these naked species (technically called ischial\* callosities) can hardly

\* So called because they cover the lower part of that portion of the haunch-bone which is called the *ischium*.

be an approximation to the nakedness of man, since both in *Simia* and in *Troglo-dytes* they are wanting, while in *Hylobates* they are exceedingly small.

On the other hand, the *absence* of these dermal thickenings in the Orang, Chimpanzee and Gorilla, is no especial mark of affinity to man, since they are equally absent in all the American apes, and in all the Lemuroids.

One of the most grotesque conceptions suggested by Mr. Darwin is that of the nakedness of man, and especially of woman, having been produced by the gradual extension over the body (through the persistent choice of more and more hairless spouses) of an incipient local nakedness like that now existing in certain apes.\* No zoological facts known to the author afford the slightest basis for this bizarre hypothesis.

No single ape or Lemuroid has so exclusive and preponderate a development of hair on the head and face as exists in most men.

As to the head, long hair thereon is not a character found in the highest apes, but rather in the *Semnopithec*i, and in forms approaching the Baboons.

As to the face, a beard and copious whiskers are not unknown amongst apes. The Male Orang has a beard, and certain *Cercopithec*i (e.g. the Diana Monkey) have long hair on the cheeks and chin. Nevertheless, it is not in the highest apes, nor even in the higher family, that we find a luxuriance in this respect like what we may often find in man. We must go for such luxuriance to the New World apes—to the Sakis which are certainly not the highest forms even of their own family, and which indeed show a certain resemblance (e.g. in their teeth) to the Lemuroid sub-order.

The opposed directions of the hair on the arm and forearm respectively (the apices converging to the elbow) is the same in most latisternal apes as in man. Nevertheless, in at least one such ape (*H. agilis*) the hair of the whole limb is directed uniformly towards the hand, as in most lower species. Yet we find it in some of the *Cebidæ* directed as in man.

Passing to the solid structures which the hair clothes, we come to one of the

most characteristic peculiarities of the human body.

The whole of the Apes and the whole of the Half-Apes agree together, and differ from man in having the great toe, or (as it is called in anatomy) the hallux, so constructed as to be able to oppose the other toes (much as our thumb can oppose the fingers), instead of being parallel with the other toes, and exclusively adapted for supporting the body on the ground. The prehensile character of the hallux is fully maintained even in those forms which, like the baboons, are terrestrial rather than arboreal in their habits, and are quite quadrupedal in their mode of progression.

It was this circumstance that led Cuvier to give to that separate order in which he places man alone, the name *Bimana*, while on the order of Apes and Lemurs he imposed the term *Quadruman*a.

The dispute as to whether the latter term is or is not applicable to the apes seems rather a dispute about words than about material objects.

If we accept, with Professor Owen, as the definition of the word "foot," "*an extremity in which the hallux forms the fulcrum in standing or walking*," then man alone has a pair of feet. But, anatomically, the foot of apes agrees far more with the foot of man than with his hand, and similarly the ape's hand resembles man's hand and differs from his foot. Even estimated physiologically, or according to use, the hand throughout the whole order remains the prehensile organ *par excellence*, while the predominant function of the foot, however prehensile it be, is constantly locomotive. Therefore the term *Quadruman*a is apt to be misleading, since anatomically as well as physiologically both apes and man have *two hands and a pair of feet*.\*

The thumb, in anatomy the pollex, shows no similar uniformity of condition. In the most man-like apes it is relatively much smaller than in man, and the Lemurs are more man-like than the apes in the development of this member.

As we have seen, the latisternal apes are, like man, devoid of a tail. A similar resemblance is, however, presented by much lower forms, as, e.g., by the ape of Gibraltar, and even in the Slender Lemur (*Loris*.)

\* See "Descent of Man," vol. ii. p. 377.

\* See "Phil. Trans." 1867, p. 362.



As we descend from man, when we first encounter a tail at all, we find it at almost its maximum of development in the whole order, for such is its condition in the *Semnopithecinae*. Short tails exist in the most varied forms from *Macacus* to *Arctocebus*; but a prehensile tail is found nowhere in the order *Primates*, save amongst the genera of the American continent.

The commoner monkeys of the Old World (the *Cynopithecinae*) have the cheeks peculiarly distensible, serving as pockets. In so far as the higher apes resemble man in the absence of this condition, they share that resemblance with all the lower forms of the order, since no cheek-pouches exist in the *Cebidæ* or in any of the *Lemuroidæ*.

Passing now to internal anatomy, it will be well to dwell with care on the characters presented by the skeleton. Without a patient consideration of many details, it will be impossible to arrive at any sure result as to the question under consideration, or as to that which is to follow. Hasty conclusions, derived from a few characters only, will be certain to mislead us in any investigation of the teaching of nature with respect to the affinities of organised beings.

The back-bone of man exhibits a beautiful sigmoid curvature, and is strongly convex in front in the lumbar region. Now it is not in the latisternal apes, but in some of the Baboons, that we meet with the nearest resemblance to man in this particular.

The lumbar region of the back-bone exhibits in most apes certain bony prominences, which are rudimentary in man. The three highest genera resemble man in this respect, but the same resemblance is found in the Slender Lemur (*Loris*) and in closely allied forms.

The sacrum\* of man is also nearly as much resembled (size not being considered) by that of *Loris* as by those of the highest apes. Again, in the angle which this bone forms with the lumbar part of the back-bone, man is most resembled, not by the highest apes, but by some Baboons. The same may be said respecting the concavity of the anterior surface of the sacrum; and of the three highest genera it is not the Gorilla and Chimpan-

zee which resemble man most nearly, but the Orang.

The hinder aspect of the back-bone exhibits a number of prominences termed spinous processes. These, in most apes, are differently directed towards the two ends of the series, so that they tend to converge towards a single point in the back. They do not do so in man and the latisternal apes, but neither do they in *Loris* and its allies (*Nycticebinae*). In that the breast-bone, or sternum, is relatively short, and composed but of two bones, man agrees not so much with *Troglodytes* and *Simia* as with the Gibbons, and in the Siamang the sternum is even shorter and broader relatively than in man.

The Orang exhibits a singular peculiarity in that the breast-bone long remains made up of ossifications arranged in pairs, side by side, successively.

The normal number of ribs in the Gorilla and Chimpanzee is thirteen pairs; in the Orang and some Gibbons it is twelve, as in man.

In the Orang and Gibbons there are, as in man, five lumbar vertebrae; in the Gorilla and Chimpanzee there are but four, and sometimes only three.

The bones of the neck (cervical vertebrae) in man have but short spinous processes, while in the Orang and Gorilla these are enormously elongated. It has been proposed to account for this latter condition by the great weight of the head and jaws in these apes. The little group *Nycticebinae*, however, presents us with a parallel diversity, though the head and jaws are about equally developed in all of them. These spines are quite short in *Loris* and *Nycticebus*, while they are prodigiously long in *Perodicticus* and *Arctocebus*.

The skull of man presents in the frontal region an elevated and rounded contour, very different from what we find in the apes generally, and notably in the higher family of them. It is in the American forms—especially in *Callithrix* and *Pithecia*—that we find the greatest resemblance to man in this respect. It is in the Gorilla that great bony crests (for muscular attachment), like those of a carnivorous animal, attain their maximum of development.

The relation of the face to the brain-case is shown by what is called the cranio-facial angle. This angle is estimated by comparing the direction of a line drawn parallel to the base of the skull with ano-

\* The "sacrum" is the large and solid piece of the backbone to which the haunch-bones are attached.

ther line drawn from the front end of that base to the middle of the lower margin of the upper jaw. Stress has been laid on the difference existing between man and the Gorilla as to this angle. But it does not appear to be a really important character, since much difference exists with regard to this character in forms admitted by all to be closely related, such as the two Baboons—the Mandrill and the Chacma.

There is one small cranial character, however, in which the Gorilla approaches man more nearly than does any other Primate. This is the existence of a certain ridge (termed *vaginat*) on the under surface of the bone which encloses the internal ear. Another process of the same bone (called *styloid*) is, however, developed more in accordance with man in one of the Baboons than in any other Primate, while of the latisternal apes it is not the Gorilla, but the Orang, which in this matter is the most human.

The Gibbons are more human than the Orang, Chimpanzee, or Gorilla, as to the preponderance of the brain-case of the skull over the bony face. But the smaller American monkeys exceed the Gibbons in this respect, while the Squirrel Monkey exceeds even man himself.

A striking feature in the human skull is the prominence of the inferior margin of the lower jaw in front; *i.e.* the presence of a "chin." The feature is quite wanting in the Gorilla, as also in the Orang and Chimpanzee. A more or less developed "chin," however, exists in the Siamang, although no other species of Gibbons, and indeed no other ape or Lemuroid, shows us a similar condition.

Another marked character of man's skull is the projection and transverse convexity of the bones of the nose. This convexity is quite absent in the Chimpanzee and in most Gibbons. In the Orang these bones are exceedingly small and flat, often even uniting into one bone, or with the adjoining jawbones, if indeed they are not altogether absent.

In the Gorilla, on the other hand, they are slightly convex transversely at their upper part, so that here we seem to have evidence of the predominant affinity of the Gorilla to man. Further examination, however, shows that this character can have no such meaning, since a still more decided convexity is found to exist in

some *Semnopithec*i, and even in the lowest Baboons. Moreover, in these Baboons the nasal bones only become convex towards maturity, being at first flat. This character therefore, can hardly have been at one time a general one, now preserved only in a few scattered forms.

The relative length of the arm and hand, when compared with that of the spine, is very different in all the latisternal apes from what exists in man. In this respect the Gorilla is less like man than the Chimpanzee, though both are less unlike him than are the Orang and Gibbons. In the Gibbons the arm and hand attain about twice the relative length attained in us.

The analogous proportions of the leg and foot show a near agreement between the Orang and man. While the Gibbons and Spider Monkeys have relatively longer legs than we have, the Gorilla and Chimpanzee have much shorter ones. If the foot be excluded from the calculation, then the Orang differs the most from man, while the Gibbons exhibit a remarkable conformity to him.

In shape the blade-bone of the Gorilla is singularly like that of man, but that of its congener the Chimpanzee differs more from man than does that of the Orang.

The collar-bone, in both the Chimpanzee and Gorilla, is much shorter when compared with the blade-bone than it is in man. In the Gibbons, however, it is still larger than in him; while in the Orang its relative length is much as in man.

Both the bone of the upper arm (*humerus*) and the bones of the fore-arm (*radius* and *ulna*) in the Chimpanzee, when compared in length with the spine, more resemble the same bones in man than do those of any other latisternal ape. In the length of the hand, so estimated, the Gorilla is the most human, and it is so in the relative length of the fore-arm bones to the humerus.

Much has been said of late as to a certain perforation (*supra condyloid foramen*) which has been found in a certain number of ancient human skeletons. Some have supposed this circumstance to indicate a transition in human structure from that of the higher apes. In fact, however, it is not in the Gorilla, not in any of the latisternal apes, not even in any of the apes of the Old World, that we find such a perforation developed. Such a condition is

not met with till we descend to the lower *Cebidae* (from *Cebus* downwards), though with the exception of *Arctocebus* it is constant in the Half-Apes.

The little bones of the wrist are in man only eight in number, while in almost all the other Primates there are nine of such ossicles. In the Gorilla and Chimpanzee there are but eight, while the Orang and Gibbons have, like the other monkeys, nine. It is very remarkable that amongst the Lemuroidea there is a genus (*Indris*) which agrees with *Homo* and *Troglodytes* in having but eight bones to the wrist. One of these wrist-bones (the *pisiforme*) is much smaller relatively in man and in the Orang than in almost any other species of the order. Strange to say, however, we find in the little slender Lemur (*Loris*) an approximation in this respect to man much beyond that exhibited by the Gorilla.

The thumb, as to its relative length, taking again the back-bone as our standard of comparison, is in the Gorilla more like that of man than is the thumb of any other of the *Simiinae*. But the same degree of resemblance to man exists in many lower forms; and in the short-tailed *Indris* the proportion is precisely the same as in ourselves.

The very same remarks may be applied to the index finger also.

The proportion borne by the thumb to the longest finger of the hand in the Gorilla is slightly more human than what we find in any other latisternal apes. Nevertheless the difference between these apes is trifling, and all differ greatly from man in this proportion; while in the Slender Lemur, and in the Marmoset, the proportion is nearly as it is in us, although in the Marmoset the thumb is not, as in us, opposable.

The pelvis, consisting of the two haunch-bones and sacrum, is one of the most characteristic parts of the human skeleton, closely connected as is its shape with the upright posture of man's body.

In the breadth of the pelvis, compared with the extreme length of each haunch-bone, man greatly exceeds every other Primate; he is most nearly approached, however, in this respect, not by the Gorilla, but by some of the Gibbons.

In the breadth of the pelvis, compared with its extent from before backwards, man is more nearly reached by some Baboons than by any latisternal ape.

The haunch-bone (*os innominatum*) is made up of three bones—1, the *ilium*; 2, the *pubis*; and 3, the *ischium*—which have coalesced into one mass.

In the length of the whole mass, compared with that of the spine, the Gorilla, Chimpanzee, and Orang, are considerably less human than are the Gibbons. In the relative length of the crest of the ilium, however, the Orang takes precedence.

Each ischium ends below in what is called its "tuberosity," on which the body is supported when in a sitting posture. Above this tuberosity is a prominence called the "spine of the ischium."

The shortness of the ischia, the smallness and the non-eversion of the tuberosities, and the prolongation of the latter upwards nearly to the spines of the ischia, are four characters almost peculiar to man. He is most nearly approached in these points, not by the Gorilla, nor by any of the *Simiinae*, but by the Slender Lemur (*Loris*).

The development of the spine of the ischium is much more human in the Orang than either in the Chimpanzee or Gorilla.

The length of the thigh-bone (*femur*) compared with that of the back-bone, is greater in man than in any latisternal ape. He is most nearly approached in this respect by the Spider Monkeys (*Ateles*), while in the Gibbons it is even longer than in man.

Comparing the length of the thigh-bone with that of the haunch-bone, we find the short-tailed *Indris* to be the most human, while *Hylobates* is more so than are the higher genera of *Simiinae*.

In man the relative length of the thigh-bone to the humerus is enormously greater than in the latisternal ape. The Lemurs approach us most nearly in this proportion, while, as regards the slenderness of the thigh-bone, the Gibbons agree with us much more than do the thick thigh-boned Orang, Chimpanzee, and Gorilla.

The "neck" of the thigh-bone is especially long and well defined in man and in the latisternal apes, but the Gorilla in this respect is the least human of the latter.

The lower end of the thigh-bone of man is distinguished by the much greater projection downwards of its inner part (*inner condyle*). It is not, however, the *Simiinae*, but the Spider Monkeys, and some Baboons, which in this character present the nearest resemblance to ourselves.

The length of the shin-bone compared with that of the back-bone, is greater in man than in any of the Old World apes, except the Gibbons, in which its relative length is even a little greater than in man. Some of the Spider Monkeys resemble him in this, more than do any other Primates.

The length of the shin-bone compared with that of the thigh-bone is much the same in the Gorilla and Chimpanzee as in man. In the Gibbons it is rather longer, relatively, and in the Orang considerably longer. In the Slow Lemur, however, the proportion is almost as human as in the Gorilla.

When the length of the entire foot is compared with that of the back-bone, the Orang appears at much disadvantage (as to resemblance to man) in comparison with all the other latisternal apes; the baboons however, excel the last-named animals in this respect.

When the length of the foot is compared with that of the entire leg without it, the Gibbons are seen to take precedence (as to human likeness) not only of all the other latisternal apes, but of all other Primates whatever, except the *Nycticebina*.

If the length of the foot be compared with that of the shin-bone, the Gibbons come absolutely to the front rank of the whole order, while the Orang is seen to be, in this respect, the most inhuman of all Primates. The proportion as to length borne by the foot to the hand is more human in the short-tailed Indris than in any other Primate; while, of the latisternal apes, the Gibbons are the least human, and the Orang the most so; the last named, however, not being nearly so human as is the short-tailed Indris.

In man the ankle-bones form a larger proportion of the entire foot than in any other Primates except the Galagos. In this point the Gorilla and Chimpanzee are considerably more human than are the Gibbons and Orang. In the man-like slenderness of the ankle, however, some Gibbons much more approximate to man than do the other latisternal apes.

In the relative length of the great toe (*hallux*), compared with that of the back-bone, man is very closely approximated by the Gorilla, while the Orang falls off greatly. In this pre-eminence, however, the Gorilla is about equalled by some of the Sakis of America.

In the proportional length of the long-

est toe to the back-bone, Man is most nearly approached by the Gorilla and Chimpanzee amongst the latisternal apes. He is, however, much *more* nearly approached by the Lemurs. In man the great toe much more nearly equals the longest toe in length than in any other Primate. The Chimpanzee is the most human in this matter, but the short-tailed Indris is almost as much so, and excels the Gorilla and all other latisternal apes. The great toe of the Orang differs from that of every other Primate in that the terminal joint is often absent.

In the proportion borne in length by the great toe to the entire foot, man is most closely resembled by the Gibbons and Chimpanzee, while the Orang is the least human of all Primates. In the diminutive development of the hallux, as compared with the pollex, the Orang is even more exceptional, though an approximation to this is found in the lowest of apes—the Marmosets. In the proportion borne by the hallux to the pollex, man and the Gorilla agree; then comes the Chimpanzee; then the Gibbons, and last of all the Orang. The little Squirrel Monkey, however, is almost as human as the Gorilla in this proportion.

Such are the main affinities towards man's structure exhibited by the different kinds of the higher apes as regards the skeleton. They show that the various species approximate to man not only in different degrees, but also in different modes. The Orang certainly diverges more, as regards the skeleton, from man, than does any other latisternal ape.

Thus it has the shortest leg, compared with the arm, of all Primates (hand and foot not being counted), while man has the longest. It has the absolutely longest hand, and the shortest thumb as compared with the forefinger; and it has the shortest thigh-bone, compared with the upper arm-bone, of all Primates. The pit for the ligamentum teres\* is almost constantly absent, while in man, Gibbons, and the Chimpanzee, it is constantly present. The Gorilla alone sometimes shares with the Orang the condition of having no such pit.

The Orang has the shortest shin-bone,

\* This is a ligament which holds the thigh-bone in its place, passing as it does, like a round cord, from the head of the thigh-bone to the inside of the socket of the haunch-bone, into which the thigh-bone fits.



compared with the upper arm-bone, and the longest foot compared with the leg, in the whole order. It has the relatively shortest and most imperfect hallux of any Primate, while in no other Ape or Half-Ape does the length of the second toe so closely approach that of the forefinger of the same individual.

Estimated by the skeleton only, the Orang cannot be said to approximate to man in any supreme degree, although, as may be remembered, several points have been mentioned in which it is more human than in any other latisternal ape.

The Gorilla and Chimpanzee have been seen to show many approximations to man as regards the skeleton. In some respects one species has been found to be the more man-like; in other points the otherspecies has been so found.

We have found that the Gibbons, one or other of them, exhibit various skeletal characters more human than those presented by any other members of the order.

Finally, we have seen that even some of the Half-Apes present most remarkable resemblances to man. The teaching, then, of the skeleton, as also of the other part we have as yet reviewed, seems to be that resemblance to man is shared in different and not very unequal degrees by divers species of the order, rather than that any one kind is plainly and unquestionably much more human than any of the others.

Affinities seem rather to radiate from man in various directions than to follow one special route. At present, however, the facts presented are not sufficient to warrant the expression of a confident judgment. In order to arrive at such a judgment it will be necessary to survey the other organs of the body; and then, summarizing the results, we shall have material sufficient to examine the third question proposed, namely, the bearing of the facts upon the theory of evolution as applied to man.—*Popular Science Review*.

(To be continued.)

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#### THE POETIC FOLK-LORE OF IRELAND

IN Ireland, as in most other countries where folk-lore is or has been abundant and popular, the nature and habits of the goblins will be observed to suit more than one mood and disposition of those who put faith in supernatural manifestations. The horrific mythology, for instance, is powerfully embodied in the Celtic legends of serpents dwelling in mountain lakes, in the stories of the Phooka, a kind of centaur-demon, or Hibernian dragon; while to the same division might be allotted the whole of the charnel-house tales, including death-coaches, apparitions, brown men (vampires or ghouls) and spectres who present themselves to the living in order to unburden their ghostly consciences by the confession of crimes committed in the flesh. But Ireland has, besides, a curious comic pantheism, if such a phrase may be permitted. To this order belongs the wonderful talking eagle, who carried the famous O'Rourke to the moon and back again, and the vast family of the elves who spent so much of their time in playing Robin Goodfellow tricks with belated peasants. The freaks of gnomes and pixies are to be found almost literally repeated in the tales told at Munster and Connaught firesides, so that an inquirer

into subjects of the kind is almost inclined to believe that all fairies like the gipsies have a common origin. The sports, pranks, and revels which took place in the realms of Titania and Oberon, with the appropriate incantations for the suppression of thorny hedgehogs and long-legged spinners, are described to us over again in the narratives of how court was kept by the elfin monarch Don Fierna, or in similar tales of high festival in the subterranean place of Queen Meav, who, indeed, by some commentators, is said to be identical with Queen Mab. Now Don Fierna hails from a rural parish in the county Cork, and Queen Meav or Meabh belongs to the wilds of Connemara. Of course the peasantry are unable to dress or equip their fairies as completely as the poet could, but they can give the note or suggestion which ends in the bee being robbed for the taper which is to be lit at the eyes of the glowworm, and in the painted wings of the butterfly being converted into a fan to keep off the moon-rays. In its way, what can be prettier than the common folk-lore belief that the top of the mushroom serves for a fairy banquet table, and that you can tell in the morning where the elves have been overnight, by

looking at the heads of the daisies?—The flowers round which the good people have assembled are observed to be asleep and shut up in the noontide, having been obliged, contrary to their sober custom, to keep their golden eyes open into the small hours of the morning.

The circumstance of the elves abducting the children of mortals—especially infants who have not been subjected to the rite of baptism—is an ordinary incident of Irish fairy-lore. Sometimes the little boy or little girl is kidnapped bodily into elf-land; sometimes the child, while apparently dead in the cradle, is believed to be in spirit the prisoner, thrall, or toy of a goblin community. In Wales the kidnapping superstition prevails. When a child is removed by the fairies, a squalling eldritch is occasionally put in its place; and in times past, this supposed monster was made to undergo a series of tests to ascertain its origin of a more crucial than graceful or poetical description. Irish poets, however, have turned to excellent account the pathetic aspect of this myth. Edward Walsh, one of the native bards, in a ballad tells how a girl had been led into a fairy fort, where she saw her little brother, who had died recently, lying in a gorgeous cradle rocked by a fairy woman:—

"Sweet babe! a golden cradle holds thee,  
And soft the snow-white fleece enfolds thee!  
When mothers languish broken-hearted,  
When young wives are from husbands parted,  
Ah! little think the mourners lonely,  
They weep some time-worn fairy only.  
Shuheen sho! lulo lo!"

Not only children, but grown people have been often carried or inveigled into fairy land. The story of Thomas the Rhymer, Thomas of Ercildoune, has its Irish prototype with almost identical features. One version of this legend tells how a hunter followed a milk-white doe until both his comrades and his dogs had deserted him. After a weary chase the knight—for of course the adventurer was a knight—pursues the doe single-handed, until the creature vanishes as soon as it reaches a haunted spring. Round this spot the poet informs us purple heathbells were blooming, and as their fragrance and a feeling of fatigue tempted our knight to repose, he saw a fair lady in white approach him with a jewelled cup in her hand, in which she gaily pledged him by name. The hunter could do nothing less

than propose for this lovely apparition on the spot, whereupon the damsel stoops over the fountain from which she draws a ring, and she and the knight then go hand in hand over the hills and far away, or into the hills, to follow the text here paraphrased:—

And legends tell he now doth dwell  
Within the hills so green.  
But still the milk-white doe appears  
And wakes the peasant's evening fears,  
While distant bugles faintly ring  
Around the lonely haunted spring.

It will be remembered that Thomas the Rhymer was accosted by the queen of fair elf-land, who, after being kissed on the lips, raised Thomas to a seat on her steed, telling him to keep a guard upon his tongue in the place he was going to, otherwise he would never be able to return to the common world. The condition imposed on mortals who were abducted into fairy land in Ireland, in order that they might have a chance of ultimately escaping from bondage was, that they should touch no food, observe a rigid fast while they were with the good people. The most exquisite meats and dishes of all sorts were laid out to tempt them from this resolve; but the consequence of the slightest indulgence of appetite was understood to be imprisonment forever with the fairies. A great many illustrations of this rule are given in connection with a very curious West of Ireland superstition. Some of the Irish elves at least would appear to be not only born like poor mortals, but to so far further partake of the weakness of humanity, as to require nursing at the breast in fairy babyhood. But the elfin matrons either shirked or disliked their duties to the infants; and so when Queen Meav or other fairy sovereigns required wet-nurses for their children, they sought for them amongst the ordinary midwives of the neighborhood. A story is told of one Mary Rourke, who apparently died in childbirth, but who, in truth, had been carried off to the court of Fin Varra, the fairy king, to suckle an eldritch. This court was held in a grand castle, and one day Fin Var or Varra informed Mary that he was about to pay a visit to the province of Ulster. All the company were formed into a cavalcade, and, including Mary Rourke, were mounted on beautiful winged coursers. They passed over Loch Dan and the hills of Mourni, having set out at

cockcrow; at length they arrived at a place called Knocknafeadalah, where the widow Hughes lived with her good son Thady. It was Hallow eve night, and Thady was standing outside his house, when suddenly he saw the stars hidden by a singular-looking cloud, and heard a noise as of the trampling of horses. This, in fact, was the court of Fin Varra en route for Ulster. Thady, who was so far learned in folk-lore as to know that if the fairies have a Christian imprisoned amongst them they are obliged to release their captive on some one throwing a handful of gravel, in the name of the blessed Trinity, into the airy procession, as the whirlwind swept by him, performed this ceremony, when down tumbled at his feet Mary Rourke herself. Mary was conveyed tenderly to the cabin of the widow Hughes, and Thady fell in love with her and in due time married her. She had, it seems, forgotten that her husband was still living; and, indeed, she stated she had lost her memory for everything which had occurred previous to her abduction by the fairies. She was recognised, however, by a pedlar, who informed her first husband of what had happened, and the people said it subsequently "took six clergy and a bishop to say whose wife she was."

The favorite time for seeing the elves is in midsummer, between lights, or later, or when the harvest moon is at its full. In haunted spots the hour of gloaming comes over meadows of grey mist threaded with rivers of fading saffron, a lingering flush in the sky, and a star shining over the plumes of a grove of fir-trees. Here is the path or the old castle of which the good people have taken possession. The ground is carefully shunned by the belated or wandering rustic. It may happen, however, that the area of enchantment is limited to a well or a thorn-tree, as in Ferguson's exquisite ballad. The poet relates how Anna Grace, and her three maiden companions, start off on an evening to dance a reel round the "fairy thorn on the steep." Merrily and blithely the lasses glance

"through the glimmer of the quiet eve,  
Away in milky wavings of neck and ankle bare,  
The heavy-sliding stream in its sleepy song they  
leave,  
And the crags in the ghostly air."

But no sooner do they arrive near the hawthorn than they breathe and succumb to the atmosphere of enchantment:—

"But solemn is the silence of the silvery haze  
That drinks away their voices in endless repose.

And sinking one by one, like larknotes in the sky,

When the falcon's shadow saileth across the open shaw,  
Are hushed the maidens' voices, as cowering down they lie

In the flutter of their sudden awe.

They hear the silky footsteps of the silent fairy crowd,  
Like a river in the air gliding round."

And, gradually, as they lie in the half-swoon and half-trance, Anna Grace is drawn away from them, and they dare not look to see the hands laid upon her, and Anna is never again seen in the land of the living.

All the accounts that come to us testify to the wonderful effects of fairy music. In the vulgar legends, indeed, the cluricauns are represented as playing upon the bagpipes such planxties and jigs as might be heard at the cross-roads at a wedding or a christening, but we have also stories of harp tunes and melodies so solemn and absorbing that the soul has been made to lose the measure of time by them, and, when the awakening comes, years of the world have passed over the head of the listener unfelt and unobserved. It was a belief also that some of the ancient minstrels were in possession of fairy instruments, that they had been presented by elfin-potentates with the harps which so ravished the senses of the knights and dames for whom they performed. A harper was at any time liable to be carried off in a friendly way to a fairy revel, and pipers and fiddlers have been constantly secured in order to assist in the jovialities of the good people. The elves, however, have also their own musicians and orchestra. When the key bugle, at the Gap of Dunlow, challenges the little folk, you shall hear their brave, fluttering response from the very centre of the grim mountains, the sharp, single reply, the pause of an instant followed by chord swelling after chord, rising and sinking and then flickering like a dying flame to faint away finally in the hills as if the musicians of Queen Meav had slowly closed the doors of the palace at which they were posted.

May mornings, before the dew is off the grass, and when the lark is in full song, are supposed to be likely occasions for

meeting with certain of the good people. Some of them are early risers and evidently not subject to the law by which uncanny things are supposed to disappear as soon as the cock begins to crow. Shepherds and herdsmen have at times been startled, when counting the kine or sheep, to discover that additions have been made to their stock during the night. The illusion only lasts a few minutes, for the fairy cows or fairy sheep, as the case may be, soon seem to separate from the others and melt gradually into thin air or slide off into meres or lakes which open to receive the phantom cattle. Once it happened that "a strong" farmer of the Golden Vale, walking his fields of a May morning at sunrise, saw five strange cows, small and dun-colored, in a meadow, and watching them and singing to them was a lady in a white gown and a golden belt, and a long staff in her hand. As soon as she perceived the farmer approaching she attempted to drive her cows into a loch at the end of the meadow, but our friend was too quick for her, and got between her and her charge. Whereupon she threatened him by a gesture, and the loch rippled and opened and she sank into it; but the cows remained quietly enough on the bank. The farmer then took formal possession of these oddly acquired chattels, and they behaved in every respect as honest common cows ought, with this difference that they were of the most surpassing beauty and furnished the richest milk and butter to the dairy. But from the morning they were first captured nothing prospered with the farmer. His ricks caught fire unaccountably, his other stock were afflicted with the murrain, his children fell sick, the house was disturbed by ghostly trampling at night, and the horseshoe over the door, the bit of rowan above the lintel, had no effect in keeping away the bad luck with which the owner of the elf-cows was so persistently visited. And so at last he determined to seek the aid of a fairy-man, or sort of male-witch, who dwelt amongst the mountains. He travelled to the abode of this wise person, who accompanied him back to his home, and set about freeing the premises from enchantment. The moment he laid his eyes on the cows he attributed the farmer's misfortune to the right cause, and told him that at the next full moon he should drive the cattle to the loch and call on the good people to take their own

again. This ceremony was duly performed, the goblin cows disappeared in the loch, and from that hour prosperity returned to the farmer and all were again comfortable and happy under his roof-tree.

In a drawing-room book of the finest and most delicate fancy, the letter-press furnished by Mr. William Allingham and the illustrations by Mr. Richard Doyle, is to be seen a number of pictures in verse and pencil from Fairy Land, in which everything graceful in the idea of elfin mythology appears to be grouped together. The blinking owl lends himself to the frolics and pranks of the fairies with a kind of solemn protest against the levity of the proceedings; the wee folk flit around and in the bells of the flowers; they make butterflies draw them in chariots; they mount sulky frogs with as much determination as Waterton mounted his alligator; now they drive a four-in-hand team of moths beneath the moon; they kiss under the shade of mushrooms; they sleep on the leaves that bend not beneath them, and their dresses, as well as attitudes, could only be dreamt of by an artist and a poet. And yet there is nothing to suggest the Home of the Elves in a pantomime, the red fire, or the purple clouds, the gossamer nymphs, and variegated festoons of paper, the vulgar wonders of a garish theatre scene. Fairies should never appear on the stage. Nothing can be more irritating and ludicrous than the best directed efforts of the kind to bring out in tights and tinsel, with ballet gambadoes and frolics, the Shakespearian elves of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." But fairies may be drawn or may be described so as to appear consistent and in accordance with our thoughts about them. I do not know whether Mr. Allingham or Mr. Doyle have ever come across the following passage taken from a defunct Irish periodical, but it is imbued with exactly the same sort of playful and picturesque ingenuity for which their weird toy-book is distinguished. "First came several little men of venerable years, whose white beards streamed down their breasts like flakes of froth. They were vested in loose white robes confined at the middle with cinctures of dead nettle. On their heads were caps made of acorn shells; in their hands long staves, whose beating kept up a melancholy rhythm to the chant of the multitude. They were followed by a swarm of tiny people, whose wizard-like faces, pimpled



and blotched from chin to forehead, showed strangely in contrast with those which had preceded them. They walked on clawed feet, had conical humps on their shoulders, long hair stiff as barley beard, projecting from their backs. As they passed along they manifested their grief by horrible contortions of mouth and eye, and by stifled screams, resembling the brief reproach of the broken mandrake. In their rear came a motley crew of small people dressed in marigold colored cloaks and pink breeches, driving before them a herd of hedgehogs, from whose long quills hung clusters of pots, pans, drinking vessels, musical instruments, and artificers' implements. Each of the little people had a spot on the middle of his forehead, and his head was covered with a strip of snakeskin twisted into the likeness of a cowl. They accompanied their march by a wild plaint and the clashing of cymbals formed of the armor of the blackbeetle and studded with the yellow crust of the swallow's nest. On their heels limped a long train of goblins parti-colored as a dead oak-leaf, and nimble as grasshoppers. Some were headed like hawks and crows, others seemed to have borrowed their faces from the gray owl and the lizard. Behind them, like a bed of moving lilies rocked by the wind on the cool rim of a lake, walked a long line of diminutive damsels, clothed in flowing vestments of white and azure sprinkled with minute stars. Each led by a leash a pair of piebald crickets, that chirped incessantly with a lack of cheerfulness which suited the general grief. Garlands of blowing honeysuckle were wreathed round their foreheads, and in their ears, scarcely hidden by the golden weeds of their hair, bells, almost invisible, kept up a melodious but sorrowful tinkling. In the midst of the damsels, mounted on a gray mouse richly caparisoned with dry violets, rode Move (Meav—Meabh—Mab) the queen, the silken reins of her steed being held by two maidens hand in hand who walked at her side."

With reference to the absolute dimensions of fairies it is difficult to get a standard of measurement. In the older stories of evident pagan origin, mystic presences of all sorts assume either the human or a heroic size. The supposed primitive inhabitants of Ireland, the Tuatha de Danaans, were, tradition relates, great and wonderful magicians. It was by the pow-

er of magic that they raised many of the ancient monuments whose traces are still visible. They were also a people renowned for learning and for skill in the arts. It was thought that many of the Tuatha de Danaans survived by means of self-enchancement, and were in fact the fairy men and women occasionally visible to mortals. According to this superstition the phantoms or spirits of course assumed the proportions of human creatures, though usually of creatures of superhuman beauty or ugliness. The notion of the small elves would appear to date from the period at which the theory of the good people being "fallen angels" was adopted. They were not thought to be "fallen angels" in the usual restricted sense of the term. They were the neutrals—the miserable Uncertain Ones in the awful rebellion which took place amongst the Celestial Intelligences, and they were punished for their lukewarm loyalty by being banished, but only as far as the earth. Hence the mention of the holy name or of the Trinity causes a sad commotion amongst them, and several of the legends describe the pain felt by a fairy at the least reference to God or a future state. The dwarf-size was part of the punishment. The good people, when they fell from the sky, came down as thickly as raindrops. They have no souls to live for ever, but they seem to know nothing of death or decay. When the world comes to an end they will come to an end with it, like the flowers, the birds, and the trees.

Merrows, mermen, merwomen, mermaids, are to be included amongst the graceful folk-lore Fauna of Ireland. The most learned commentators on Celtic antiquities assure us that the first merman was named Fintan, who came to Ireland before the Deluge, and was saved from drowning by being transformed into a fish. He afterwards lived in his natural form, though represented in sculptures in the same shape as the Assyrian Dagon (in a kind of salmon-skin cloak), until the days of St. Patrick, by whom he was converted to Christianity, and he ultimately became a saint and died of a good old age. In the Cathedral of Clonfert, county Galway, is the figure of a mermaid of the ordinary pattern, except that she carries an open book in her hand instead of the regulation looking-glass. Mr. Marcus Keane, in his "Tower and Temples of Ancient Ireland,"

endeavors to trace a distinct connection between this county Galway mermaid and Vishnu as represented in the Matsya Avatar. A drawing of Vishnu certainly carries out Mr. Keane's curious suggestion, the Indian deity issuing from the mouth of a fish, the fish covering the lower portion of the body, while the figure bears a book in her hand. The Irish mermaid, in fact, Mr. Keane concludes, is identical with the fish-god of India, Babylon, and Canaan. In the "Annals of the Four Masters" we are told:—"In this year (558) was taken the mermaid, *i. e.* Liban, the daughter of Eochaidh." But the annals of Ulster set down this remarkable capture as having occurred in 571. "According to a wild legend this Liban was the daughter of Eocaidh, from whom Loch Eathach or Lough Neagh was named, and who was drowned in its eruption (A.D. 90) together with all his children except his daughter Liban and his sons Conaing and Cwman. The lady Liban was preserved from the waters of Loch Neagh for a full year in her *grianan* (or cave) under the lake. After this, at her own desire, she was changed into a salmon, and continued to traverse the seas until the time of St. Cumghall of Bangor." It would seem as if St. Cumghall got into communication with the mermaid or salmon, for the legend proceeds to tell us that she or it addressed the envoy of the saint and told him that she had been in and under the sea for 300 years, adding that she would turn up at a place called Larne on that day twelvemonth. When the time came the mermaid duly put in an appearance and allowed herself to be taken in a net. Thousands of people witnessed the wonder, and "the next day two wild oxen came to the spot, and, being yoked to the chariot on which she was placed, they bore her to *Leach Debesq*, where she was baptised by Comhghall with the name *Muir gen*, or Born of the sea." Of genuine Undine legends there are not many in Ireland, those to be met with bearing distinct traces of literary artifice. It should be known that there are as many mock fairy tales and stories invented for

tourists on the Shannon at Killarney, in Connemara, as there are sham relics sold at Waterloo to credulous visitors. But the genuine folk-lore is easily recognisable. As a matter of fact, however, the old world stories are rapidly dying out. Fairies are kittle cattle and will not flourish in the neighborhood of railway stations, national schools, or even in the vicinity of such evidences of progress and civilisation as Union workhouses. The present race of Irish farmers and laborers are so few in number that they must work hard from morning until night to meet the demands of the landlords and earn the high wages necessary to pay for high-priced provisions. In the old Paddy-go-easy times there was leisure for holding the wake at length, for the "pattern" or festival of the patron saint, for gatherings by the fireside when legends of the good people were remembered, exchanged, and perpetuated. And it is impossible not to think also that the climate has something to do with this decay or disappearance of the picturesque folk-lore. Whether from the cutting down of timber, for reasons afterwards explained in the Landed Estates' Court, from the effects of the Gulf Stream, from whatever cause, the climate of the island has grown moist and more moist, and the beautiful May mornings, the grey summer twilights, the bright moonlights when elves would show themselves, the O'Donoghue come up from his lake-dwelling to the rippling top of the mere, the merrow comb her flowing hair in the smooth sea-bays, the wee-folk trip it round the rath and in the green glimmering glades of the wood, such seasons are now as much things of the past in Ireland as potatoes without blight. The Irish fairies have been always lovers of fine weather, and were most plentiful when the soil supported a million of people more than it ought, and when altogether the country, if not so prosperous in its agricultural returns as it is at present, was more picturesque in that light in which an artist or a poet contemplates a ragged cabin with more favor than a trim quadrangular dwelling-house.—*St. Paul's.*

## TOO SOON.

BY KATHERINE S. MACQUOID, AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

## CHAPTER XXVII.—A PARTING.

THREE days passed by, and Bertha would not leave her aunt's bedside. Her father came in and out of the room, but he was so entirely unnerved that Bertha was glad when he went away. The landlady was full of warm sympathy, but she was too fussy and demonstrative for such a time. Except when the doctor came, Bertha was glad to be left in peace.

It was hardly peace, for Michael had not written, and she suffered keenly from his silence. There was so little that could be done for the sick woman, who had given no signs of consciousness since her niece's arrival. Bertha could give nourishment, but only now and then, in the dumb mechanical way in which we feed an animal.

On the third day the doctor had not come, and Bertha grew anxious for his visit. He had not said much to her since that first evening, but he looked at her intently with his large inquisitive eyes, and the creases round his mouth quivered under the restraint in which he kept his curiosity.

Bertha was unconscious of it. She liked him as she liked Carlotta and her sister. These warm, simple natures found their way at once to her sympathies—there was nothing to shrink from in them.

A tap at the door, and the doctor came in.

He felt the pulse of the lifeless hand outside the bed, and he shook his head.

"The signora is weaker," he said, "but she may get better, who knows? The signorina is tired with want of sleep."

He held out his hand, and Bertha placed hers in the large brown palm.

"Aha! the signorina must sleep. There is too much fire in her veins, and"—he looked, Bertha thought, like an inquiring owl, with his eyelids drooping over great brown eyes—"the signorina is tired and anxious; she has some one to live for besides herself. There is a husband; is it not true?" He looked quickly at her wedding ring, and Bertha blushed.

"Yes, signor," she spoke gravely—she liked Doctor Upoli, but she thought his

question out of place at such a time—"but if you say my aunt is worse, how can I leave her? I could not sleep better away than I can here. See, I can lean my head against the pillow, and get some rest now and then. Indeed"—she looked resolutely in the doctor's face—"there is no use in telling me to leave her."

The doctor was fond of lecturing his own young wife, who, according to Carlotta, snapped her fingers at him, and usually left him to digest his advice by himself. But where lecturing is a habit, it is rarely cured by failure, and Doctor Upoli felt that the interest of Aunt Sophy's case had doubled since this dark-eyed mutinous niece had appeared.

"If I were your father, I should——"

Just then Mr. Williams came in from the open door of the adjoining room.

"Do you want me?" he said, with the scared troubled look in his face that pained Bertha so to see—a look which seemed woven in with early memory, just the look which had helped to envelope every thought of her mother in an impenetrable sadness, above which even the buoyant hopefulness of childhood scarcely rose.

"Signor Villiam, can you manage this young lady?" Dr. Upoli looked up smiling, but sadness stole into his sympathetic face at the sight of those wistful, mournful eyes. He got up and buttoned his coat—even in the heat of the day he seemed to consider it unprofessional to leave the house without doing this—then he went up to Bertha and spoke almost in a whisper.

"Yes, you may sit up"—he blinked his eyes at her—"it would try your father too much. If your aunt wakes, give her this." He put a phial on the small table near the bed. "Permit me"—he went on tiptoe, and bent down over the unconscious figure, listened a few minutes, shook his head, and then he nodded to Bertha and went away.

"Papa, you will go to bed," and as her father turned to go, Bertha wondered to herself at the sway she exercised. Mr. Williams had always been quiet and gentle, but still his had been an undisputed

authority in his own house. To control or influence any one had never fallen to Bertha's lot, unless, indeed, her petulant bursts of self-will towards her aunt and Frank might be counted; but as she kissed her father at the door of his room, with the pleasurable sense of usefulness there mingled a sense of desolation.

"I used to wish for freedom"—she went back sadly to her post by Aunt Sophy's bedside—"and now I long so for some one to cling to and obey, some one who would think for me. Oh! Michael, my darling, why don't you write to me?—why don't you follow me?—have you left off loving your poor little wife?"

She had written to her husband the day after her arrival, and although she knew she could scarcely get an answer to that letter, still it seemed as if she might have heard from him. He had not written once, even to announce his safe arrival. He had only planned a week's absence, and that was nearly over.

Bertha's eyes grew brighter as a new hope awakened. Perhaps Michael would not write, he would come and fetch her; he might be already on his way to her. Ah! at this distance, and in this dark, solemn time of watching, it seemed impossible that she could ever have been cold and captious to her husband. How could she have let such a trifle as jealousy of his cousin disturb her?

"He would not have been jealous of dear Aunt Sophy's influence," she said; "he will not, for she will recover, she must, and her gentleness will help me so against all my faults."

Bertha had recovered from her first shock, and with the ignorant hopefulness of youth, she smiled at her father's despondency. She looked at the phial on the table.

"The doctor said 'Give it to her when she rouses,' so he expects her soon to rouse. I suppose this is what is called the crisis of an illness. Oh! I wish I was not so ignorant."

There was more genuine humility at that moment in Bertha's heart than she had ever felt; her own ignorance of the common affairs of life had never come so glaringly into view. It was true she had managed to get to Rome, and though at the outset of her journey she had felt shy and frightened, still having arrived safely, she was flushed with some pride of the

achievement, and had thought that morning, with a new-born self-reliance, "No one knows what they can do till they try."

But this was different. She felt crushed by her own ignorance. It was possible that her aunt's recovery depended on her nursing—on the way in which the first moments of returning consciousness were treated.

She leaned over the bed. It seemed to her that her aunt's breathing was harder, more labored, than when she had listened to it with Doctor Upoli. She snatched up the lamp, and she fancied that the features were contracted—certainly the lips were wider apart. Bertha was seized with terror; till now she had not realised how awful it would be to find herself alone in the presence of death.

She ran out of the room to the staircase, and then she remembered her father, and hushed the cry on her lips; but it was an effort to do this only evoked by a vivid memory of his grief-stricken face; there was not the spontaneous will in it that a nature used to self-sacrifice would have rejoiced in exerting.

Carlotta was crossing the passage at the foot of the stairs. She uttered an exclamation as she caught sight of Bertha in her white dressing-gown.

"Fetch your mother, quick, Carlotta, and come yourself too!" And then Bertha ran back to the sick-room and held the light closer still, her heart beating fast with fear lest something should have happened in her absence. But there was no trace of change. And now with the certainty of help at hand, Bertha felt like a coward for having summoned it. When the Signora Ponte rushed into the room, with outstretched hands and an unspoken wail in her face, Bertha's self-reliance came back.

"Oh, hush! please hush! I only want to speak to you."

But quiet, especially in what she believed to be the presence of death, was unknown to the signora. She went with much gesture and elaborate tip-toeing to the bedside, and gazed at the dying woman; but the signora had seen death before, and his dread presence is not easily mistaken.

She exclaimed so loudly that the lamp shook in Bertha's hand—

"Misericordia! she dies! Will not the signorina send for the priest? Ah, I had



forgotten," and then she crossed herself, and looked with a kind of repugnance at the lifeless figure, as if this passage of a heretic soul had in it something more awful than the mere presence of death.

"Hush! go the other side and hold the light."

Bertha felt an awful composure which startled her. She poured out steadily the drops which the doctor had left, and then tried to give them to her aunt—the breathing told her that life still lingered. But she could not give the medicine. The girl Carlotta stood looking on with terror in her face. Presently she ran away and came back with a feather, and showed Bertha how to use it—in vain.

Bertha knelt down mechanically and said a prayer for the parting soul, but it was all forced and unnatural; it seemed to her she was acting a part. It was some stranger, not her darling aunt, lying there with that hurrying breath, which every now and then paused as if it had altogether ceased.

There came a sudden change. Aunt Sophy gasped, then opened her eyes—the eyes which had remained closed ever since her niece's arrival. The light fell on Bertha's face. Aunt Sophy's lips relaxed from their strained parting, they seemed as if curving into a smile; the fingers of the lifeless hand fluttered; but even before the bystanders had gathered in these tokens of recognition, Death, standing there unseen, but terrible in power, stepped forward and claimed the form which in outward semblance had been his for hours.

A sharp sudden outcry from Carlotta and her mother, and then each took a hand of Bertha and dragged her uncere- moniously away.

"The Signor Dottore has said," was all the answer she could get, as she struggled to free herself; but at last they yielded to her entreaty that she might go back and convince herself with her own eyes that they were not mistaken. This time she did not ask to linger; instead, she hurried back to her room, and flung herself on her bed in an agony of sorrow. But her mind was too exhausted for sorrow to keep it waking. Unconsciously, while she lay sobbing, she sank from sorrow into dull stupor, and when the full daylight came streaming into her room, she still lay where

she had thrown herself in heavy un- refreshed forgetfulness.

Daylight came streaming in and held possession of Bertha's room for some hours before she roused. She opened her heavy eyes and looked round timidly. Then when she saw how she was lying, still dressed and with her hair still gathered up as in the daytime, a bright flush came into her face; she forgot everything, and it seemed to her she had lain down idly to sleep and neglected her patient.

She rose to her feet; then, as life and memory quickened, the sad truth came back, and a bitter sob broke forth. But she checked it. She washed her face and smoothed her hair and dress, and then she knelt down and said her prayers. Bertha's prayers were usually short and formal. To-day she felt so sad and lonely that her heart went into her petition; she was almost surprised to find herself asking that she might be a comfort to her father.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.—A LETTER AT LAST.

MR. WILLIAMS'S grief was terrible, it seemed to have broken down the quiet self-contained student into a mere ordinary man, and to have added years to his age in the helplessness which had so suddenly overpowered him.

Bertha left him at last. She was very miserable and restless. It was so hard to her youth and hopefulness to see something which she had no power to help. She had no experience to suggest to her that her father's mind might recover from the shock which had thus clouded it. She only shrank from the change she saw.

It seemed a relief to go and look at Aunt Sophy. She opened the door of the room gently, and then a hushed awe came upon her. Curtains had been drawn across the windows to exclude light, and there were candles burning on each side and at the foot of the bed.

It came to Bertha with a sharp sting of reproach as her eyes rested on the still shrouded form, that she had left all these last offices to be rendered by stranger hands.

"But I do not know," she said pitifully to her accusing conscience, "I could not have been of any use," and then she nerved herself with a kind of remorse to take a last look at the face of the dead.

Till now Bertha had thought, as she wit-

nessed her father's sorrow, that her own heart had grown hard. She had not shed one tear since that outburst the night before. But when she saw the loved face, sweet and calm as in life, and yet with that ineffable, mysterious seal on it which quenches all doubt or hope in the gazer, Bertha's heart went out in one sharp cry of agony, and she fell on her knees by the bedside.

There is no need to write down what she suffered. Only a very happy few can look on the beloved dead without an anguish of self-reproach. It may not be for duties unfulfilled, or for any the least wilful unkindness in thought, word, or deed against the dear one we love now—ah! so much better than we knew. But how have we shown that love? Have we tried to show it, to love as we have been loved, or have we not gone on carelessly, taking as a right all that has been showered on us, and making no account of the effort made by a timid, unselfish nature, to give us its deep treasure of love.

Nature and conscience too were speaking with loud voices to Bertha as she knelt there trembling in a paroxysm of sobs and tears. At last she rose from her knees, full of earnest purpose. When she came out of the room she met Doctor Upoli.

"I have seen the Signor Williams," he said, "and I will arrange everything. Our ways are so different to yours that you had better keep away," and then he told her her father ought not to be left to himself. "And listen, my dear, the husband had better come and fetch you both."

The words set Bertha wondering. What was her duty? In her softened mood she was ready to choose that which seemed hardest in life as that which must be best. She went and tapped at her father's door.

"I thought you were never coming," he said.

He looked up at her. There was reproach in his voice, but the yearning, clinging love in his face went to the girl's heart.

She went and put her arms round his neck, and kissed his lined, tired forehead.

"I will not go away again, dear." She said it so very simply that Mr. Williams, still bewildered with his grief, and crushed by the loss of the daily companion of his life, took her words as a simple right. He forgot all about Michael and his daughter's marriage, and Bertha did not remind him; even when she sat down to write to her

husband she did not say what she was going to write; it would be, so she thought in her highly-wrought mood, ungenerous to let her father see that she made any sacrifice for him.

These feelings influenced her letter. She wrote in a humbler, more wife-like mood than she had written since Michael's departure; for she had completely forgotten and forgiven the offence he had committed in setting Rachel Fraser in charge over her.

She told her husband of her aunt's death and of her father's sorrow.

"I cannot leave him as he is," she wrote, "if you can come over, then we can judge how best to arrange for him, for I believe he must remain in or near Rome, the shock has so unnerved him."

She finished her letter, and sent it off before her feelings had relaxed in their intensity, and for a time she felt happier, more inwardly peaceful, than she had felt since her return from Scotland.

Two days passed. Bertha had not found much to do for Aunt Sophy, but still attendance by her bedside had been a daily occupation; now there was nothing to divert her thoughts. She sat all day long with her father, but he rarely spoke, and as each post-time went by without any letter from her husband, Bertha's heart began to swell with a sense of ill-usage, and her good resolutions faded into the background.

"What have I done?" she asked herself over and over again. "I certainly came off here without waiting for Michael's leave, but there was no time to write, he cannot be such a tyrant as all that. I wrote to say I was starting. I wrote again on my arrival, and now I have written again. I cannot write nice letters. I don't know how, and yet I feel that if Michael wrote to me I could answer him quite differently. My heart feels so full of pent-up feelings. Just a few, oh, ever so few, tender words from Michael would set me free, and I could dare then to let my feelings speak to him as I know they could speak."

She stopped to think with a little scorn of the passion she had poured forth in verse on those sheets left in her desk at home, and the cold, measured words she had written to her husband. Which loved best, this ideal heroine who was intended to represent herself, or she, Bertha, Michael Helder's wife, who had sworn to love him so few weeks ago?

"I do love him, I do!" she said, passionately; "but he freezes my love back into my heart. A man despises a wife who presses her love on him when he shows none for her, and Michael does not love me now. Oh, no, I was just a new amusement for him, and he is tired of me—tired of me. Yes!"—she started at the anxious gaze in her father's eyes, and shaded her face with her hand—"poor darling papa, he thinks I am quite happy, of course, and he wonders I make faces. I expect I looked awful just now—I ought to from what I felt. Why did Michael choose me?—why did he make me love him if he only prized me in that careless way? Well, it was all my vanity; I thought he valued me as something rare and precious, I see now he only thought of me as a bit of colored glass; he liked my brightness, and now he is used to that he throws me aside without troubling to find out whether I have any more lasting attraction. And I am so young and life may go on so long! What a life! I am to be Michael's house-keeper, and Rachel Fraser's friend! I would rather die; far better to die feeling that Michael has loved me once than that his love is dead."

She stopped at this; something told her that she was giving way to exaggeration. She began to search out among her acquaintance for a married woman who looked miserable, and she could not find one. But she knew so few people. And then she threw off her grief for a moment, and asked herself cheerfully what Michael had done or said to warrant her assertion that his love was dead. He had been masterful in arranging for his cousin's visit; but Bertha blushed at this, she knew that she liked what she called his masterful spirit.

"If I could only get understood!" She gave an impatient sigh, as much at herself as at Michael. She did not want to manage her husband, she detested a man who was not tyrannical in his love; and until she had begun the coldness, she knew there had been no change in her husband's fondness. What did she want? Bertha paused as this direct question at last got free from the confusion of her wandering ideas; but she was unused to the process of thinking a thought out, and it was a relief to see Carlotta come in with a couple of letters.

The girl took them both to Mr. Williams, but he held one out to Bertha.

"A letter from Michael, my dear; at least I fancy so."

But Bertha did not hear the doubt in her father's last words; she snatched eagerly at the letter, and then ran off to her own room with it, that she might enjoy it all alone. She had never seen her husband's handwriting addressed to herself, but still she knew it well enough. She seated herself in the only comfortable chair in her room, and looked at the envelope before she opened it. Her heart gave a sudden throb, and then it seemed to stand still. The handwriting was very like Michael's, but it was not his. A sick feeling of apprehension came over her as she opened the letter, and then the signature brought anger instead of fear. The letter was from Rachel Fraser.

For an instant Bertha held the letter as if she would tear it without reading, and then she began to read it eagerly, at first with eyes full of terror.

Miss Fraser wrote very coldly and stiffly. She had not Bertha's imagination, so as to fill up intervening time and picture her young cousin as a devoted daughter and a loving wife, when her exact and scrupulous memory retained the vivid impression of a rebellious, self-willed girl, determined against the guidance under which her husband had placed her. Michael had been ill, she wrote, but Bertha was not to hurry home on that account, as he was much better, and less in need of her than Mr. Williams was. "But"—the letter went on in the same cold, guarded way—"your husband tells me to say that you are not to travel alone. In a week or so, when your father is better able to spare you, I am to go over and fetch you. If this will be too soon, your husband says you will write and tell me, and name the time when you will be able to accompany me."

Bertha flung the letter from her with sudden vehemence.

"Does Michael think?"—her eyes glittered with a hard, unusual brightness, and a bright red spot glowed on her cheeks—"can he really think that I am to be treated like this!—that when he is displeased with me, this woman is to come between us and to manage me for him? What a doll, what a child he must think

me! Ah, Michael!"—she stretched out her arms imploringly—"you could do anything you liked with me, if you would only take the right way. How can you be so cruel?"

Spite of her love, anger had for the time completely mastered anxiety. She refused to believe in Michael's illness, it was only put forward as an excuse that his cousin might write.

"I will not go back," she said, proudly; "Michael says I am not to hurry because of his illness; it is quite plain from what that woman says that she is staying with Michael, and he is much happier with her than he has ever been with me. Why"—she got up from her chair and began to walk up and down her room—"it is worse than cruel. What right had Michael to come and take me away from those who loved me, if he meant to tire of me after a few weeks? He was happy with Miss Fraser, and I was happy at Vine Cottage." She paused here—she was exaggerated and high-flown, but she was truthful. No, she had not been happy at Vine Cottage; at least, she had not been contented, she had always pictured a higher state of happiness as possible and attainable. "I had it for a little." But this was said more in the form of a question, and it was answered at once.

Those few weeks had been unreal. She had fancied herself beloved by her husband in a different way. She had thought Michael considered her his equal, able to share all his thoughts and hopes. She knew better now; and then, with one of those terrible glimpses into the future which are so alarming to the ardent, undisciplined heart, it seemed to Bertha that this was human life and the curse laid on it, always to be longing for something better, something different to our appointed lot. She was coming near the truth, but as yet she was too untaught to see it distinctly.

"I suppose it must be so," she sighed; "there is nothing so contemptible as idle content. I have heard even dear Aunt Sophy say that people who don't get on in life are always contented; why, the old proverb, 'Strive and thrive,' proves it."

There is another proverb which teaches the same lesson differently, "No cross, no crown," but then Bertha had never had it.

"Still"—she spoke proudly—"I am not wanted, and I will not go. Michael feels

it is his duty to send for me; if he wanted me really he would come himself."

And then, though she felt it too keenly even to notice the slight to herself, still she felt that if a deep sorrow had come to Michael she must have shown a more active sympathy. There was a message in the letter about Aunt Sophy, but in Miss Fraser's guarded words it sounded as cold as if it had been in print.

But she would not send this resolution through Miss Fraser.

"At least there shall be no misconceptions between us," she said, sadly; "whatever I say to Michael I will write directly to himself; I will not put his cousin between us."

And at the thought of Miss Fraser—tall, calm, and dignified, gifted with every quality in which Bertha felt herself wanting—it seemed to the girl that an impassable barrier stood between her and her husband, and that for the future, though he might love her according to his notion of love, he would judge her through his cousin's eyes. Even now, when she was so longing for advice, she could not seek it from him.

"I suppose he gives Rachel Fraser all my letters," she said, bitterly.

She felt so very lonely, she could not speak to her father. How could she add to his troubles? It was possible that a belief in her happiness was one of the resources he had against his sorrow.

If her aunt had lived!

There came back suddenly to Bertha the resolution she had made when she heard of her aunt's illness—a resolution, like so many we make in moments of anguish, never to be executed—to stand for ever among the phantoms of unborn actions like the ghost of a good angel.

Involuntarily as the thought came, she paused in her rapid walk, and opening the door of her room, went straight to that which had been Aunt Sophy's.

Bertha had said at first that she would occupy this room, but her courage had failed her. She was a wakeful sleeper, and was often troubled with vague, imaginative fears.

But now, in the daylight, there was no fear; only a great tenderness seemed to fill the room, and to fill her heart with its presence.

The girl sat down by the bedside, and laid her head on the pillow as she had laid



it in those sad nights of vigil when she had snatched a few moments of sleep by the side of her dying aunt.

And again the resolution she had so fervently uttered rose up like some living creature of flesh and blood, and repeated itself to Bertha.

What had she promised? That instead of setting up her own will on all occasions and following it, she would ask counsel from her gentle, patient aunt—her aunt, whose life, so far as Bertha knew it, had been lived for others; she who had seemed so simple and transparent, and yet who, as her niece now fondly believed, had watched and understood and sympathised with every movement of her own wayward nature.

"Oh, Aunt Sophy, darling!" (she buries her face in the pillow) "if you were only here—if I could even tell you that at last I had guessed your love! But there is no help left, everything goes against me; it has always been so ever since my mother was taken away."

She does not say this passionately—there is a solemnity in the room which hushes passion; and yet it seems to Bertha that Aunt Sophy in life would have shrank from the words themselves, however quietly they might be spoken. Aunt Sophy always shrank from all that was repining or discontented.

"She should have said, 'Submit to Michael in all things.' I am ready, quite ready to yield to him. I quite acknowledge him to be my lawful superior, but Rachel Fraser is not my superior. I am sure Aunt Sophy would not have told me to obey her. Why should Michael delegate his authority? Why not write to me himself? I shall write to him, I am not going to answer that woman."

She sat there quietly, and the wild storm of anger quieted. Michael did not desire her to return imperatively; he seemed instead to leave her free to stay with her father.

In the troubled state of Bertha's soul, as soon as one storm lulled another rose. Ever since she had allowed herself to cherish hard thoughts of her husband, she had been like some little boat which has snapped the chain that held it fast in safe mooring. She had no guidance, she was the mere sport of outward events. A fresh bitterness rose: Why should she hurry her return? Michael found himself

happy without her, he was indifferent whether she returned or not.

"I would rather think him loving and selfish, it is not natural for a husband to be so cold-blooded. Why I"—she stopped, blushing. She was too indignant to confess the ardent longing she felt to be once more with Michael. But the feeling grew stronger; spite of herself, the image of her husband filled her vision. She saw his pleading, tender gaze, as he looked into her eyes on the evening of their parting, and said so humbly, so generously, that they must begin better.

"He is not answerable for that letter," she said, in a glow of penitent love; "and he has been ill, and I—oh, how little I love him. I seem not to have believed in his illness till now."

She read the obnoxious letter again.

"Much better." But this came close to the objectionable paragraph, that she could stay away as long as her father needed her.

Bertha's lip curled, but still she was soothed; she thought she would go and write to her husband while this mood lasted. "If I only could keep good! I thought when I was Michael's wife I never could be naughty, but I don't see much difference in my temper."

Still these last thoughts had stirred her heart. She felt that she could write to Michael freely, naturally, not the cramped formal notes she had hitherto sent him; and she started up with a joyful willingness, and went back to her father's sitting-room.

Doctor Upoli was there by himself. He greeted Bertha with a fervor of pleasure, which she thought troublesome. Just then she wanted to be alone to write to Michael, and anything that crossed her decided impulse was to Bertha unendurable.

Doctor Upoli looked at her with a half smile; he saw the vexation in her face, but he already understood her, and he did not remark on it.

"The signorina should go out," he said, with a look of solicitude, "not at this time, but early, very early, or else in the evening. She will go away quite unconscious of the beauties and interest of Rome; and the signor padre, it would benefit him to accompany her; or perhaps she waits for the arrival of the signor, her husband."

Bertha blushed angrily, this was a new mortification forced on her by Miss Fraser's letter. She glanced quickly at Doctor Upoli; his head was on one side, and the wrinkles round his mouth twitched uneasily.

It did not occur to Bertha that he was inquisitive about her; she was only bent on screening her husband's indifference.

"Mr. Helder is not likely to arrive, he is ill," she said, abruptly.

"He is ill, and away from the signora." He bowed. "It is her youthful appearance which makes me so often forget she is a married lady, but why does not the Signora return to him? he must be sad and dull, he has a right to the presence of his wife."

Doctor Upoli spoke eagerly. Bertha thought he was taking Michael's part; but he was really too inquisitive to restrain himself. Her manner told him that there was some coldness between herself and her husband.

"I cannot travel alone," she said, "and my father is not yet free to accompany me; indeed, I do not think my father is fit to be left by himself yet; and—and Mr. Helder is not so very ill now, he is much better."

"Then he will soon be here." The doctor had a provoking smile on his parchment face—a smile that said plainly he knew far more about the matter than his listener did.

"No, he will not," said Bertha, pettishly, "he is not coming at all."

She looked away, and began to open and shut a book on the table. She wanted the doctor to understand that she was tired of the discussion.

"May I ask if the Signor is older than the signora—much older?" said Doctor Upoli, in a caressing voice.

"You are very curious about it," Bertha's lip curled, but the doctor would have endured far more scornful glances before he would have given up his inquiries. "Mr. Helder is nearly twenty years older than I am."

Then she drew herself up haughtily as a set-off against her sudden frankness.

The doctor rubbed his large loose hands together and smiled.

"Aha! I was sure of it; from the first the signora has reminded me of my dearest wife, and she is exactly twenty-two years younger than I am. Well, what is the

consequence? The ladies who choose thus wisely are far happier than their sisters; they escape all the inconsiderate, thoughtless impulses of younger men; they are always taken care of; they are, in fact, worshipped; whereas the wife of the young husband is at best a happy slave. She has to go through all the experiences of life with her husband, instead of reaping the fruit of all he has done and suffered, and having every thorn and care removed from her path. Yes, I was sure that the signora was used to worship—I could see it at once."

Bertha could not help laughing.

"You mean because I like to have my own way; but do you worship your wife, then?"

There was a sort of constrained interest in her tone, which might have told the doctor that she was not only thinking of his affairs while she spoke, but the subject was his hobby, and he sprang on it at once.

"Ah! but I idolise her, she is so charming, everything that is most perfect. I consider it the aim of my life to shield her from every vexation. I would not suffer my wife to take a journey, even a short one, without my attendance, and for a long one—no, no."

He shook his head with a kind of triumphant defiance.

"You are quite a Blue Beard," said Bertha, mockingly. She felt all at once jealous of the Signora Upoli.

"Not that—not that." The doctor spoke quickly and loudly in his enthusiasm. "She is my mistress, and she has her own will in all things—the only torment in my life is the feeling that I must die before she does, and my profession takes me away for so many hours."

"Perhaps you would quarrel if you were always together."

Bertha spoke bitterly, but the doctor was too excited to notice her tone.

"Ah! no; never. I could never tire of being with her, and it is so"—he changed suddenly into a more natural voice—"with the signor, your husband. He has spared you with so much regret that your absence has perhaps affected his health. Enough said. Before two days are over he will be here beside you, unable to let you leave him for a moment."

Bertha looked so pale that he paused.

"Pardon my garrulity," he said, "in

talking so much about my own affairs. You are not strong, and you must consider your health. I repeat what I said at the beginning, the signora must go out and get change of air and scene. She is losing her charming appearance, and the signor marito will be in despair."

Bertha made a little gesture of impatience.

"Well, well, I will say farewell. Ah! here is the signor padre. Signor"—he touched Mr. Williams's coat with his large brown forefinger—"your daughter is in want of air and of distraction. She is ever so little what the French call *ennuyée*."

Mr. Williams raised his eyebrows with a helpless look of anxiety.

"It is not your fault." The doctor patted him on the shoulder as if he had been a baby; then he gave a covert, frightened look at Bertha, evidently wishing for her absence. She saw it, and in huge disdain of the doctor's care for her, turned away and leaned out of the open window.

In an instant Doctor Upoli had seized Mr. Williams's coat by both lappels, and with eyes extra round and staring burst into a voluble whisper.

"No, no, no, my good friend, if I may so call you, it is not your fault; it is the craving nervous feminine temperament, which is always wanting what it has not got. She," with a jerk of his flat thumb towards Bertha, "is fretting after her husband. Take her about, or let her go about alone, if she prefers it. Let her do just as she pleases for a few days. Now, farewell."

#### CHAPTER XXIX.—LEFT ALONE.

"FRETTING after her husband." The words at first sounded improbable to Bertha's father. He was so unused to think of her except as the wayward child who had proved so extremely kind and thoughtful both to her dying aunt and to himself, that Bertha as a wife was a new idea.

It troubled him, and in the unhinged, helpless state of his nerves, the most natural course that suggested itself was to cast off the trouble by sharing it with Bertha herself.

"My dear, was that letter from Michael?"

Bertha drew her head in from the window and looked round. Her face cleared

when she saw that the doctor had departed.

"No; Michael has been ill, but he is much better."

"Then if he has been ill"—Mr. Williams's face contracted with the effort he was making at self-sacrifice—"I think, my dear, he must want you, and you must wish to be with him. I fancied you said he was away from home?"

"So he was, and I do not even hear when he returned. Thank you very much, dear papà"—she went and put her arms round her father's neck—"but I much prefer to stay with you, and I am sure Michael wishes it too; he sends me word I am to stay as long as I like"—she forced a smile over the disdain that rose—"and I do like to stay, darling, as long as I am not a trouble to you."

She kissed him tenderly. His eyes filled with tears; he only thought how wonderfully marriage had improved Bertha; he heard no second meaning in her words.

"I am going to answer the letter this evening," she said, smiling; "can I give a message for you?"

In the evening her father, mindful of the doctor's advice, proposed a walk.

"You have seen nothing of Rome yet," he said, "and I have not seen much; let us go and explore together, you were always fond of antiquities, my dear."

No, Bertha would not go out; it seemed to her impossible, in the face of the great grief that had come into her life, to take any pleasure whatever.

She waited impatiently for evening, and then, when she was left alone, she sat down to write to her husband. At first she wished she had written before that talk with Doctor Upoli, and then she rejoiced.

"Why should I show love where it is not cared for. Here is this tiresome, boring man, with a profession which might well excuse him for thinking more of the outside world than of his own home, and he is still in love with his wife, and Carlotta says he has been married six years. How he speaks of his wife! I never dreamed of being loved like that. I knew I was unworthy of it, and yet it seems in this case that the husband is blinded by love. Whatever his wife does or says is lovely in his eyes. He has no cousin to measure her by and prove her immense inferiority. Worship! Why any gentleman answers the letter of any lady, and my husband

does not consider that I deserve the treatment of a lady from him."

And while she said these rebellious, bitter words to herself, her heart ached with love for Michael—wild, fervent love—love in which she felt herself a martyr, ready if need were to lay down her life for this passionately beloved husband. Anything heroic or devoted in a grand way Bertha felt that she could do. Ah! how little Michael understood or appreciated the heart he did not care to keep now he had won it.

At last she sat down to write, but she felt choked. If Michael had only written to her once it would have been easy. She began three different letters, but they all seemed wrong, and at last, in utter despair of her own inability, she wrote a cold, formal note. "I will remain here," she ended, "until you send for me. I am very glad to be with my father in his sorrow, and am thankful for your permission to stay with him."

And yet, when it was written she hesitated; perhaps if she tried again she might write something more loving. She knew, in a kind of far-off way, that the whole manner of her letter was a falsehood, a sort of play-acting, quite contradictory of her real feelings. It seemed to her impossible to get free from the restraint which choked the utterance of her love; and yet if she had trusted simply to herself, had followed the impulse of her heart, the restraint would have shown itself what it really was, a fiction of her own exaggerative imagination.

Still she sat hesitating.

Carlotta came in dressed in her festival array, a scarlet petticoat and black velvet body and sleeves. "My cousin Paolo is here"—she blushed a little, but smiled more, showing her glittering white teeth—"and he is going to Florence, and if he can do any service for the signora or the signor padre he will be honored."

Bertha looked up into the happy face. She sighed. Carlotta, no doubt, loved her cousin, and felt sure of happiness with him, and how soon marriage would cure her of that delusion. "Shall I tell her that a man's love is as shortlived as a flower—it exhausts itself by its own impetuosity? Why should I? Would I have believed any one who had warned me that Michael's love would change?"

Carlotta's sympathetic face had grown

sad as she watched the young lady's. Bertha smiled at the change.

"No, thank you, nothing. You can go back to Paolo, Carlotta," for the girl stood lingering, as if she had something else to say.

"The doctor has told my mother to persuade the signora to take a walk, but my mother says that if the signora has a vettura, and goes out to take the air, it will do her much more good; and—Paolo has a brother who is a vetturino, and he would drive the signora ever so much more carefully than a stranger would."

Carlotta stood pinching her red petticoat in anxiety for the answer.

"I will see, but I like walking best. Could I walk to the Coliseum, or is it too far off?"

"Cielo! but it is far, and there is no shade, and the signora will find it a foolish old place, full of bats and owls."

"Could I get to the Campagna by myself?" said Bertha, paying no heed to Carlotta's information.

Carlotta clasped her hands, and stared with her round, handsome eyes, as if she thought the signora deranged.

"But it is not possible for a lady to go tramping about over broken ground, full of pools of water and oxen—oxen which are wild and savage, and would trample you to death in an instant. Oh, it is not possible."

"Never mind the oxen, is the distance possible for me?"

"Cielo! what know I; the English signorine can walk, walk, walk for miles; they wear the boots of men, but a Roman lady would be tired until death if she walked about the Campagna."

"Well, as I am English, I will try. Call me before five o'clock to-morrow, and then I shall be able to take my walk before the great heat begins."

Carlotta shook her head and wrung her hands with sorrowful gesture, but Bertha's face was so determined that she dared not remonstrate further. While she stood lingering, Mr. Williams's heavy footstep sounded on the stairs.

"Shall Paolo take the signora's letter when he goes," said Carlotta, eager that her lover should be put to some use.

"Very well." Bertha gave it unwillingly, and then her father came in and claimed all her attention. He had slipped and hurt his ankle; only a bruise, but still the



accident had shaken him, and he was vexed, because it must keep him indoors a day at least.

Bertha told him of her project for next morning.

"I should have preferred going with you," he said, "but you had better take Carlotta; only be sure, my dear child, not to over-fatigue yourself, or risk being out in the heat."

CHAPTER XXX.—BERTHA'S WALK THROUGH OLD ROME.

It has often been said before, but it is always said truly, that no one ever sends away an unsatisfactory letter without repenting it—that is, sends it to a person whose sympathy with the writer is of a nature to give him or her insight into the mood which governs the letter in question. It is also true that a woman's letter, supposing her to be simple and unworldly, is like a photograph, and reveals far more of the real nature of the writer than she can reveal in speech. There is no shyness, no restraining personal atmosphere to struggle against; she gives up the rein to that which is innate, and it speaks fearlessly; and for this reason a woman, far more than a man, has reason to repent the sending off hastily a letter which may give pain.

Bertha's letter was not truthful as to her real feelings, but it was, on the whole, a faithful reflex of the unreal, self-deceiving state of her mind—the very writing it cleared away some of the mist that had been troubling her.

All through the night she lay listening to the rain, and as each hour passed repenting her haste more and more. She almost resolved to write again when morning came. Would morning ever come? The night was dark, and the rain was disturbing. When at last Bertha got some feverish sleep, it was only to dream that she had made her husband angry.

At last she slumbered heavily, and then, with a sudden start, she knew that, unless she got to Michael that instant, she must be parted from him for ever. It seemed to her that he was close by, but Rachel Fraser stood between them and hid Bertha from him. She pushed vehemently forward, and then she saw Miss Fraser raise her large white hand, and felt it strike her shoulder heavily. Again and again the blow fell, and as Bertha struggled forward she started awake. Carlotta was beating

away at the door, and her room was full of daylight. It was such blessed relief to find that all had been a dream; and yet, as her thoughts awakened fully and pieced memory together, the remembrance of the letter came with a sense like torture. Every word seemed distorted and chilled into ice. How could she write again, with nothing happening between to account for her change of manner. Her pride would not let her see that penitence might sufficiently explain the change.

"No! I will not write." She hurried on her dressing. If she could only get to the world outside, she thought she could shake off this torture. "I have killed any chance I had left of happiness. Michael has left off loving me, that is plain, or he would never have written to me through a woman I so dislike, and my letter justifies every word she may say against me."

"Of course, Miss Fraser says I am cold-hearted,—she has had nothing but coldness from me; what does it matter what they say?" she ended passionately, "My life is over, for misery is not life."

She determined to start at once for a walk. She forgot her father's proposal to take Carlotta with her. When the girl proposed to get her some breakfast, Bertha refused, and sent her away, so that she might escape out of the house without further remonstrance.

She had studied a map of the city, and she found her way through the narrow, dirty streets without much trouble. Even in the fresh morning air, it seemed to her that there was a close, foul atmosphere around her. But the city was already stirring and noisy. There were men's voices calling out their wares for sale in such a Babel of sound that it was impossible to distinguish what they said; some children screamed out loudly from one of the low-browed shops, and from the upper window a bareheaded woman stared with her great round eyes vacantly at Bertha.

Mr. Williams's lodging was near the Piazza Trajano, so that Bertha's nearest way lay across the Forum. She had no guide to point out the various points of interest, but she stopped and gazed at the three beautiful white marble Corinthian columns, which have served as models for so many generations of columns, and for the moment her old enthusiasm returned. She felt inclined to stay and explore here before she went on.

"But no, I always said I would see the Coliseum before anything else."

She went on through the Campo Vaccino, and on every side she saw ruins full of interest. Some, as the Basilica of Constantine, she knew from pictures, but others she longed to inquire about. She turned away, but farther on she stopped at the sound of singing. Close beside her, near an arch which she guessed to be the arch of Titus, sat a bright-eyed, dirty-looking cobbler, with a row of much worn boots and shoes beside him, pulling out his waxed thread in time to his recitation; his utterance was very striking, and his voice rich and musical; and as Bertha looked at him she made out that he was describing herself in his improvised song. She blushed and hurried on, eager to reach the Coliseum, for she knew that the huge mass of black ruin she was approaching must be the object of her quest.

She had created it to herself so much more vast and imposing, that at first she felt disappointed; but after awhile, the desolate repose of those grey, shattered arches became awful to gaze on; the gloom even in daylight that seemed to hang over the place impressed her. She turned away shuddering.

"Why is it that old ruined places have so much power to affect us compared with those that are more modern? Is it wholly from association? But then I came here full of recollections of gladiators and early Christians flung to the lions; dying men and women; triumphs of imperial cruelty and heroic endurance; and yet I was not impressed at first. It is the venerable majesty of these old stones, so helpless in their decay, that touches me. It is like King Lear, or any other ruined power, it makes one so mournfully tender."

So far her excursion had done her good; it had taken her out of the circle of self and restricted thought in which she had been living. But, unfortunately, memory went back to that first meeting with Michael in the Museum. He had described the Coliseum to her, and as she looked round once more at the desolate weed-grown circle, tender flowers clinging here and there to the grey, ruined arches, it seemed to her that his description had been wonderfully prosaic.

"Was I blind, then?" she said. "Is this matter-of-fact comprehension of me, which supposes I can be put in a shape

like jelly, and after due coercion come out after the pattern of Rachel Fraser, or any other ordinary commonplace woman, an indication of what Michael really is? And have I been blind till now? I have read that women worship idols of their own creation, and set the clay monsters on pedestals; and then when they fall, like Humpty Dumpty, there is an end of them; but I can never be like that. I may have idolised Michael; I may have transfigured him in my love; but I can't help it now. The love is there, must be there always, and this doubles my misery, because it makes the rest of life an endless craving for that which I can never have."

She turned sharply, with a weary look on her face that was pitiful to see there. Bertha still looked hardly more than seventeen, though these last weeks had robbed her forehead of its smoothness. She walked on rapidly, heedless of where she went, wholly forgetful of her resolve to return before the sun got full power. It was blazing fiercely by the time she reached one of the city gates. She stood still and looked before her. In the distance were purple mountains with white summits, which she guessed must be perpetual snow, but as far as she could see on every side were ruins—aqueducts stretching out as if to reach the mountains, temples, broken columns, fragments of brickwork with long rampant grass waving atop. Here and there a clump of blue-green pines with crimson branches broke up the picturesque waste. Nearer—stretched out between the city walls and this wild expanse—was a cobweb of narrow streets and lanes so intricate-looking that she hesitated to penetrate among them, fearing to trust herself lest she might lose her way. But the idea of escape from the city itself grew strong as she gazed, and she went on hurriedly, quickening her pace as she glanced upward and saw how high the sun was already.

The little streets were narrow and dirty, and she hurried till she reached a lane running between kitchen gardens, where cabbages and broccoli made themselves apparent by smell as well as sight. Tall sedges fringed the sides of the lane, standing erect with sharply pointed leaves; but Bertha hurried on, she wanted to be free of these fences and to reach the open ground of the Campagna.

She was becoming exhausted with the heat, and went on blindly, scarcely vouch-

safing a glance at the luxuriant and trim kitchen gardens with their glowing wealth of flowers.

At last she reached open ground, but it was very broken, and fatiguing to walk over. She stumbled more than once on fragments of carved stone and brick. She felt ready to sink with exhaustion. Presently, on before her, she saw a grove of trees, and she hastened eagerly to reach it. She found herself in a green valley, grassed over with thick damp turf. Above was a grove of evergreen oaks which gave a gloomy shadow. On one side was an opening in the high bank, and passing through this, Bertha found herself in a damp grotto, green with moss that seemed to have been undisturbed for centuries. She shivered at the sudden chill of the cool, ancient place; she remembered all about it, and was glad to have found her way there, but she was too exhausted to explore or enjoy her discovery.

As long as she had toiled on rapidly in the burning sunshine she had not realised her fatigue, but the anxiety and exhaustion she had undergone, and her sleepless night, had entirely enervated her youthful strength. She sank down on the broken steps utterly weary, and rested her head on her hands. She tried to remember all she had read about the grotto, and while she was striving to realise the nymph Egeria as a form of human loveliness, gradually the place grew indistinct. There was not a sound to disturb repose; no insect's hum reached through the heavy, damp atmosphere, and Bertha's head drooped more and more heavily till she was sound asleep.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.—STRUCK DOWN.

BERTHA waked with a start. She felt numb and chilled, and she could not remember where she was. After a minute or two she rose up and went to the entrance of the grotto. She had forgotten her watch, but the changed light showed that she had slept for several hours, and she turned sick as she remembered that Doctor Upoli had told her especially to avoid damp localities. She felt faint and giddy, but she only thought how she could get home quickest; she had been so absorbed as she entered the valley, that she had no distinct remembrance of the way by which she had come. Mechanically she found the sedge-bordered lane. It seemed to her, when she reached the narrow streets outside the walls that they were more dirty and squalid than when she came through them in the morning. Half-naked children were playing at the doors, figures of men and women stood about in groups that at another time would have roused Bertha to enthusiastic admiration; but her head ached with a dull pain that made every object an irritation. She tried to walk fast, but she could not; her limbs trembled, and seemed a weight to her as she moved them.

"Suppose I am going to be ill!" She smiled drearily. "Well, yesterday I was moaning over the probable length of my life. Suppose I am very ill and die, only my father will miss me. Michael"—her lips quivered, and she felt choked—"well, he will be sorry for a little, and then he will live alone with his cousin again, and wonder at his own folly in taking a foolish girl to trouble his decorous household. That woman"—she paused and drew her breath hard, with a look of hatred in her eyes—"she will make no pretence of sorrow, for with all her faults she is not a hypocrite; she will rejoice. Well, in some ways it will disappoint her, for I know she likes to interfere and manage, but still she hates me, and I—oh! how I hate her."

Her eyes flashed, the color flew into her face, and she clenched her hand nervously, and then the thought of her father calmed her. "I can't die, I must live for him, I must go back to him. I will never leave him, no, never again."

She had just reached the gate, and several people were coming out of the city. One of them stood still, and shading his eyes from the sunshine, looked first one way and then the other.

Bertha, confused and weary as she was, recognised her father before he saw her; but she could only totter up to him.

"Thank God! thank God!" he said fervently, and then held her hand in both his, looking at her earnestly.

"My dear, where have you been? Have you had an accident? What has happened?" The questions came one on another, in true masculine fashion, and then, shocked at her pale, haggard face, he roused to full sympathy.

"My dear child," he said, tenderly, "you look exhausted; take my arm and lean on me. You must be faint with hunger."

It came to Bertha, for the first time, that she had not tasted food all day, but thought was growing more and more confused.

She took her father's arm. She did not mean to lean on it, but she did, and she could scarcely guide her steps. Objects began to swim as she dragged one leaden foot after another.

When at last the lodging was gained, and three inquisitive faces showed in the doorway, and three shrill tongues set up a vociferating chorus of wonder and welcome, Bertha's senses reeled. She looked feebly towards Carlotta and stretched out her arms—this was her last conscious act.

Her arms fell lifeless, her head drooped, and she was borne to her room like an infant in the arms of the padrona and her daughters.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.—A FIGHT FOR LIFE.

BERTHA opened her eyes with a strange feeling of weakness, it seemed to her that the lids were too heavy to keep lifted. Memory began to struggle into life with the strange amount of effort which signifies that, like an infant, it has slept a long unconscious slumber.

Dim at first, but coming more clearly each moment, a vision rose before Bertha's eyes. She was at home in London. She could summon no memory of Michael, though she kept her eyes closed with a longing hope that his presence might mingle in her confused thoughts, but she was sure that Miss Fraser had been with her, and a shrinking fear and dislike made her sigh as she still lay with closed eyes.

She heard a slight movement near her, but she kept her eyes shut till all was again still. Then the heavy eyelids were raised, and Bertha looked round her. The room was the same which she had slept in since Aunt Sophy's death; there were the same meagre white curtains on each side of the bed, the same Indian screen, only it seemed to Bertha that this had been moved nearer the bed, so as to shelter it when the door opened.

"But this may be the dream," she thought, and again her eyes closed wearily; "and after all, perhaps I am at home."

She started at the sound of a voice. Was this a dream too?

"I tell you, doctor, I take the whole responsibility; Mrs. Helder shall not lose blood, she is as weak as water now."

A thrill went through Bertha, throbbing in every vein; it was Rachel Fraser's strong determined voice, but it did not stir up angry feeling. The next speaker did.

Bertha's imagination supplied Doctor Upoli's contortions and gestures. "It is impossible to believe in such infatuation; I affirm to the signora that she who is not the mother of the Signora Helder kills her deliberately by this interference; there is no way of subduing fever but by loss of blood."

Doctor Upoli came from behind the screen; he saw the change in Bertha's face, and he saw her newly-opened eyes. He stepped softly to the bedside with a smile on his face, but he did not speak; he wished to carry his point without disturbing Miss Fraser.

He held out his hand, and Bertha placed hers in it. It was such an effort to move her arm that she felt more puzzled than ever about herself.

"I have been ill, haven't I, doctor?" Her voice was like a far-off sound, so very feeble.

The doctor nodded gravely, he held up his finger to enjoin silence; but Rachel Fraser had heard the feeble utterance, and she came softly from behind the screen. She noticed the doctor's lifted finger, and she smiled at his hopes.

There was a softer look on the regular, handsome face than Bertha had ever seen there; it seemed to her, as Miss Fraser bent quickly forward, that there were tears gathering in the hard eyes.

"You have been very ill, my dear, and we must keep you very quiet; above all things, you must not get a chill."

She looked significantly at Bertha's arm, which lay outside the coverlet, while the doctor kept her hand in his.

"I will at least let the Signora Helder decide." The doctor kept his eyes earnestly on Bertha.

"You will do nothing of the sort, Doctor Upoli." Miss Fraser spoke very coolly. "I consider Mrs. Helder my patient, and I will not suffer violent remedies to be used in her case, and you see she is better."

Dr. Upoli's easy face grew flushed.

"Then I must tell the signora that if she refuses me the exercise of my profession, I must retire"—his voice gradually became louder—"I cannot consent to



neglect a means of health which I know to be necessary—I can even say, on which recovery may depend.”

Miss Fraser kept calm and unmoved, but the doctor's face grew more and more excited. Bertha's large hollow eyes moved from one face to the other. She felt grateful to hear Miss Fraser say, “Hush!” at Doctor Upoli's last sentence, his loud talking jarred her.

“Hush!” she repeated, calmly but imperatively. “Come with me if you please, signor, I will talk to you in the sala.”

The doctor was forced to obey, but he followed swelling with indignation.

Directly he got into the room he ran up to Mr. Williams.

“Let the signor figure to himself”—his eyes seemed to be starting from their closely-fitting lids—“that the signora deprives me of my functions. That lady teaches me my profession”—he struck time with his great sausage-like forefinger on Mr. Williams's coat—“forbids me, Iachimo Upoli, to bleed a patient for fever. In your cold, damp fog of an island—what know I?—it may be right to avoid blood-letting; but here, where one cause of fever is a check which the blood has received, life depends on the withdrawal of the congested fluid, which this signora”—he turned to dart a look of scorn on Miss Fraser, but she had departed.

Mr. Williams looked anxious and doubtful, but already the self-reliant helpfulness of Miss Fraser had impressed him, and Doctor Upoli's excitement was not reassuring.

“I believe Miss Fraser is very clever,” he said. “In this case she is right; in England we never bleed for fever. It was the old-fashioned plan, but no one thinks of it nowadays.”

Doctor Upoli threw up both hands.

“Fashion in disease!—fashion in a plain law of nature! Excuse me, signor, but I can no longer visit your daughter, though it pains me to leave her in such hands. I tell you frankly I have no hope for my patient unless you send that obstinate signora back to England.”

Mr. Williams bowed, but he was not in spirits to continue the discussion.

“How did you find my daughter today?” he asked. “Is she still unconscious?”

“She is awake, but”—he shrugged his

shoulders with emphasis—“I have the honor to bid the signor farewell.”

He made a low bow and departed.

Doctor Upoli had succeeded in making Bertha's father very anxious and uncomfortable. He stole cautiously to the door of the sick-room. The door was ajar. Going in and keeping behind the tall screen, he heard Bertha's voice; it sounded feeble and weak, but the sound gave the poor bereaved man fresh life. It had seemed to him in these last days as if his only tie to earth were snapped—that there was no one left to live for. Tears sprang to his eyes, and his heart went out in fervent thankfulness for the precious life restored. In that moment the child was dearer to him than she had ever been.

Bertha looked at Miss Fraser in wonder.

“How did you come here?” she said.

“I came to see if I could be of use to you and your father”—Miss Fraser spoke in a quiet yet cheerful voice, all her hardness had fled—“and I found you very ill. I am so glad to be here.”

“You have been very kind to me, I am sure, though I have been unconscious of it.” Bertha smiled and put out her hand.

Miss Fraser pressed it gently, and then she went to get some broth.

“I wonder she did not kiss me,” Bertha thought; but Miss Fraser had seen the quivering lips and the suddenly dilated eyes, and she thought that Bertha was best left alone.

Rachel Fraser felt compassionate and softened, and as she watched the patience with which the girl bore her extreme weakness, she grew almost affectionate, and Bertha's gratitude to her skilful, unwearying nurse broke through her reserve, and sometimes startled the strong-minded woman by its impulsive expression. But still Michael's cousin could not wholly love his wife, or if she did love her, she struggled against the feeling.

Bertha had not named her husband since that first day, then Rachel began by saying Michael was much better. “Has he been told of my illness?” the girl asked.

“No, not yet, my dear; at least, I did not tell him how very ill you have been.”

Miss Fraser did not say that if Bertha had not recovered consciousness on that morning she had determined to summon her cousin; she grew first surprised and

then impatient at the young wife's silence about her husband.

As Miss Fraser sat beside her, Bertha spoke constantly of her father; her face brightened when he came into the room, his happiness and his comfort appeared to be her absorbing thought.

Miss Fraser grew graver and graver, and when she was alone she shook her head very anxiously indeed. "It is very sad. I am afraid that marriage was a thorough mistake on both sides; she is

quite happy to be with her father, and I don't think poor dear Michael is happy at all." In which remark Miss Fraser showed that strength of mind is not the only requisite for the gift of reading human nature. "When we get her up and she gains strength I shall speak out," she said; "if she doesn't know her duty as a wife, she must be taught it; she is only a child, after all, and in one way I was wrong about her; she can be gentle and lovable when she chooses."

### CHINESE WRITING AND PRINTING.

It is a matter of common notoriety that, in numerous instances, the customs of the Chinese are diametrically opposed to our own, and this remark applies especially to their writing and reading. We write our letters in *horizontal* lines from left to right, and print our books in the same manner; the Chinese, on the contrary, write in *perpendicular* lines from right to left, so that what is the last page of a book or letter with us, is the first with them. Amongst ourselves, most scholarly writers are somewhat particular in the punctuation of their sentences; but a Chinaman, as far as we are aware, never dreams of putting even a 'full stop' in a letter or any other written document, and it is but seldom that one meets with a book that is regularly punctuated. We write our names, more or less legibly, at the end of our notes and letters; the Chinese, as Sir J. Davis observes, 'sign with a cipher which every man adopts for himself, being a few characters combined in a complicated manner into *one*. Another mode of attestation is by affixing the stamp of the seal, not in wax, but in red ink.'

Sir John Davis, in his work on the Chinese, from which we have just quoted, further remarks: 'The Chinese attach much consideration to the graphic beauty of their written character, and make use of inscriptions for ornamental purposes, as may be often seen on the specimens of porcelain brought to this country. The advantage of simplicity (and a very great advantage it is) constitutes the merit of our alphabetic writing, but that of variety and picturesque effect may fairly be claim-

ed by the Chinese. The importance of caligraphy as an accomplishment is naturally esteemed more highly among them than it is in Europe; and large ornamental inscriptions or labels are frequently exchanged as remembrances among friends, or used as pictures are among us, for purposes of taste and decoration.' The Chinese spend much time and labor over the acquisition of a neat and elegant handwriting, and when they have attained this object of their ambition, they frequently turn it to what appears to the foreign mind a most curious use—namely, the writing of the huge scrolls referred to above, and the inscription of moral sentences on fans, &c.

Answering in some measure to our Roman and Italic type, black-letter, &c. the Chinese have six different styles of writing their characters—namely, 1, the Chuan or Seal character; 2, the style of official attendants; 3, the pattern style; 4, running hand; 5, abbreviated running hand; and 6, the style of the Sung dynasty.

1. Foreigners commonly call this the Seal character from its being generally only used for seals or stamps, ornamental inscriptions, &c. Its Chinese name is said to be derived from the person who invented it. It is the oldest form of writing next to the original pictorial hieroglyphics, and is distinguished into *two* kinds, the greater and inferior. The former is used for seals and stamps, and is also to be seen on some kinds of goods, especially on porcelain; the characters all look extremely alike, and seem to be an inextricable labyrinth of rectangular lines. The

latter kind is also sometimes used for seals, in prefaces of books, and ornamental inscriptions.

2. The style of official attendants was first employed about the commencement of the Christian era, and was invented for the use of the clerks and writers in public offices. Nowadays, it is most often used in prefaces and for inscriptions; it requires no special study to read it, as it is very clear and distinct, and differs but slightly from the following.

3. The pattern style has been gradually formed by the improvements of good writing. No Chinese can have any claim to literary merit unless he can write neatly and correctly in this style. It is the usual form of Chinese writing, and books are sometimes printed in it.

4. The 'running hand' is almost a literal translation of the Chinese expression for this kind of writing. The characters are written in an easy and free manner, without the writer's pen being necessarily raised from the paper; in this style, however, only those abbreviations which are to be found in the dictionaries are allowed. A neat business writer commonly uses this 'running hand,' and it is also very often employed for prefaces of books and inscriptions, in scrolls and tablets, for show-signs, &c. Schoolboys are taught to write both this and the pattern style at the same time, by means of copy-books with characters arranged in parallel columns.

5. The translation of 'tsao-tsze,' the Chinese term for what is above called the abbreviated running hand, is 'plant or grass character,' and foreigners generally call it by the latter name. It is an exceedingly free style of writing, and full of the most puzzling abbreviations, which often render it difficult even for natives to decipher; and Europeans rarely, if ever, attain to such a knowledge of this kind of handwriting as to be able to read anything written in it without the aid of an experienced Chinese. We have heard it facetiously likened to the effect which would be produced by dipping a spider's legs in ink, and letting him crawl over a sheet of paper! When writing in this style, a Chinaman often lets his pen run from character to character without taking it off the paper, and makes his own abbreviations, to avoid the labor of the numerous strokes required in some

characters, if written in the 'pattern style.' To understand this kind of writing fully, necessitates special study, and its chief use is in first drafts of letters, despatches, &c. It is also employed, to a certain extent, by men of business, and is sometimes found in inscriptions and in prefaces of books, especially those of aged writers.

The sixth form of writing came into use about the tenth century, during the Sung dynasty, as a more elegant form of printing than the other classes above enumerated. It is believed that, since the time of its invention, no material alteration has taken place in the manner of forming the characters, which differs from the style of official attendants and the pattern style mainly in the greater stiffness of the strokes forming the characters, and in a certain *squareness* of appearance. This still continues to be the style most used for printing books, at any rate those which have any pretensions to being well and carefully got up. Only persons, however, employed in writing for printing-offices are required to learn it, as it is not used for any other purpose.

Of these six forms of writing, the pattern style and the running hand are the only two which are studied by most Chinese, but well-educated men generally have a knowledge of some of the Seal characters.

As we have observed before, the Chinese take extraordinary pains to learn to write neatly, and to form the characters in a duly proportioned manner. Boys are taught by placing thin tracing-paper over their copies, and they practise an easy use of the pen, so necessary for elegant writing, by constantly writing characters on a painted board; by dint of great labor, many eventually learn to write a beautiful hand, which even Europeans, entirely unacquainted with the language, will admire, if only for the perfect symmetry and minuteness of detail with which the complicated strokes composing the characters are put together. The Chinese student is very particular about his pen and ink, and he is even fanciful on the subject of the ink-slab, on which the latter is carefully rubbed with a little water. The pens (or, as they are sometimes called, 'pencils') rather resemble our camel-hair brushes, and are made, the better kind from the hair of the sable and fox, and the commoner sorts from that of the deer, wolf,

cat, &c.; the stick or handle is of bamboo; and each pen has a little case or sheath of bamboo or metal to protect the hair from injury, for the tip of the pen is so fine that care has to be taken to keep it in good order for writing with. The ink is made from lampblack, &c. mixed with glue and similar substances, and is always scented with musk. The cakes are often adorned with curious devices and short sentences, stamped in gilt and colored characters. The ink-slab is made of different kinds of stone, carefully ground smooth, and has a small cavity or depression at one end to hold water; but some students have a species of small cup placed beside them with a little water in it. This cup is sometimes handsomely carved out of a piece of jade-stone, and fitted on to a wooden stand; it is furnished with a small ladle, not unlike a salt-spoon. Nearly all paper in China is made from the woody fibre of bamboo, and is mostly of a yellowish color; it has no strength, and is very easily torn, and the effect of water upon it is much the same as upon our blotting-paper. The articles described above are called by the Chinese 'Wên-fang sze pao;' that is, the four precious implements of the library.

Some Chinese writers hold that movable characters, made of burnt clay, and placed in a frame, were invented towards the close of the Sung dynasty, about A.D. 1280. This method of printing, however, does not seem to have been found successful, for native printers now do their work, as it has been done for centuries past, on the stereotype principle. Movable metal characters have been in use for some years in the few foreign printing-offices at Hong-Kong and Shanghai, but the innovation does not make way with the natives, and in point of fact it does not seem, in our opinion, very well suited to their language, which is so different in its nature from those of other nations. With an alphabetical language, movable type lightens the printer's labors immensely;

but such is not the case with Chinese; for to print an ordinary book, probably at least upwards of two or three thousand distinct characters would be required, and in some instances this amount would have to be multiplied by ten; while to print a complete dictionary, we believe we are correct in stating that between forty and fifty thousand distinct and separate characters would be wanted.

The process of printing a book in China is somewhat as follows: Two pages are written by a person, trained to the business, on a sheet of thin paper, divided into columns by black lines, and in the space between the two pages are written the title of the work, and the number of the chapter and page; when the sheet has been printed, it is folded down through this space, so as to bring the title, &c. partly on each page. The sheet, when ready for printing, is pasted face downwards on a smooth block of wood, made usually from the pear or plum tree. As soon as it is dry, the paper is rubbed off with great care, leaving behind an inverted impression of the characters. Another workman now cuts away all the blank spaces by means of a sharp graver, and the block with the characters in high-relief passes to the printer, who performs his work by hand. The two points that he has to be most careful about are—to ink the characters equally with his brush, and to avoid tearing the paper when taking the impression. Proclamations, visiting-cards, &c. are all printed in the same manner. An economical way of printing small handbills and advertisements for walls is to cut the characters in *wax* instead of wood; but they soon get blurred, and the printing from them is often almost illegible. From a good wooden block some fifteen thousand sheets can be printed; and when the characters have been sharpened up a little, it is possible to obtain eight or ten thousand more impressions.—*Chambers's Journal*.

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#### NOTES ON GHOSTS AND GOBLINS.

THERE are few subjects more perplexing, on a close examination, than the ideas of men about the supernatural (as distinguished from the religious). Whether we analyse particular superstitions and endeavor

to understand what is actually believed respecting them, or whether, taking a wider view, we consider the origin of the widespread belief in supernatural agencies, we find ourselves beset with difficulties; and



these are only preliminary to the great difficulty of all—that of determining how far it is reasonable or likely that any of the common ideas about the supernatural have any basis of fact whatever.

But the first difficulty to be encountered resides in oneself. I, who write—(the usual “we” will not now serve)—I who write have my superstitions. If I simply had them and believed in them, there would be little difficulty. But I do not believe in them. I know that they exist, because on certain occasions I have felt them in operation. Every reader of these lines must have had similar experiences—vague terrors coming we know not whence, and refusing to be exorcised by reason; the feeling—not momentary though transient—that a sight or sound is not of this world; and other sensations conveying to us a sense of the supernatural which we can neither analyse nor understand, and in which the reason has no real belief.

Perhaps the consideration of this very difficulty may throw some light on our subject, for it often happens that the key to an enigma is indicated by the more perplexing circumstances of the problem. If we dismiss for the moment all those superstitions which may fairly be regarded as derived from early impressions, or as resulting from mere ignorance, and consider the case of well educated, carefully trained, and not weak minded persons, who nevertheless at times experience superstitious tremors, we may perhaps find some circumstances pointing to the very origin of the superstition now so widely entertained.

One well marked feature of these emotions is their occurrence in the hours of darkness. I am not speaking here of the feeling of discomfort and fear which many experience when in the dark. This feeling is itself well worth inquiring into. But I now speak of the circumstance that even those who have no unpleasant sensations when in darkness, are nevertheless only exposed to certain emotions of superstitious terror at such times. Who, for instance, thoroughly enjoys a ghost story if it is told in a well-lighted room? I use the word “enjoy,” because, as a matter of fact, the sensation I am now considering is not by any means a painful one, except in extreme cases, or with persons of weak nerves. It is a mysterious, indefinable thrill, with about the same proportion of pain and pleasure as in the feeling of melan-

choly experienced on certain still, bright days in spring; and it is as difficult to understand why darkness and stillness should be as essential to one feeling as brightness and stillness to the other.

There is a commonplace explanation which ascribes both these feelings to the unconscious recalling of the emotions of childhood. To the child darkness conveys the idea of discomfort. All that is enjoyable to him after darkness has come on, is in the light and warmth of the room where he sits or plays. Cold and gloom are without—in the long passages, in the unused rooms, and in a yet greater degree, outside the house. The childish mind finds, indeed, a strange significance in the words “the outer darkness.” Now, one can understand that any circumstances recalling those feelings of childhood would bring with them a thrill, relieved from pain because reason tells us no real danger is present, and conveying something of pleasure much as the idea of warmth and comfort is suggested by the roar of distant winds, or the sound of rain, when we are sitting in a cozy room. And in like manner one can understand how a bright still day in spring may bring back “in sweet and bitter fancy” the feelings of childhood.

Yet there is more in either sensation than the mere unconscious remembrance of childhood. Something much farther back in our natures, if I may so speak, is touched, when the soul thrills with unintelligible fears. The proof of this is found in the fact that the feeling exists in childhood—nay, is more marked among children than with grown persons. “This kind of fear,” says Charles Lamb, who knew better than most men what it is, “predominates in the period of sinless infancy.” And I think that in the same essay he touches the real solution of the mystery, or rather he presents that higher mystery from which this one takes its origin, when he says, “these terrors are of older standing—they date beyond body.”

There is a curious story in Darwin's latest work, which he uses as an illustration of a theory yet more singular. “My daughter,” he says, “poured some water into a glass close to the head of a kitten, and it immediately shook its feet.” “It is well known,” he had before said, “that cats dislike wetting their feet, owing, it is probable, to their having aboriginally inhabited the dry country of Egypt.” This

explanation may not be the true one; but even if not, the real explanation we may be sure is quite as singular. Now the fact to be explained is analogous to the circumstance we are dealing with. We see in young creatures, like kittens, habits which cannot have been acquired from observation. These habits depend (almost certainly) on inherited peculiarities of the brain's conformation. May it not be that it is so with the superstitious tremors we have been considering? Those fears which affect children too young to know what fear is, those fears which in after life are but partially under the control of reason, may indicate a condition of the brain inherited not from parents or grandparents, but through long lines of descent—even, perhaps, from the ages when to our savage progenitors every unexplained sight or sound might indicate the presence of a lurking enemy. During long ages of savage life the conformation of the brain must have become permanently affected by the mental action resulting from the necessity for continual watchfulness against brute and human enemies. In the dark, particularly, such watchfulness was at once more requisite and more difficult; and it seems by no means unlikely that the anxious feelings which many experience constantly in the dark, as well as those peculiar tremors which are occasionally experienced in the hours of darkness, depend on mental peculiarities inherited from our gloom-fearing savage ancestors.

As respects the ordinary feeling of dread in darkness, although there can be no doubt that it is sometimes engendered by the talk of foolish nurses to young children (and, by the way, what an unhappy thing it is that so many must pass through the mischievous ordeal of training by foolish and ignorant persons), yet it is a mistake to suppose that this is the sole or even the main cause. Some children fear to be in darkness who have never heard of ghost or goblin. "It is not book or picture," says Lamb very justly, "or the stories of foolish servants, which create these terrors in children. They can at most but give them a direction. Dear little T. H., who of all children has been brought up with the most scrupulous exclusion of every taint of superstition—who was never allowed to hear of goblin or apparition, or scarcely to be told of bad men, or to read or hear of any distressing story—finds all

this world of fear from which he has been so rigidly excluded *ab extra* in his own 'thick-coming fancies;' and from his little midnight pillow, this nurse-child of optimism will start at shapes, unborrowed of tradition, in sweats to which the reveries of the cell-damned murderer are tranquillity. Gorgons and Hydras and Chimeras dire—stories of Celeno and the Harpies—may reproduce themselves in the brain of superstition; but they were there before. They are transcripts, types—the archetypes are in us, and eternal."

Another remarkable circumstance in the superstitious impressions which affect those who have no real belief in ghosts and goblins, is the singular intensity of such impressions when aroused (in whatever way) immediately on waking. Especially after dreaming, when the dream has been of an impressive nature, the mind seems exposed to ideas of the supernatural. One often finds it impossible to understand, on waking again in full daylight, how the mind can possibly have entertained the feelings which had made night hideous or distressing. In remembrance, the matter seems like an experience of another person.

In passing it may be noticed that we perhaps owe to dreams many of the common ideas about spiritual agencies. Mr. Herbert Spencer accounts for the earliest belief in the supernatural "by man being led through dreams, shadows, and other causes, to look at himself as a double essence, corporeal and spiritual." And "the spiritual being is supposed to exist after death, and to be powerful." Mr. Tylor also has shown how dreams may have given rise to the notion of spirits; "for savages," says Darwin (stating Tylor's views), "do not readily distinguish between subjective and objective impressions. When a savage dreams, the figures which appear before him are believed to have come from a distance, and to stand over him, or 'the soul of the dreamer goes out on its travels, and comes home with a remembrance of what it has seen.'" "Nevertheless," says Darwin presently, "I cannot but suspect that there is a still earlier and ruder stage, when anything which manifests power or movement is thought to be endowed with some form of life, and with mental faculties analogous to our own."

Another circumstance which seems to have considerable effect in preparing the

mind to entertain superstitious emotions is intense or long-continued brooding on sorrows, and especially on the loss of one dear to us. Mingled with our thoughts at such times, the idea is always more or less consciously entertained that our lately-lost friend is near to us, and knows our thoughts. The reason may be convinced

No spirit ever brake the band,  
That stays him from his native land,  
Where first he walk'd when clasp'd in clay;

while nevertheless something within us teaches (wrongly or rightly, who knows?) that the spirit itself

May come  
When all the nerve of sense is dumb,  
Spirit to spirit, ghost to ghost.

Surely it is not the weak and ignorant alone who have this experience. The mind of strongest mould need not be ashamed to have entertained the thought, to have even prayed the prayer,—

Descend, and touch, and enter; hear  
The wish, too strong for words to name,  
That in this blindness of the frame  
My Ghost may feel that thine is near.

Under the influence of emotions such as these the mind is prepared to be deceived. It is at such times that visions of the departed have been seen. I do not here speak of visions called up out of nothing—the healthy mind cannot be so far betrayed—but of visions none the less imaginary. The mind has no creative power to *form* such visions, except when there is diseased and abnormal action; but it possesses a power to combine real objects so as to form pictures of the unreal, and this power is singularly active in the time of sorrowing for a near and dear friend.

It is probable that the experience of every reader of these lines will supply instances in point. Sometimes the deception of the mind is singularly complete, inasmuch that it is only by the determination to approach the seeming vision that the ghost-seer is able to remove the impression. I will cite an instance which occurred to myself, as somewhat aptly illustrating the principal circumstances tending to make such illusions effective:—

My mother died during the long vacation of my first year at Cambridge. It chanced that I was in Germany at the time, and I suffered much distress of mind from the thought that I had been enjoying a pleasure tour during the days of her last

illness. Letters had followed me from place to place, but it was only the circumstance of my staying my journey one Sunday at Heidelberg which enabled me to receive news from England; and I only reached home in time to attend her funeral. Yet the full effect of these circumstances was only experienced when I found myself again settled in my rooms at Cambridge. There is a singular mixture of society and solitude in university life, which at times of trouble produces unpleasant feelings. Throughout the day there is abundant opportunity for intercourse with friends; but although amongst one's college friends are some who will be friends for life, yet at the time the interchange of ideas even with these special friends relates almost wholly to college work or college interests. There is nothing homelike in social arrangements at college. So soon as the "oak is sported" for the evening a lonely feeling is apt to come on, which affects even some of those who have no recent sorrows to brood over. There is a refuge in hard reading. But hard reading, in my case, had come to an end on my mother's death. I had so far accustomed myself to associate college successes with the idea of pleasure given to her that I now looked with aversion on my former studies. They could no longer gain the prize I had alone cared for. I ought, no doubt, to have had quite other feelings; but I speak of the effects I actually experienced. Now, whether the breaking up of my old plans for work had upset me, or in whatever way it happened, I certainly had never found college life so lonely and unpleasant as during the first term of my second year. And it seems to me likely that the low spirits from which I then suffered may have had something to do with the singular instance of self-deception I have now to relate:—I had on one evening been particularly, I may say unreasonably, low-spirited. I had sat brooding for hours over dismal thoughts. These thoughts had followed me to bed, and I went to sleep still under their influence. I cannot remember my dreams—I did dream, and my dreams were melancholy—but although I had a perfectly clear remembrance of their tenor on first waking,\*

\* One of the most singular facts connected with the condition of the brain during and directly after sleep, is this, that although on waking one may recollect every circumstance of a dream, and even go carefully over the events of the dream with

they had passed altogether from my recollection the next morning. It is to be noted, however, that I was under the influence of sorrowful dreams when I woke. At this time the light of a waning moon was shining into the room. I opened my eyes, and saw, without surprise or any conscious feeling of fear,—my mother standing at the foot of the bed. She was not “in her habit as she lived,” but “clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.” Her face was pale, though not with the pallor of life, her expression sorrowful, and tears which glistened in the moonlight stood in her eyes. And now a strange mental condition followed. My reason told me that I was deceived by appearances, that the figure I saw was neither my mother’s spirit nor an unreal vision. I felt certain I was not looking at “a phantom of the brain which would show itself without;” and I felt equally certain that no really existent spirit was there before me. Yet the longer I looked, the more perfect appeared the picture. I racked my memory to recall any object in my bedroom which could be mistaken for a shrouded ghost; but my memory was busy recalling the features of the dead, and my brain (against the action of my will) was tracing these features in the figure which stood before me. The deception grew more and more complete until I could have spoken aloud as to a living person. Meantime my mind had suggested and at once rejected the idea of a trick played me by one of my college friends. I felt a perfect assurance that whatever it was which stood before me, it was not a breathing creature self-restrained into absolute

the express object of impressing them on the memory, yet if one sleeps again the whole seems, on our next waking, to have vanished completely from the memory. One can barely remember the circumstance that there had been the desire to retain the recollection of the dream. I doubt even whether this is not generally forgotten; so that in fact in most cases there is nothing to recall either the dream or the first waking thoughts concerning it. There is a story of a person who solved a mathematical problem in his sleep, and found the solution written out on his desk, yet had no recollection of having left his bed for the purpose. Something similar once occurred to myself; but I could just recall the circumstance that I had got up to put on paper the ideas which had occurred to me in sleep. I wish I could make the story complete by saying the solution was singularly ingenious, and so on; but truth compels me to admit that it was utter rubbish. I could not have been in the full possession of my faculties—though seemingly wide awake—when I wrote it out as something worth remembering.

stillness. How long I remained gazing at the figure I cannot remember; but I know that I continued steadfastly looking at it until I had assured myself that (to my mind in its probably unhealthy condition) the picture was perfect in all respects. At last I raised my head from the pillow intending to draw nearer to the mysterious figure. But it was quite unnecessary. I had not raised my head three inches before the ghost was gone, and in its place—or rather, not in its place, but five or six feet farther away, *hung my college surplice*. It was quite impossible to restore the illusion by resuming my former position. The mind, which a moment before had been so completely deceived, rejected completely even the idea of resemblance. There was nothing even in the arrangement of the folds of the surplice to justify in the slightest degree an illusion which nevertheless had been perfect while it lasted. Only one feature of the apparition was accounted for. I have said that the eyes shone with tears: the explanation was rather commonplace; over my surplice I had hung a rowing belt and the silvered buckles (partly concealed by the folds of the surplice) shone in the moonlight.

The event here narrated suggests the explanation of many ghost stories which have been related with perfect good faith. I believe the imagination only acts so as to deceive the mind completely when the latter has been painfully affected and is in an unhealthy condition. When this is the case, and a vision of some departed friend is conjured up out of realities indistinctly seen, the effect on the mind will depend greatly on the ideas entertained by the victim of the illusion on the subject of ghosts and visions generally. A believer in ghosts will be too startled to inquire further. If (as happens in many instances of the kind) he can retreat from the dread presence, he will commonly do so, and remain satisfied ever after that *he* at least has “seen a ghost.” And in this way, I doubt little, many veracious persons have been led to add their evidence in favor of the common notions about ghosts and visions.

It is a singular circumstance, however, that sometimes several persons may be deceived by an illusion such as we have been considering. There is an instance of this kind in a book on the supernatural which I read many years ago. I cannot



at the moment recall the name. It dealt with all forms of mental deception,—mesmerism, witchcraft, necromancing, and so on. In the part relating to visions, it cited the case of Sir Walter Scott, who soon after the death of Byron, and while his mind was dwelling on the painful circumstances of that event, saw in the dusk of a large room a vision of the poet which presently *resolved itself into furniture*. Then came the case I have in my thoughts. As nearly as I can remember, the story ran thus:—A gentleman who had lately lost his wife, looking out of the window in the dusk of the evening, saw her sitting in a garden chair. He called one of his daughters and asked her to look out into the garden. "Why," she said, "mother is sitting there." Another daughter was called, and she experienced the same illusion. Then the gentleman went out into the garden, and found that a garden-dress of his wife's had been placed over the seat in such a position as to produce the illusion which had deceived himself and his daughters.

I know of a more curious instance, where no explanation was ever found, simply because the deceived persons were too frightened to seek for one. In a house in Ireland a girl lay dying. Her mother and father were with her; and her five sisters were praying for her in a neighboring room. This room was well lit, but overhead there was a skylight and the dark sky beyond. One of the sisters looking up towards this skylight, saw there the face of her dying sister looking sorrowfully down upon them. She seized another sister by the hand and pointed to the skylight; and one after another the sisters looked where she pointed. They spoke no word; and in a few moments their father and mother called them to the room where their sister had just died; but when afterwards they talked together about what had happened that night, it was found that *they had all seen the vision of the sorrowful face*.

A remarkable circumstance in these and many other instances of supposed visions, is the utterly unreasonable nature of the supposition actually made in the mind of the ghost-seer. In the stories where a ghost appears for some useful purpose, as to show where treasure has been concealed or to reveal the misdeeds of some person still living, the mind does not reject the event as altogether unreasonable though

the circumstances may be (and commonly are) sufficiently preposterous. But one can conceive no reason whatever why a departed wife and mother should make her appearance in a garden-chair on a dusky evening, and still less why the vision of a dying sister should look down through a skylight. It is singular that on this account alone the mind does not reject the illusion in such cases.

Among the most perplexing circumstances in the common belief about ghosts, are the accepted ideas about ghostly habiliments. For instance, why should so many ghosts be clothed in white? If the answer is that grave-clothes are white, we may inquire what a ghost wants with grave-clothes? It might as well refuse to appear without a coffin. And then, many ghosts have appeared in their habit as they lived. If we inquire what is the real conception in the ghost-seer's mind as to the nature of the vision, we find a difficulty in understanding what idea is formed by the real believer in ghosts respecting the vestments in which spirits make their appearance. This is an old difficulty. In fact, it has probably occurred to every one who has thought over a ghost story. So soon as we come to the description of the ghost's vestments there is always a hitch in the story. For my own part, I must have been a very small child indeed, when I first pondered over the question, Who made the ghost's clothes?

Of course there is no difficulty in the case of those who believe only in ghostly apparitions as phantoms of the brain. Here a distinction must be drawn. I am not speaking of those who regard such apparitions as either due to a diseased action of the brain or to the power of fancy in forming from real objects, indistinctly seen, the picture of a departed friend; but of those who look on visions of the dead as produced by supernatural impressions on the brain. Those who think that at the will of the dead a vision may be caused to appear, can of course understand that this vision would either be clothed in the garb which had been worn during life, or in grave-clothes, or in such other dress as suited the circumstances under which the vision appeared. But this view is not ordinarily adopted by those who regard apparitions as supernatural phenomena. They commonly regard the phantom as something really existent in the place

where it is apparently seen. The dead person is *there* in some form; some essential entity representing him has the power to transport itself from the place of the departed into the presence of the living. This ordinary idea of ghostly visions is aptly rendered in Hamlet's address to the ghost. He does not speak of it as a vision, but *to* it as something real, although not understood:—

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,  
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from  
hell,  
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
Thou comest in such questionable shape,  
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet:  
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!  
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell  
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,  
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,  
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,  
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,  
To cast thee up again.

Nor does the poet shrink from investing the ghost with the garb of life. This had been already shown in the first scene. "Such," says Horatio, "was the very armour he had on, when he the ambitious Norway combatted." And now Hamlet asks—

What may this mean,  
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,  
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature  
So horribly to shake our disposition  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?  
Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should we  
do?

Again, it is curious how thoroughly the conventional idea of a ghost or goblin is associated with the thought of a shrouded face. It may be that this is partly due to the circumstance that while the imagination may quite commonly present to us the idea of a vision in all points complete except in the face, it can be but rarely that real objects are mistaken for the actual features of a deceased friend. Be this as it may, the ghost has been pictured with concealed face from time immemorial. So Flaxman draws the ghosts encountered by Ulysses in Hades, and no really fearful ghost has shown its face since the days when fear came upon Eliphaz, the Temanite, "and trembling which made all his bones to shake; when a spirit passed be-

fore his face and the hair of his flesh stood up; and the spirit stood still, but he *could not discern the form thereof*."

It is curious that children, when they try to frighten each other by "making ghosts," cover their heads. There is another singular trick they have—they make horns to their heads with their forefingers. Why should horns be regarded as peculiarly horrible? The idea can scarcely be referred to the times of our savage ancestors, for the creatures they had chiefly to fear were certainly not the horned animals. Yet the conventional devil is horned, and, moreover, "divideth the hoof," and is therefore a ruminating animal.\* Did our savage ancestors keep their children in order by frightening them with stories about their horned cattle? It is certain at least that among the most portentous forms known to those children must have been the oxen and goats which formed a principal feature of their surroundings.

It must be admitted that there is something particularly hideous in a long horned face. I remember an instance where the sudden appearance of such a face, or what I took to be such, caused me a degree of discomfort certainly not justified by the occasion. Singularly enough, the event belongs to the period of my life to which I have already referred; and I may as well note that at no time either before or since have I even for a moment (and against the will of the mind), mistaken commonplace objects for either "spirit of health" or "goblin damn'd."

During the last weeks of the long vacation already mentioned I went alone to Blackpool in Lancashire. There I took lodgings in a house facing the sea. My sitting-room was on the ground-floor. On a warm autumn night I was reading with the window open; but the blind was down and was waving gently to and fro in the wind. It happened that I was reading a book on demonology; moreover, I had been startled earlier in the evening by prolonged shrieks from an upper room in the house, where my landlady's sister, who

\* Mistakenly understood generally to signify "doubtful." What is meant is obviously "a shape as of one to whom questions can be addressed."

\* The conventional dragon is a Pterodactylan reptile. Ruskin will have it that Turner's picture of the Dragon guarding the Hesperidan apples was a mental evolution of a saurian reptile; but Turner himself said he got the idea of his dragon at a pantomime at Drury Lane. *Utrum horum magis accipit.* It is a wide range from the greensand to the greenroom.

was very ill, had had an hysterical fit. I had just read to the end of a long and particularly horrible narrative when I was disturbed by the beating of the curtain—the wind having risen somewhat—and I got up to close the window. As I turned round for the purpose the curtain rose gently and disclosed a startling object. A fearful face was there, black, long, and hideous, and surmounted by two monstrous horns. Its eyes, large and bright, gleamed horribly, and a mouth garnished with immense teeth grinned at me. Then the curtain slowly descended. But I knew the horrible thing was there. I waited, by no means comfortably, while the curtain fluttered about, showing parts of the black monster. At last it rose again so as to disclose the whole face. But the face had lost its horror for me. For *the horns were gone*. Instead of the two nearly upright horns which before had shown black and frightful against the light background of sea and sky, there were two sloped ears as unmistakably asinine as I felt myself at the moment. When I went to the window (which before I felt unable to approach) I saw that several stray donkeys were wandering through the front gardens of the row of houses to which my lodgings belonged. It is possible that the inquisitive gentleman who had looked in at my window was attracted by the flapping curtain, which he may have taken for something edible. “If so,” I remarked to myself, “two of your kind have been deceived to-night.”

It would be easy to fill page after page with the details of the various ideas entertained about ghosts, goblins, and demons. Such ideas extend not only to the appearance of such beings, their apparel, appurtenances, and so on, but to the *tricks* which they make either of themselves or by means of various supernatural objects which they are supposed to carry about with them. Thus,—

The sheeted dead  
Did *squeak* and gibber in the Roman streets  
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell.

And it is to be noted that as ghosts commonly show no face, so few have been known to speak with full voice. This may be because the noises heard at the hours when ghosts are seen are not such as can be by any possibility mistaken for the human voice in its ordinary tones, while, nevertheless, an excited imagination

can frame spoken words out of the strange sounds which can be heard in almost every house in the stillness of night. This also serves to account for the notion that ghosts can clank chains, or make other dismal noises. Sounds heard at night are highly deceptive; a small noise close by is taken for a loud noise at a distance (not necessarily a very great distance); and a noise made by objects of one kind will be mistaken for noises made by objects of a different kind altogether. A friend of mine told me he had been disturbed two nights running by a sound as of an army tramping down a road which passed some 200 yards from his house: he found the third night (I had suggested an experimental test as to the place whence the sound came) that the noise was produced by a clock in the next house, the clock having been newly placed against the party wall. We all know Carlyle's story of the ghostly voice heard each evening by a low-spirited man—a voice as if one, in like doleful dumps, proclaiming, “once I was hap-hap-happy, but now I am meeserable”—and how the ghost resolved itself into a rusty kitchen-jack. There is a case of a lady who began to think herself the victim of some delusion, and perhaps threatened by approaching illness, because each night, about a quarter-of-an-hour after she had gone to bed, she heard a hideous din in the neighborhood of her house, or else (she was uncertain which) in some distant room. The noise was in reality the slightest possible creak (within a few feet of her pillow, however), and produced by the door of a wardrobe which she closed every night just before getting into bed. The door, about a quarter-of-an-hour after being closed, recovered its position of rest, slightly beyond which it had been pushed in closing. In another case the crawling of a snail across a window produced sounds which were mistaken for the strains of loud but distant music.

It is, perhaps, not going too far to say that our modern spirits who deal in noise-making as well as in furniture-tilting (of yet more marvellous feats we say nothing), are not unacquainted with the means by which the ear may be deceived as in the cases just considered. Some sounds said to be heard during dark *séances* suggest the suspicion.

It will be seen that the opinion to which

I incline—as the best and perhaps only natural interpretation of events supposed to be supernatural—is that real sights and sounds are modified by the imagination, either excited or diseased, into seemingly supernatural occurrences. It does not seem to me likely that in any large proportion of recorded (and presumable veracious) ghost-stories, there has been an actual phantom of the brain. Such phantoms are sometimes seen, no doubt, and unreal voices are sometimes heard; but the condition of the brain which leads to such effects must be regarded as altogether exceptional. Certainly it is not common. On the contrary, the play of fancy by which images are formed from objects in no way connected with the picture raised in the mind is a common phenomenon. Although some minds possess the faculty more fully than others, few actually want it. I suppose there is not one person in a thousand who cannot see “faces in the fire,” for instance, though to some the pictures so produced are much more vivid than to others. Dickens tells us that in travelling through a cleared region in America at night, the trees by the roadside seemed to assume the most startling resemblance to different objects—now an old man sitting in a chair, now a funeral urn, and so on. Doubtless, not every traveller along the road under the same circumstances would have found so many fanciful tree-pictures formed for him, or perhaps any formed so distinctly, as did Dickens, with his lively imagination and wealth of mind-images. Yet probably very few persons travel along a tree-covered region in the deeper dusk of evening without fancying that the trees shape themselves into strange forms of living or inanimate objects.

But the important point to be noticed is that when the mind is deeply occupied with particular thoughts the imagination is more likely to conjure up pictures connected with those thoughts than such random pictures as are formed when the mind is not so preoccupied. If we admit this—and I conceive that there can be very little doubt on the point—we can dispose very readily of the argument from coincidence, advanced by those who believe that the spirits of the dead sometimes come visibly into the presence of the living. I present this argument as urged in an analogous case (that of visions

at the moment of death) by a late eminent mathematician, whose belief in the possibility at least of many things which are commonly regarded as superstitions was so well known that no apology need here be made for touching on the subject. After speaking on the general subject of coincidences, De Morgan thus, in language less simple than he commonly employs, presents the argument for spectral apparitions (at the moment of the death of the person so appearing):—“The great *ghost-paradox* and its theory of coincidence will rise to the surface in the mind of everyone. But the use of the word *coincidence* is here at variance with its common meaning. When A is constantly happening, and also B, the occurrence of A and B at the same moment is the mere coincidence which may be casualty.” (That is, this is a coincidence of the common kind.) “But the case before us is that A is constantly happening” (here by A, De Morgan means a death, as he explains further on, but the explanation should come in at this point) “while B” (the spectral appearance of the person who dies), “when it does happen, almost always happens with A, and very rarely without it. That is to say, such is the phenomenon asserted; and all who rationally refer it to casualty affirm that B is happening very often as well as A, but that it is not thought worthy of being recorded except when A is simultaneous.” I must venture to express my dissent from this statement: it seems to me incredible that any person would, as De Morgan asserts, *rationaly* affirm that spectral appearances are “very often” seen. “In talking of this subject,” he proceeds, “it is necessary to put out of the question all who play fast and loose with their secret convictions: these had better give us a reason, when they feel internal pressure for explanation, that there is no weathercock at Kilve: this would do for all cases. But persons of real inquiry will see that, first, experience does not bear out the asserted frequency of the spectre, without the alleged coincidence of death; and secondly, that if the crowd of purely casual spectres were so great that it is no wonder that now and then the person should have died at or near the moment, we ought to expect a much larger proportion of cases in which the spectre should come at the moment of the death of one or another of all the cluster



who are closely connected with the original of the spectre." (This is not very distinct: any wrong spectre, with or without close connection with any particular moribund, would seem to serve De Morgan's purpose in this argument equally well. He seems to insist, however, on the fact—undoubtedly such—that if spectres were commonly appearing, without reference to the deaths of individuals, cases should happen pretty frequently where a spectre appears which is not that of a person then dying, but of some near relative. I feel by no means sure, however, that I have rightly caught De Morgan's meaning.) "But this," he proceeds, "is, we know, almost without example. It remains then, for all who speculate at all, to look upon the asserted phenomenon, think what they may of it, the thing which is to be explained, as a *connection* in time of the death, and the simultaneous appearance of the dead. Any person the least used to the theory of probabilities will see that purely casual coincidence, the *wrong spectre* being comparatively so rare that it may be said never to occur, is not within the rational field of possibility."

I have quoted this argument because it applies equally well to the case of spectral appearances after death. The right spectre is always seen, so far as is known, and it appears always on a suitable occasion (at least, an occasion as nearly suitable as the case permits).

It must be admitted, however, that the explanation does not cover the facts of all ghost-stories. There are some narratives which, if accepted in all their details, appear to admit of no explanation other than that which refers the events described to supernatural causes. But it must not be forgotten that these narratives have come in every instance from believers in ghosts and spirits; and without questioning the veracity of particular narrators, we may yet not unfairly point out that it is not absolutely impossible that at some stage or other, either in the events related or in the handing down of the story, some degree of deception may have come in. Tricks *have* been played in these matters, beyond all possibility of question. Untruths *have* been told also. The person who doubts a narrative of the marvellous is not bound to say *where* he suspects that some mistake has been made, some deception practised, some statement made which

is not strictly veracious. He may not wish to say, or he may even be very far from believing, that the narrator is a trifle foolish or not quite honest. He may put faith in the persons cited as authorities for the narrative; and he may even carry his faith, as well in the sense as in the honesty of the persons concerned, a step or two farther. Yet he may still find room for doubt. Or again, he may have very little faith, and very ample room for doubt, and yet may have valid reasons for not wishing to state as much. Persons who tell marvellous stories ought not to press too earnestly for their auditor's opinion. It is neither fair nor wise.

As an instance of a story which has been unwisely insisted upon by believers in the supernatural, I take the marvellous narrative of M. Bach and the old spinet. As given in outline by Professor Wallace, it runs thus:—"M. Leon Bach purchased at an old curiosity shop in Paris a very ancient but beautiful *spinet* as a present to his father (a great-grandson of Bach, the great composer), a musical amateur. The next night the elder Bach dreamt that he saw a handsome young man, dressed in old court costume, who told him that the spinet had been given to him by his master King Henry. He then said he would play on it an air, with words composed by the King, in memory of a lady he had greatly loved; he did so, and M. Bach woke in tears, touched by the pathos of the song. He went to sleep again, and on waking in the morning was amazed to find on his bed a sheet of paper, on which were written, in very old characters, both words and music of the song he had heard in his dreams. It was said to be by Henry III., and the date inscribed on the spinet was a few years earlier. M. Bach, completely puzzled, showed the music to his friends, and among them were some spiritualists, from whom he heard, for the first time, their interpretation of the phenomena. Now comes the most wonderful part of the history. M. Bach became himself a writing medium; and through his hand was written involuntarily a statement that inside the spinet, in a secret niche near the key-board, was a parchment, nailed in the case, containing the lines written by King Henry when he gave the instrument to his musician. The four-line stanza, which it was said would be found on the parchment, was also given, and was fol-

lowed by the signature — Baldazzarini. Father and son then set to work to search for this hidden scroll, and after some two hours' close examination found, in a narrow slit, a piece of old parchment about eleven inches by three, containing, in very old writing, nearly the same words which M. Bach had written, and signed—Henry. This parchment was taken to the Bibliothèque Impériale, and submitted to experienced antiquarians, and was pronounced to be an undoubtedly genuine autograph of Henry III.

"This is the story," says Prof. Wallace, and proceeds to dwell on the care with which Mr. Owen, who narrates it (in *The Debatable Land between this World and the Next*), had examined all the details. "Not content with ascertaining these facts at first hand, and obtaining photographs of the spinet and parchment" (!) "of both of which he gives good representations, Mr. Owen sets himself to hunt up historical confirmation of the story, and after much research and many failures, he finds that Baltasarini was an Italian musician, who came to France in 1577, and was in great favor with Henry III.; that the King was passionately attached to Marie de Cleves, who became wife of the Prince de Condé, and that several of the allusions to her in the verses corresponded to what was known of her history. Other minuter details were found to be historically accurate." (In other words "the bricks are alive this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.") "Mr. Owen also carefully discusses the nature of the evidence, the character of the persons concerned, and the possibility of deception. M. Bach is an old man of high character; and to suppose that he suddenly and without conceivable motives planned and carried out a most elaborate and complicated imposture, is to suppose what is wholly incredible." (That is, we must not suppose so because we cannot suppose so.) "Mr. Owen shows further that the circumstances are such that M. Bach could not have been an impostor even had he been so inclined, and concludes by remarking, 'I do not think dispassionate readers will accept such violent improbabilities. But if not, what interesting suggestions touching spirit-intercourse and spirit-identity connect themselves with this simple narrative of M. Bach's spinet!'"

Here is a story which to most readers,

I venture to say, appears absurd on the face of it, suggesting not "interesting," but utterly ludicrous "ideas of spirit intercourse;" yet we are to believe it, or else indicate exactly how our doubts are divided between Mr. Owen himself (who may have been somewhat misled by his evidence), the Bachs, father and son, the spiritualist friends who instructed M. Bach how to become "a writing medium," and so on.

Again, we are to believe all such stories unless we are prepared with an explanation of every circumstance. It seems to me that it would be as reasonable for a person who had witnessed some ingenious conjuring tricks to insist that they should be regarded as supernatural, unless his hearers were prepared to explain the exact way in which they had been managed. Indeed, the stress laid by the superstitious on narratives such as those related by Mr. Owen, is altogether unwarrantable in the presence of all that is known about the nature and the laws of evidence. In works like Mr. Owen's the author is witness, judge, and advocate (especially advocate) in one. Those who do not agree with him have not only no power of cross-examining, but they commonly have neither time nor inclination to obtain specific evidence on their side of the question. It requires indeed some considerable degree of faith in the supernatural to undertake the deliberate examination of the evidence adduced for ghost stories,—by which I mean, not the study of the story as related, but the actual questioning of the persons concerned, as well as an examination of the scene and all the circumstances of the event. Thus I cannot see any force in the following remarks by Professor Wallace:—"How is such evidence as this," he says, speaking of one of Owen's stories, "refuted or explained away? Scores, and even hundreds of equally attested facts are on record, but no attempt is made to explain them. They are simply ignored, and in many cases admitted to be inexplicable. Yet this is not quite satisfactory, as any reader of Mr. Owen's book will be inclined to admit. *Punch* once made a Yankee debtor say—

This debt I have repudiated long ago;  
'Tis therefore settled. Yet this Britisher  
Keeps for repayment worrying me still!

So our philosophers declare that they have long ago decided these ghost stories to be

all delusions; *therefore* they need only be ignored; and they feel much 'worried,' that fresh evidence should be adduced, and fresh converts made, some of whom are so unreasonable as to ask for a new trial, on the ground that the former verdict was contrary to the evidence."

All this affords excellent reason why the "converts" should not be ridiculed for their belief; but something more to the purpose must be urged before "the philosophers" can be expected to devote very much of their time to the inquiry suggested. It ought to be shown that the well-being of the human race is to some important degree concerned in the matter, whereas the trivial nature of all ghostly conduct hitherto recorded is admitted even by "converts." It ought to be observed that the principles of scientific research can be applied to this inquiry; whereas before spirits were in vogue the contrary was absolutely the case, while it is scarcely going

too far to say that even the behavior of spirits is to be tested only by "converts," and in the dark. It ought, lastly, to be shown that the "scores and even hundreds" of well-attested facts, admittedly singular, and even, let us say, admittedly inexplicable, are not more in number than the singular and *seemingly* inexplicable facts likely to occur (by mere casualty) among the millions of millions of events which are continually occurring; but this is very far from having been as yet demonstrated; on the contrary, when we consider the scores and hundreds, and even thousands of facts which, though they have been explained, yet seemed for awhile (and might have remained for ever) inexplicable, the wonder rather is that not a few books like Mr. Owen's, but whole libraries of books, have not been filled with the records of even more singular and inexplicable events.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

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#### THE QUEEN OF LETTER-WRITERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRABEAU," ETC.

WE prize, and justly, the gossiping chronicler far beyond the grave historian. Descriptions of marches and counter-marches, battles lost and won, treaties, laws and edicts, are but insipid reading, and are much alike, whether we call the book the history of Rome or of France. For the idiosyncrasies of an age we must turn to the pages of the gossips, who, instead of lay figures dressed in toga or velvet, which might be shifted from one to the other with as much ease as they shift the costumes of waxen effigies, give us men and women of flesh and blood. This it is which gives such charm and value to the writings of Evelyn, Pepys, Grammont, and above all to those of Madame de Sévigné.

Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Baroness de Chantal and Bourbilly, was born in Burgundy, in the château of Bourbilly, on the 5th of February, 1627. She was only a few months old when her father, the Baron de Chantal, died, fighting against the English in the Isle of Rhé; five years afterwards she lost her mother, and from that time her maternal uncle, Christophe, Abbé of Livry, became a second father to

her. Her education, in those days, when young ladies were taught little more than to read, write, dance and embroider, was unusually good, embracing as it did a knowledge of Latin, Spanish, and Italian; and these advantages were cultivated throughout her life by a great love of reading.

At eighteen, Marie must have been a very charming girl, not so much by beautiful regularity of features as by the wonderful expressiveness of that countenance which the pencil of Mignard has handed down to posterity. She was somewhat over tall, but her figure was good; her voice was pleasing, her complexion clear, her eyes brilliant although small, and her hair was of the most beautiful blonde.

"Know, madame, if by chance you do not know it, that your mind so adorns and embellishes your person that, when you are animated by an unrestrained conversation, there is nothing on earth so beautiful as yourself. Every word you utter has such a charm and becomes you so well; the sparkle of your wit gives such a brilliance to your complexion and your eyes, that, although one may suppose that language should only affect the ear, it is certain that yours enchants the eyes; and while listening to you, although we may perceive that your features lack something of

regularity, yet we are compelled to acknowledge that they possess the highest of all beauty."

So wrote to her her friend Madame de la Fayette.

It was at the age of eighteen, that her uncle married her to a gay young cavalier, the Marquis de Sévigné, a gentleman of one of the first houses of Brittany, handsome, elegant, courageous; but dissipated, faithless and debauched.

The young wife was now removed from her solitude at Livry, and introduced into all the gaiety and glitter of Paris. She figured in the ballets at Versailles. Poets wrote verses in her praise; lovers sighed and languished at her feet; but spite of the relaxing atmosphere she breathed, spite of a faithless husband, whose *liaisons* were notorious, not even in the most secret whisperings of court scandal was her name ever lightly uttered; and to be pure in that court was to be a woman picked out of ten thousand. The following epigram was written by La Fontaine upon the occasion of her joining in a game of *colin-maillard* (blind-man's-buff):

"In every way the power to please you prove,  
Each changing aspect adds another grace;  
With bandaged eyes you seem the god of love:  
His mother, when those eyes illumine the face."

The most urgent of her lovers was her cousin, the celebrated Bussy-Rabutin; but his unworthy passion, after repeated repulses, changing to hatred, he endeavored, in his '*Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*,' to tarnish the virtue which he had failed to conquer. As la Vallière was, among others, ridiculed in this book, he fell into disgrace with the king, and was exiled from court for many years. In consequence of these troubles, Madame de Sévigné forgave him, and their correspondence was renewed with, at least an appearance of, cordiality on both sides.

In 1645 she succeeded in enticing her husband from the allurements of Paris to one of his estates near Vitré, in Brittany. This spot (Les Rochers), from which so many of her most charming letters are dated, and which, more than any other, must ever be connected with her memory, is thus beautifully pictured by Lamartine:

"The château was raised upon an eminence, at the base of which murmured a small river, following its course between blocks of granite, rendered verdant by shrubs; the few openings were darkened by the sweeping shadows of chestnuts, oaks and beeches; cultivated fields and green lawns, dyed with the golden blossoms of

the broom, were bordered by hedges of holly and thorn; wide plains lay to the left, bounded by a curtain of fog, through which occasionally glistened the rays of the sun on the surface of some pond. The melancholy of the spot communicated itself to the mind; vestiges of former magnificence gave the house, notwithstanding, a stamp of antiquity and nobility. On the side of Vitré were long avenues, planted with rows of old trees and paved with large blocks of broken and mouldering stone. The building was and still is composed of a low keep, flanked by two towers, the corners of which were ornamented with heads of monsters roughly sculptured in stone. A third tower contained the winding staircase, which was traversed at intervals by a ray of light falling obliquely through loopholes in the massive walls. Large bare halls, whose vaulted ceilings were supported by black beams, welcomed the young couple."

Here in 1647 she gave birth to a son, and the following year to a daughter, the afterwards celebrated Madame de Grignan.

In the meantime, her husband had returned to Paris and to his old dissolute courses, while she remained at Les Rochers, devoting herself to the training of her two children. A quarrel with the Chevalier d'Albert over a celebrated courtesan, known in the scandalous chronicles of the time as Lolo, resulting in a duel, put an end to the career of the Marquis de Sévigné, and left his wife a widow at twenty-five.

All her thoughts, care, and affection were now devoted to her children, or rather, to her daughter; for she had little or none to spare for her son. Perhaps there was little in him to inspire love. Ninon l'Enclos\* summarised him thus: "He has a soul of pap, and the heart of a cucumber fried in snow." While Rochefoucauld said of him, that "His greatest ambition would have been to die for a love he did not feel."

For only one man after her husband's death did the beautiful widow ever evince any feeling of tenderness, although it is said that even the Prince de Conti and the great Turenne were among her adorers.

\* Ninon l'Enclos was a notorious courtesan, to find a parallel for whom we must go back to the days of Aspasia. There was a strange fatality about the woman in respect to Madame de Sévigné: it was she who was one of the first to seduce from her the marquis's affections; her son became desperately enamoured of the frail beauty, which had not lost its charms at fifty; and her grandson, the son of Madame de Grignan, learnt the graces at the table of the ever-green Ninon.



The exception was the celebrated and unfortunate Fouquet; and doubtless the sympathy which she felt and so undisguisedly expressed for his misfortunes was one of the causes of that dislike which the king always manifested towards her.

As I have said in the last paragraph, Madame de Sévigné was the friend of Fouquet, whom Louis hated with an animosity for which history has scarcely handed down sufficient cause. Again, she was descended from a family who had fought on the side of the Fronde, and still worse, she secretly sympathised with Jansenism, and numbered its supporters among her most intimate friends. The disfavor in which she was held at court repelled all suitors for her hand; for Louis was a bashaw, and whom he frowned upon was shunned by the servile courtiers, who trembled at the thought of the royal face looking cold upon them. It was not for nothing that Racine died of the very thought of his displeasure!

But the beautiful widow's happiness, fortunately for her, did not depend upon such favor. She retired from the uncongenial atmosphere of Versailles, and amidst the delightful companionship of books and the still more delightful society of such women and men as Madame de la Fayette, Rochefoucauld, Corneille, Turenne, Bossuet, the Cardinal de Retz, Pascal, La Fontaine, Fénelon, Molière, and above all of that daughter her love for whom amounted almost to a madness, she passed a happy, joyous life. Whether in her cabinet writing letters, or reading 'Don Quixote' or Nicole, Ariosto or Pascal, Rabelais or St. Augustine, Rochefoucauld or sentimental romances, Montaigne or Tasso, whether meditating among the green silent alleys of Les Rochers or Livry, or changing repartees with La Fontaine in the gay *salons* of Paris, tossing about the hay in the meadows or dancing at Versailles, in every situation she was equally at home, equally happy. And thus passed away the young years of her life.

That same court disfavor which had condemned her to perpetual widowhood affected in an equal degree the matrimonial prospects of her daughter; for although Mlle. de Sévigné grew up to be one of the most beautiful and accomplished girls in France, yet, to her mother's intense mortification, she received no offers

of marriage. At length, however, a match was made with the Count de Grignan, an ugly and unamiable middle-aged widower of two wives—not a very brilliant alliance for "the prettiest girl in France," as Bussy-Rabutin used to call her. It has been said that Madame de Sévigné's principal motive in selecting such a son-in-law was the hope that she would be able always to keep her daughter near her. But in this she was cruelly disappointed, as sixteen months after the marriage the Count de Grignan was appointed lieutenant-governor of Provence.

But to this separation the world owes the larger number of those charming epistles which have immortalised the name of Sévigné. No such letters as these exist in the French or any other language. They are unique in their kind; no thought of publication ever entered the writer's mind, they were written only for the amusement of her daughter; hence their charm. The image of no sneering critic restrained her facile pen. Its object was to tell her darling child how much she loved her, how she herself lived, and thought, and read; to tell all the rumors, all the *bon mots*, all the gossip of the court, all the anecdotes and good stories of their mutual friends; to discuss war and religion; to describe the last new Paris fashion, and dissert upon the writings of St. Augustine; and this she has accomplished with a wit, a verve, an *abandon*, and a power of description, which have won the unqualified admiration of the whole educated world.

The pain this separation cost her is vividly expressed in the following extracts from her *first* letter to Madame de Grignan:

1671. "My grief would be very poor could I describe it to you. I will not undertake to do so. In vain I seek my dear child; I cannot find her, and every step she takes removes her farther from me. Then I go weeping and feeling as though I should die. It seems as if my heart and soul had been torn from my body. What a terrible separation! I asked to be alone; they took me into Madame de Housset's chamber; they made me a fire. Agnes watched me without speaking; that was our bargain. I remained there, sobbing unceasingly, for five hours. At eight o'clock I return from Madame de la Fayette; but, entering here, great heavens! can you understand what I feel in mounting these stairs? This chamber, which I was always in—I found the doors open, but saw all was vacant, all was in disorder, and your little girl, who so reminds me of my own. Can you understand all that I suffer? All night I lay awake, oppressed by gloomy thoughts, and the morning light found me no

more composed in mind. The afternoon was passed with Madame la Troche at the Arsenal. In the evening I received your letter, which put me in the highest transports."

The records of the remaining years of Madame de Sévigné's life are to be found in her letters. Those years were uneventful enough; some were passed in Paris, some in Brittany, some in Provence. Here is a delightful picture of her life at Les Rochers, pencilled by her own hand:

"We lead such a regular life that it would be impossible to be ill. We rise at eight o'clock, and usually until nine, when the bell rings for mass, I enjoy the freshness of the woods. After mass we dress, we exchange the courtesies of the morning, we gather flowers from the orange-tree, we dine, we read or work until five. Since my son has been absent I read, to save the weak chest of his wife. At five o'clock I leave her, I go to the delightful avenues, I take my books, change my seat, and vary the direction of my walks; a volume of devotion and a volume of history—I go from one to the other; this gives variety to my occupation. I reflect for a time upon God and his providence; I think of my soul, dream of the future, and at eight o'clock I hear the bell which summons us to supper. Sometimes, perhaps, I have sauntered to a considerable distance; I rejoin my daughter-in-law in her pretty parterre; we form a little society in ourselves; we sup while the twilight lasts. . . . I return with her to the Place Coulanges in the midst of her orange-trees, and I look with a longing eye upon the holy solemnity of the woods appearing through the bars of the beautiful gate which you have never seen. There is an echo—a little voice that whispers in my ears."\*

In these passages, as it has been pointed out by Lamartine, are the first germs of those fancies which afterwards became the soul of Rousseau's and Chateaubriand's writings, and which are the distinguishing features of all poetic minds of the present century—the subtle links and sympathies which bind the soul of man with the soul of nature, the revivification of the beautiful spirit of the antique poetry, that humanised the woods and the rivers and the very elements, feigning them to harmonise with our joys and sorrows, moods and passions. But wherever her body might be, her thoughts, her heart, her soul, were always with the beloved one. Her passionate love of her child in its all-absorbing idolatry is unique in the history of the world. It was, at one and the same time, the happiness and misery of her life, and, as

though Fate desired for once to be consistent, it was the cause of her death.

In 1696, when she was seventy years of age, her daughter was seized with a dangerous and painful illness. At the first intelligence of this disaster she hastened into Provence. Night and day for three months she watched at the beloved one's pillow. As Madame de Grignan began to slowly recover so did the tender mother's strength gradually sink. Twice did that mother give her child life—the second time by the forfeit of her own. But she died happily, for she died in those beloved arms, with her eyes resting upon the beloved face, carrying with her even into the arcanum of the grave the image which had never been absent from her soul in life.

So all-absorbing was this philoprogenitive passion that it left no room for any other love or friendship; it was the one fervid spot in a character otherwise cold and even hard; throughout her hundreds of letters no other person is mentioned in terms of affection, and few even in a tone of interest; at times she even makes a jest of suffering, as when recounting the cruelties practised upon the peasants who revolted in Brittany.

Pure, but no prude, she never parades her purity, never casts a stone at a frail sister, never utters a pharisaical thanksgiving that she is not like unto them. She is singularly open and ingenuous, and an enemy to shams of all kinds. She is above all things mocking, joyous and witty; but beneath the brilliant surface there is a serious, almost melancholy, vein of thought, and a sincere religious faith, that, without clouding her happy disposition, deepened with advancing years. Here is her simple confession of faith:

"You ask me if I am always a little devout—I, who have so little goodness in me. Exactly; that is what I am always; and my great regret is that I am not more so. All the good I can claim for myself is that I understand my religion and its meaning. I do not take the false for the true; I know what is good, and what has only the appearance of goodness. I hope that I am not mistaken upon that point, and that God, having already given me good sense, will continue to do so; past blessing, in some sort guarantee those which are to come. Thus I live in confidence, mingled, however, with much fear."

As a contrast to the above, I present the following delicious morsel:

"I am going to write you the most astonishing

\* The echo is said to still exist (at Les Rochers), a marble slab in the parterre, indicating where the beloved name was so frequently pronounced by the fond mother.

news, the most surprising, the most marvellous, the most miraculous, the most glorious, the most bewildering, the most unheard of, the most singular, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unforeseen, the greatest, the smallest, the rarest, the most common, the most transcendent, until to-day the most secret, the most brilliant, the most to be desired—in short, an occurrence for which a parallel is to be found only in past ages, and then one which scarcely applies: an event that could scarcely be believed in Paris, much less in Lyons: an event which makes every one cry out ‘*Mercy on us!*’ an event which overwhelms Madame de Rohan and Madame de Hauterive with joy—in short, an event which will come off on Sunday, when those who see it will not believe their eyes: an event which will happen on Sunday, and perhaps not be ended on Monday. I cannot bring myself to tell it; you must guess. I give you three guesses. Will you give it up? Well, then, I must tell you. M. de Lauzun marries on Sunday, in the Louvre—can you guess whom? I will give you four trials; I will give you ten; I will give you a hundred. Madame de Coulanges says, ‘It must be very difficult to guess. It is Madame de la Valière.’ Nothing of the kind, madame; you are very provincial. ‘Ah, truly, we are very stupid,’ you say. ‘It is Mademoiselle Colbert.’ Still further from the truth. ‘Then, surely, it is Mademoiselle de Créqui?’ Wrong again. I must tell you after all. He marries on Sunday, in the Louvre, with the permission of the King, Mademoiselle—Mademoiselle de—Mademoiselle—can you guess the name? He marries Mademoiselle—on my faith, on my honor, on my oath, MADMOISELLE—the great Mademoiselle—Mademoiselle, daughter of the late MONSIEUR—Mademoiselle, granddaughter of HENRY THE FOURTH!—Mademoiselle d’Eu—Mademoiselle de Dombes—Mademoiselle de Montpensier—Mademoiselle d’Orléans—Mademoiselle, first cousin to the king—Mademoiselle, destined for the throne—Mademoiselle, the only person in France worthy of MONSIEUR! There is a delightful subject for gossip! If you exclaim against it—if you say that we have lied—that it is all false—that we are laughing at you—that it is a good joke—that it is too silly even to be imagined—if, in short, you abuse us—we shall only say you are right, for we have done as much ourselves.”

Here is another admirable specimen of her vivacious style:

“Behold me, to the joy of my heart, all alone in my chamber, quietly writing to you; nothing is so pleasant to me as that, I dined to-day at Madame de Lavardin’s, after having been to hear Bourdaloue; the mothers of the church were there—that is what I call the Princesses de Conti and de Longueville. All the fashionable world was at that sermon, and that sermon was worthy of all who listened to it. I thought twenty times of you and wished as often that you were with me. You would have been delighted to have heard it, and I should have been still more delighted to have seen you listening to it. Monsieur de la Rochefoucauld received very calmly, at Madame de Lavardin’s, the compliments that you sent him. There was a great deal of talk about you. M. d’Ambres was there, with his cousin de Brissac. He appeared to be much in-

terested in your supposed shipwreck, and spoke of your courage. M. de la Rochefoucauld said that you wished to appear brave, hoping all the time that some one would prevent you, but, not finding any one, you were in the same embarrassing position as Scaramouch. We have been to the fair to see a great she-devil of a woman, taller than Reberpré by a head; she was put to bed the other day with two big children, who came into the world abreast; altogether she is a very big woman. I delivered your kind remembrances at the Hotel Rambouillet, and they send you a thousand in return. Madame de Montansier is in despair at not seeing you. I have been to Madame de Puy-du-Fou’s. I have been, for the third time, to Madame de Maillane’s. I laugh at myself when I think of the pleasure I take in doing these things. Finally, if you believe the queen’s maids to be mad, you will not be far from the truth. Eight days ago Madame de Ludres, Coëtlogon, and little Rouvroi were bitten by a little dog at Theobon’s; that little dog has since died mad; on which account Ludres, Coëtlogon, and Rouvroi set out this morning for Dieppe, to bathe three times in the sea. It is a sad journey. Benserade was in despair; Theobon did not wish to go, although she also was slightly bitten. The queen is only anxious to serve her, as one does not know what may be the consequences of this adventure. Do you not think that Ludres resembles Andromeda? For my part, I can see her fastened to the rock, and Treville, upon a winged horse, slaying the monster.

“Here is a lot of nonsense, and I know nothing about you! You think that I know instinctively all you do; but I take too great an interest in your health and the state of your mind to be willing to limit myself to what I can imagine; the most trifling circumstances connected with those we love are as dear to us as they are wearisome to others. La Vavinaux sends you a thousand kind remembrances; her daughter has been ill; so has Madame d’Arpajon. Tell all this to Madame de Verneuil at your leisure. Your brother has placed himself under the laws of Ninon; I doubt whether they are good ones. There are some minds to whom they are not worth much. She corrupted his father. We can only recommend him to Heaven! When one is a Christian, or at least wishes to be so, one cannot regard such conduct without grief. Ah, Bourdaloue! what divine truths about death you told us to-day! Madame de la Fayette was there, for the first time in her life; she was transported with admiration. She is delighted with your remembrance, and embraces you with all her heart,” &c.

What an extraordinary mixing up of sermons, motherly pride and tenderness, giantesses, mad dogs, and miscellaneous gossip!

Here is an incomparably fine description of the home life, if such a word may be applied to a palace, of Louis the Fourteenth:

(1676.) “I was at Versailles on Saturday with the Villars. You know the Queen’s toilette, the mass, and the dinner; but there is no longer any need of stifling ourselves in the crowd to catch a

glimpse of their majesties at table. "At three o'clock the king, the queen, MONSIEUR, MADAME, MADEMOISELLE, and all the princes and princesses, together with Madame de Montespan and her train, all the courtiers and all the ladies—in short, all the court of France, is assembled in that beautiful apartment which you know. All is divinely furnished, all is magnificent. There is no heat, and you pass from one place to another without the slightest squeezing. A game of *reversis* gives the company form and settlement. The king is close to Madame de Montespan, who keeps the bank; MONSIEUR, the queen, and Madame de Soubise; Dangeau and party, Langlée and party, are at separate tables. A thousand louis d'ors are spread upon the cloth; they have no other counters. I watched Dangeau play, and was astonished to see what simpletons we are at play beside him. All his thoughts are centred upon the game, and he wins where others lose; he neglects nothing, and he profits by everything; his attention is never diverted—in a word, his caution defies fortune. He will win two hundred thousand francs in ten days, a hundred thousand crowns in a month. He said that I was a partner in his game; so that I was very agreeably and very conveniently seated. I saluted the king, as you taught me, and he returned my salute as if I had been young and beautiful. . . . Madame de Montespan spoke to me of Bourbon . . . her loveliness is certainly marvellous; her figure is not so stout as it was, but her eyes and complexion have lost none of their beauty. She was attired in French point; her hair was dressed in a thousand curls; two at the temples drooped down upon her cheeks; upon her head she wore black ribbons and pearls, adorned with buckles and loops of diamonds of the first water; three or four bodkins, but no other covering; in a word, a triumphant beauty, worthy to win the admiration of all the foreign ambassadors. She knows that it has been laid to her charge that she prevented all France from seeing the king; so she has given him back, as you see—and you cannot believe the joy that it has given to everybody, and the brilliance that it has restored to the court. This agreeable confusion, without confusion, of everything that is most select, continues from three until six. If any courtiers arrive the king retires a moment to read his letters, and then returns. There is always music, to which he listens, and which has a very good effect. He talks with the ladies, who are accustomed to receive that honor. At six o'clock every one rises from the gaming tables; there is no difficulty in counting gains and losses; there are neither counters nor tokens; the pools consist of at least five, perhaps six or seven hundred louis, the bigger of a thousand or twelve hundred. At first each person pools twenty, which is a hundred; and the dealer afterwards pools ten. The person who holds the knave is entitled to four louis; they pass; and when they play before the pool is taken they forfeit sixteen, which teaches them not to play out of turn. Talking is incessantly going on, and there is no end of hearts. 'How many hearts have you? I have two; I have three; I have four—he has only three then, he has only four;' and Dangeau is delighted with all this chatter: he sees through the games—he draws his conclusions—he discovers which is the person he wants; truly he is your only man for holding the cards. At six the carriages are at the door. The king is in one of them with Madame

de Montespan,\* Monsieur and Madame de Thian-ges, and honest d'Hendicourt, in a fool's paradise, on the stool. You know how these open carriages are made; they do not sit face to face, but all looking the same way. The queen occupies another with the princess; and the rest come flocking after, as it may happen. There are then gondolas on the canal and music; and at ten they come back, and then there is a play; and twelve strikes, and they go to supper—and thus rolls round the Saturday."

Here is a capital story, and one highly characteristic of the age:

"The Archbishop of Rheims was returning from St. Germain yesterday at a great speed; it was a whirlwind; he fancied himself a great lord, but his people believed him to be greater even than he did himself. They passed through Nanterre—"Tva, tra, tra!" They meet a man on horse-back: 'Make way, make way!' The poor man tries to get out of the way, but his horse will not, and at last the coach and the six horses are overturned upon the heads of man and horse, and pass over them, and, more than that, roll over and over upon them. At the same time the man and the horse, instead of being content with being run over and crippled, miraculously extricate themselves, remount the one upon the other, and take to flight, while the lacqueys of the archbishop, the coachman, and even the archbishop himself, cry out, 'Stop! stop that rogue—that we may give him a hundred blows!' In telling the story the archbishop said, 'If I had caught the rascal I would have had his arms broken and his ears cut off!'"

Of these letters Lamartine has said very beautifully that they are

"the classic of closed doors. Above all, it is a book more suited to old age than to the opening years of life; it does not possess enough of passion to satisfy youth. Before it can give us pleasure the first heat of life must be subdued or deadened by the progress of time. It is the book for the evening, and not for the early dawn. It has a subdued light: it abounds in shadows, reveries: a sort of vague repose, and the calmness of the setting sun. It suits the period when men, ceasing all desire to advance or to act, seat themselves before the door or at the fireside, to discourse in a low voice of the events and crowds that occupy the world, without being tempted to mingle with them again. It is less life than a conversation upon life. This book refreshes after the heart has been exhausted by the emotions of the day—it is the volume of repose."

\* Madame de Montespan was at this time in the height of her ascendancy, although Maintenon was already preparing for her downfall. She was a vice-queen reigning over the real one. When she made a journey she was attended by a train of forty people; governors of provinces came forth to meet her with addresses; and intendants presented her with boats painted and gilt like those of Cleopatra, luxurious with crimson and damask, and blazing with the colors of France and Navarre.



Since this article has been written, a new impetus has been given to the fame of Madame de Sévigné by the publication of the Countess de Puliga's book. The work has evidently been a labor of love, and, like all people in love, the lady has been prone to magnify the excellencies of the object. Thus she has accredited Madame de Sévigné with virtues which she did not possess, and sublimated those she did possess to an inordinate degree. But perhaps the gravest fault of the book, in an artistic sense, lies in the disproportionate number of secondary characters introduced. It is true that the title page speaks of Madame de Sévigné and her contemporaries; but still we expect the former to be the central figure. This is not always the

case, as she is frequently elbowed aside by friends, associates, and even comparative strangers. In the pictures of the great old masters we frequently find the objects which fill up the backgrounds mere sketches, without finish or elaboration, so that the eye of the spectator may be more fully concentrated upon the centre figures, the *meaning* of the painter. With certain modifications, this treatment holds good in the literary art. Nevertheless the Countess de Puliga's work has very admirably filled up a void in literary history, and has rendered "the queen of letter-writers" a living entity to thousands of readers to whom she has previously been but a name.—*Temple Bar.*

#### THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.\*

It is barely three years since the able work of M. Marius Topin seemed, in the opinion of most students of the subject, to have set finally at rest the vexed question of the personality of the Man in the Iron Mask. The pile of fable and exaggeration which imaginative writers from Voltaire downwards had reared upon a slight basis of fact had, it was thought, been cleared away by dint of authentic research and scientific criticism. Based upon materials drawn forth for the first time from the national archives, and wrought with great literary or forensic skill into a consistent fabric of proof, his book left, it might be thought, little room for doubt that the mysterious personage upon whom the curiosity and pity of the world had for two centuries been concentrated was no other than Ercole Matthioli, the Minister of the Duke of Mantua, who had incurred the vengeance of Louis by the defeat and betrayal of his designs upon Montferrat. Such dates and facts as are known for certain in the history of the masked personage were shown to fit in plausibly with all that could be thus far ascertained of the intrigues in which the Italian was engaged, and with his disappearance from

the political stage. At the same time an exhaustive criticism of the evidence put forth on behalf of the rival hypotheses may be said to have disposed finally of one and all of these. Neither the Count of Vermandois, nor a twin brother of Louis XIV., whose claims had up to that time seemed the best supported of the dozen that have by turns been brought forward, could henceforth be identified for a moment with the masked personage of the Bastille, who wore, however, it has incidentally been made clear, no mask of iron, but simply one of black velvet fastened by springs of steel behind the head.

Our readers will probably hear with surprise that a totally new hypothesis has been lately brought forward. An officer on the staff of the French army, M. Iung, has had the advantage of access to a new and rich mine of materials in the archives of the Ministry of War, together with all that was to be gained from free and minute exploration of the fortresses which held the mysterious prisoner, their records, and their plans. Interrupted for a while by the calls of service during the war, his researches have since been resumed, and they have for their result a solution of the problem entirely unexpected, yet one which, as far as circumstantial proof can be allowed to settle such a question, carries with it a force which it is difficult to resist.

It is a good idea of M. Iung's to set

\* *La Vérité sur le Masque de Fer (les Empoisonneurs) d'après documents inédits des archives de la guerre et autres dépôts publics (1664-1703).* Par Th. Iung, officier d'état-major. Ouvrage accompagné de cinq gravures et plans inédits du temps. Paris: Henri Plon. 1873.

down at the outset in a synoptical table the names of the different personages who have been thus far put forward as the Man in the Iron Mask, with the names of the writers advancing them, and the dates of the respective claims. Of the dozen who make up the list, it will be generally admitted at the present time that none but Matthioli, first brought forward by Baron de Weiss in 1770, need any more concern us. In our notice of M. Topin's work (*Saturday Review*, April 23, 1870) we sketched out briefly the train of evidence by which the writer sought to make good his thesis, and indicated what seemed to us weak points in his harness of proof. It is precisely on these points that the new weapons of M. Iung's logic are brought to bear with grievous, if not fatal, effect. We cannot, it may be, do better for the clearing up of the mystery than proceed step by step from the primary facts which are beyond doubt to the later or more speculative portions of the case.

The starting point of the whole story was from the first the fact announced in the *Amsterdam Gazette*, on the strength of a letter dated Paris, September 18, 1698, that St.-Mars had taken charge of the Bastille, to which he had brought with him a masked prisoner. This has always been held to be the date of the arrival of the mysterious personage of the legend. M. Iung brings it forward as strange, but does somewhat in the sequel to clear it up, that the same *Gazette* had, on the 14th of March, 1695, reported the arrival at the Bastille of a lieutenant bringing with him from Provence in a litter a masked prisoner, who was thought to be of great importance, as he had been kept with the utmost secrecy during the journey. The practice of masking prisoners of consequence in transit was in all probability sufficiently common to warrant us in still believing that the arrival of 1698 was that which alone concerns our story. This is confirmed by the circumstantial entry in De Junca's Register of the Bastille of the "ancient prisoner from Pignerol," whom M. de St.-Mars had brought with him in a litter, "Thursday, September 18, 1698, at three o'clock in the afternoon," of whom M. de Barbezieux, in a letter to St.-Mars, August 13, 1697, had spoken as "le prisonnier d'il y a vingt ans." A final point beyond dispute is the burial of this prisoner at the church of St. Paul, November

20, 1703, his name being inserted in the register, De Junca writes, as "M. de Marchiel." M. Topin, giving this name, we know not on what grounds, as "Marchialy," considers it a simple mis-spelling for "Matthioli," and a conclusive proof of his theory being the right one. Now of the date of Matthioli's arrest having been April 23, 1679, there is no question. Where was he in the meantime? At Pignerol, answers M. Topin, until the date of his transfer to the charge of St.-Mars in March 1694, preparatory to his removal to Paris. Upon this point M. Topin makes his entire case depend. That there had been an idea of sending Matthioli with St.-Mars to Exiles, where the latter had just been appointed Governor, might be gathered from the despatch of Louvois, June 1681:—"A l'esgard des hardes que vous avez du sieur Matthioli, vous n'avez que les faire porter à Exiles pour les luy pouvoir rendre, si jamais Sa Majesté ordonnoit qu'il fût mis en liberté." But this idea seems to have been given up. To M. d'Estrades St.-Mars writes, June 25, 1681, of his intended journey to Exiles:—"J'aurai en garde deux merles que j'ai ici, lesquels n'ont point d'autres noms que messieurs de la tour d'en bas. Matthioli restera ici avec deux autres prisonniers." Beyond doubt, then, Matthioli remained at Pignerol. That he was, or had been, however, in the "tour d'en bas" appears from a letter of St.-Mars to Louvois (given by M. Iung, p. 450), October 26, 1680:—

Mattioli a obligé Blainvilliers à lui faire des menaces d'une rude discipline s'il n'étoit plus sage et plus modéré dans ses paroles. Lorsqu'on l'a mis dans la tour d'en bas [misprinted d'Exiles in M. Iung's book] avec le jacobin, j'ai chargé Blainvilliers de lui dire, en lui faisant voir un gourdin, qu'avec cela l'on tenoit les extravagants hommes, et que s'il ne le devenoit, l'on sauroit bien le mettre à la raison.

And Louvois writes in return, November 2:—

Il faut garder la bague que le sieur Mattioli a donnée au sieur de Blainvilliers, pour la lui rendre, si jamais le Roi ordonnoit qu'il fût mis en liberté.

Matthioli was not then, it would seem, a prisoner of such supreme importance but that it was held likely he might be released. The frequent and open mention of Matthioli by name in despatches to and fro is a further proof of the little secrecy that

was observed in his case, or the slight importance that was attached to him. Would it be thought necessary to speak of him at other times so guardedly as "l'ancien prisonnier," "le prisonnier de vingt ans"? Moreover, be it observed in passing, he had not been twenty years in prison when Louvois thus wrote, but only twelve, and not five of these under the charge of St.-Mars. Of Matthioli by name we have the last undoubted mention in a despatch of Barbezieux to Laprade, then governor of Pignerol, December 27, 1683, when the prisoner had been trying to open communications with the outer world :—

Vous n'avez qu'à brûler ce qui vous reste des petits morceaux des poches sur lesquelles le nommé Matthioli et son homme ont écrit, et que vous avez trouvés dans la doublure de leurs justaucorps, où ils les avoient cachés.

Leaving Matthioli at Pignerol for the whole space of time from his arrest till 1694, let us now follow the movements of St.-Mars. In his orders appointing him to the governorship of Exiles, Louvois had spoken of two prisoners of the tour d'en bas, whom alone the King would have him take with him ; "à l'esgard des deux de la tour d'en bas, vous n'avez qu'à les marquer de ce nom sans y mettre autre chose." These were obviously the *deux merles* of the despatch of June 25, 1681. Of these he has to announce the death of one by dropsy, January 1686. Who then was the survivor? Obviously the same whom St.-Mars takes with him when transferred to the Îles Ste. Marguerite, in Provence, April 17, 1687, and of whom he speaks as *mon prisonnier*, who had been ill on the way, and whom he had guardedly conducted by way of Embrun, Briançon, Grasse, Mougins, and Cannes. We thus far find St.-Mars in charge of a single prisoner of great importance, who is certainly not Matthioli.

We now come to the despatch of Barbezieux to Laprade, March 20, 1694, enjoining him to convey to St.-Mars at the Îles three prisoners who were then at Pignerol, one by one, with great care. Here we as unquestionably come upon Matthioli, who, as M. Topin shows, came thus with his valet (of whom frequent mention is made) once more under the charge of St.-Mars. But it is not long before we find that a prisoner who had a valet (and no other prisoner but Matthioli is spoken of as having a valet) is dead. "Vous

pouvez," writes Barbezieux to St.-Mars, May 10, "suivant que vous le proposez, faire mettre dans la prison voûtée le valet du prisonnier qui est mort." If this refers to Matthioli, as M. Iung thinks beyond dispute, there is an end to the Italian, who never was a prisoner of the Bastille.

We pass now to the theory to which M. Iung has been led by his researches amongst the seventeen hundred volumes of despatches and reports in the bureau of the Ministry of War, and in which he considers himself confirmed by concurrent proofs from other sources of authority. Extensive reading and much critical insight have been employed by him in constructing a whole chapter on the political history of the time, while dragging to light the long hidden personage who formed the central figure in a wide and complex conspiracy. We will let him give in his own words what may be termed the first episode in the drama, the plot and details of which he proceeds to draw out with scrupulous minuteness from the *pièces justificatives* which form the bulk of his work :—

Dans la nuit du 28 au 29 mars 1673, par un temps brumeux, un groupe de cavaliers s'approchait de l'un des faux passages de la Somme qui existent à proximité de la place de Péronne. Celui qui paraissait être le chef s'aventura le premier dans le gué qu'il semblait parfaitement connaître. Grand, élancé, jeune encore, cet homme était vêtu, d'un justaucorps de panne orné de boutons d'argent et d'un grand manteau dont les pans relevés cachaient son visage. Un vaste chapeau de feutre avec une plume noire, des bottes molles en cuir fauve dites à la *Mercy*, une épée de combat, achevaient son accoutrement. Les compagnons qui le suivaient à distance s'engagèrent successivement dans la rivière. Mais le chef venait à peine d'atteindre le sommet de la berge opposée, et son cheval de secouer l'eau provenant de cette immersion inattendue, que des coups de feu partirent des remblais qui avoisinaient les débouchés du passage. Des soldats se levèrent en même temps et se jetèrent sur les brides du cheval de l'inconnu, qui fut vite renversé et lié solidement. Quant à ses hommes, atteints ou non, ils avaient prudemment tourné bride.

Conduit immédiatement par la porte de Paris au donjon de Péronne, qui se trouvait dans le bastion voisin de celui dit de Richelieu, interrogé par M. de *Lespine-Beauregard*, lieutenant de Roi dans la dite place, et M. Legrain, prévôt général de la connétablie et maréchaussée de France, le personnage déclara se nommer *Louis de Oldendorff, natif de Nimègue*. Ses assertions, malheureusement, ne se trouvèrent pas conformes à celles contenues dans les papiers qu'on prit sur lui et dans la sacoche de son cheval. Quatre jours après, il était à la Bastille, dans la tour Bertaudière, confié aux soins vigilants de M. *Desmaus de Montlesun*, et interrogé le jour même par le secrétaire d'État

de la guerre, M. le marquis de Louvois, qui revint plusieurs fois le voir avant son départ à l'armée.

A year later, on the night of the 29th-30th April, 1674, a closed litter escorted by a troop of horse under Legrain, having left Paris twenty days before, stopped at Bron, some leagues from Lyons. From the litter descended a young man of slim and active figure, his face hidden by a mask, his hands firmly tied, in which state he lay down on a couch prepared beforehand. The next day arrived ten horsemen under the Chevalier de St.-Martin, with sealed orders from St.-Mars to convey the prisoner with the utmost secrecy to the fortress of Pignerol, always by roads through the royal domain. In the despatch of Louvois to St.-Mars, giving him this commission (March 10), he is spoken of as "un prisonnier qui, quoique obscur, ne laisse pas d'être homme de conséquence." Assuredly one who had been under St.-Mars since the spring of 1674 could with greater strictness be spoken of in August 1694 as "votre prisonnier depuis vingt ans" than could Matthioli, who was not arrested till April 1679. The researches of M. Iung have enabled him to give the names of other inmates of Pignerol under St.-Mars, to the number of sixty-one, with the designation and place of their dungeons, the distribution of which is made clearer by authentic plans of the fortress. In 1674 there were in the central tower at Pignerol Fouquet and Lauzun; Eustache Danger in a cell of the "tour d'en bas," the new prisoner being lodged in the second cell. It was doubtless in Danger's cell, who had been removed early in the year, that Matthioli with his valet was installed in 1679, and there he remained till 1694. M. Iung proceeds to work out with minute precision the movements of his newly found captive, as one of the two prisoners of the tour d'en bas (les deux merles), with St.-Mars to Exiles (June 1681), from whence despatches by the dozen speak of the precautions observed concerning them, their health or illness, and the death of the dropsical patient. From Exiles St.-Mars conveys his prisoner to the Îles Ste.-Marguerite, April 30, 1687, having previously had orders to build there, at the cost of 1,900 livres, a new prison next the Chapel, and looking over the sea, "de manière qu'il ne puisse avoir commerce avec personne, et qu'il ne puisse mésar-

river dans les bâtiments qui sont déjà faits." The expenses of the journey were 203 livres. The captive had bad health all this while, writes his gaoler, January 8, 1688, adding that the impression on the road and throughout the province was that he was the Duke of Beaufort or the son of Cromwell. On the death of Louvois in 1691, his son, the Marquis de Barbezieux, fifteen days after (August 13), writes to urge upon St.-Mars the same care of the prisoner "qui est sous votre garde depuis vingt ans." Half-a-dozen Protestant ministers are thrown in in the three years following, after which comes, in March 1694, the arrival of the three above-mentioned prisoners from Pignerol, which had become untenable during the course of the war; Matthioli, as M. Iung believes, in full accord for once with M. Topin, being among them, coming thus once more within the same prison walls with the true masked captive. A despatch of St.-Mars\* unknown to M. Topin, partly mutilated (January 6, 1696), speaks again of the "ensien prisonnier," and of the care taken at Exiles to prevent his marking his plate or linen, or having writing-paper. With equal care the "ancient prisoner" is brought by St.-Mars to the Bastille, September 18, 1698, and immured in the third chamber of the Bertaudière tower—the same, if M. Iung's theory is correct, which he had quitted twenty-six years before. From the national archives our author has brought to light the list of his fellow-prisoners at the Bastille in the year 1698, a score or so in number, among them Madame Guyon and her daughter, "une demoiselle irlandaise (enceinte)," "le sieur Gordon, Anglais," and "un inconnu," who is considered to be the masked prisoner of the Amsterdam Gazette of 1695. So strictly apart from all sight and contact had the real man of the mask been kept all these years, that setting aside himself, Louvois, and his father Le Tellier, and high officers like Lespine-Beauregard, Legrain, Besmaus de Montlesun, and St.-Martin, "nulle personne au monde," St.-Mars could declare, "ne peut s'être vantée d'avoir vu le prisonnier et d'avoir causé avec lui."

In the chain of proof which M. Iung has drawn out with consummate patience and skill the weak point is the absence of all but indirect and circumstantial proof making Louis Oldendorff one with De



Marchiel. The latter name appears nowhere, but in the notice of interment. M. Iung thinks it clear that Oldendorff was an assumed name. The prisoner appears to have been known in the Bastille as M. Le Froid. His name occurs in one despatch of Louvois as the Chevalier de Kiffenbach. In another he is referred to as "le Chevalier des Armoises." Father Hyacinthe speaks of him as "le mestre de camp, le Lorrain, le libéral." With Besmaus he is "l'homme de Lisola." If De Marchiel was really the mysterious personage hidden under so many names, for what cause was he kept a prisoner so jealously and so long? The answer which M. Iung has to give, if not conclusive, is one of the highest plausibility. As may be learned from the political history of the time, especially from the writings of MM. Clément and Ravaissou, a wide and skilfully organized conspiracy had been set on foot, having for its object the death of Louis XIV. Poison was the accepted or fashionable crime of the day. In a chapter of his work, "*Les Empoisonneurs*," showing wide and careful reading, M. Iung recounts the numerous cases, more or less connected with the cabals of the time and with each other, which give a tragic interest to the latter half of the seventeenth century. Of these many were plots directed against the person of the King. Colbert was said to have been the object of another. A similar charge brought Fouquet to Pignerol, together with Danger, who was said to have been his valet. In 1673 the crisis approached, together with the King's departure for the siege of Maestricht. A vast conspiracy was known to Le Tellier, and to Louvois, having several foci both in France and abroad, with MM. de Molina, de Lisola, Van Buninghen, Van Bulen, and the Marquis de Grave for its reputed chiefs. Other lives besides those of the king were held to be in jeopardy. On the 11th of April Louvois writes to the Bishop of Strasburg, "Vous ne sauriez prendre trop de précautions pour vous garantir des misérables qui ont intention de vous assassiner." One of the most active agents of Louvois, Father Hyacinthe (Lefebvre), Father Provincial of the Recollets of Arras, writes that the first intimation of the plot was due to Baron d'Aspres, President of Zealand, others tracing it to the English Court. The theatre of the intended drama was to be the frontier of French

Flanders, from Cambrai to Arras or from St.-Quentin to Péronne. Spaniards, Italians, and Dutchmen, besides Frenchmen and Flemings, were engaged in it. Louvois's right-hand man, his Cousin Lespine-Beauregard, lieutenant du roi, writes to him, March 27, "Je souhaite que Dieu me fasse la grâce de me rendre maître du chef de ces exécrables," and Father Hyacinthe speaks at the same time of the "détestable chef de la conspiration."

A certain "gentilhomme" was set at Brussels to watch the chief conspirator, who passed there, as we have seen, by the name of the Chevalier de Harmoises, and at Paris as the Chevalier de Kiffenbach. He was a Lorrainer, it was thought, by birth, spoke many languages, lived freely, and had lately carried off the wife of a Bohemian colonel. The funds of the conspiracy were in the hands of the sieur Groët of Amsterdam, and the papers were kept by one Abraham Kiffied at Brussels. The chief being expected to cross the Somme with three accomplices towards the end of March, every one of the nine fords is carefully watched by cavalry pickets, set by Lespine-Beauregard, who succeeded in arresting him, as we have read in the extract given above, and who writes to ask (April 13):—"J'ose vous demander si le dit Oldendorff est cet exécration que nous cherchons de cette abominable cabale," adding (April 17), "Celui qui j'ai envoyé à Bruxelles en a rapporté heureusement le coffre du sieur de Oldendorff, qui n'a point été ouvert et qui est en dépôt chez M. de Nancré." Having seen at Péronne the contents of this box, Louvois writes to Besmaus to prepare for the reception of a prisoner at the Bastille, adding, "Il est de la dernière importance que l'on continue à ne savoir point ce qu'il est devenu." The extracts we have already given will enable our readers to trace the subsequent movements of this prisoner to Pignerol, to Exiles, to the Îles, and back to the Bastille, and to judge of the strength of the case made out by Mr. Iung for his identity with the subject of so many diverse theories. Death having at length relieved St.-Mars of all responsibility, it is conceivable that he may have so far allowed the veil of secrecy to be withdrawn as to let the name of De Marchiel appear in the death register. That the charge against him as the chief of such a plot was grave enough to account for all the precautions displayed can

hardly be called in question. To put to death prisoners of this kind was by no means the practice of statesmen of the time, influenced as they doubtless were by the hope of revelations to be extracted from a captive, or of prestige to be gained to themselves from the retention even of a minor piece upon the political chessboard. Efforts have been made by M. Iung to raise in importance the otherwise little known personage in question, taking De Marchiel as his real name, and tracing sev-

eral families of noble rank in Lorraine who were known as De Marchal, Mareschal, or Marcheulle, and allied with other old and distinguished lines, the Armoises, Harmoises, or Hermoises. Indecisive as such speculations must be at the best, they add somewhat to the likelihood of our having after all in the register of St. Paul the revelation of the long-sought identity of the Man with the Iron Mask.—*Saturday Review*.

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M. TAINE.

BY W. F. RAE.\*

AT Vouziers, a small town on the frontier of Champagne and Ardennes, Hippolyte-Adolphe Taine was born on the 21st of April, 1828. His family belonged to the French middle class; to that superior class which has no exact equivalent in this country, which is composed of those who belong to Nature's aristocracy by virtue of intellect and education, who, though never formally ennobled by a monarch, are fully as much respected in France as the lineal descendants of the Crusaders, and the undisputed possessors of the oldest and most renowned historic titles. His father was a solicitor; his uncles and his cousins were notaries, merchants, civil engineers. His grandfather was sub-prefect at Rocroi during the first Bourbon restoration of an hundred days; several of his relations, on his father's and his mother's side, held posts of influence and distinction, were deputies in the Lower House of the Legislature during the reign of Louis Philippe, and in the Assembly during the republic of 1848. They were well-to-do but not wealthy people. His father, who was a man of studious habits and considerable learning, taught him Latin. An uncle, who had resided in America for some time, taught him English. One of his early pleasures was reading English books, more especially the classical works of fiction of the last century. To him, as to other French school-

boys, light literature was forbidden fruit. Yet he was permitted to read any English book he pleased, the perusal of works in a foreign tongue being regarded as a species of study which it was right to encourage and commend. To the advantage he took of his opportunities in early youth, is attributable much of the familiar acquaintance which he displayed in after-years with the immortal works of the best English writers.

When he was thirteen years old, his father died. His mother took him to Paris at the age of fourteen. For one year he was a boarder in a first-class private school, then he became a pupil at the College of Bourbon, an important public school, which, like many other institutions in France, changes its name when the government changes its form, and was consequently known during the monarchy as the College of Bourbon, during the Republic of 1848 as the Fourcroy Lyceum, during the Second Empire as the Bonaparte Lyceum, and is at present called the Condorcet Lyceum.

When M. Taine was studying at the College of Bourbon, other youths, who afterward became famous, were pupils also; but none eclipsed him, either in mental precocity or in successful rivalry for distinction. At the general competition in 1847, he carried off the first prize for the Latin essay in rhetoric, and in 1848 he obtained the two second prizes for philosophy. His attainments warranted him in becoming a candidate, in the latter year, for admission to the Normal School. This is a seminary of learning into which none are admitted except those who succeed in

\* The following sketch is the substance of that prefixed by Mr. Rae to his translation of the "Notes on England" and is reproduced here by permission of the publishers. It is the only fairly complete outline of M. Taine's life that has yet appeared.—EDITOR ELECTIC.

passing a severe examination, and in which the pupils qualify themselves for enrolment among the higher class of teachers in connection with the University, and under the control of the Minister of Public Instruction. Many, however, make use of it as a stepping-stone to a purely literary career. Several Frenchmen of note in the world of letters passed through the Normal School at the same time as M. Taine, acted for a short time as Professors, as he did, and then, severing their connection with the department of education, devoted themselves exclusively to cultivating the field of literature. Four of these men were his comrades and competitors. They were the late M. Prevost-Paradol, M. Edmond About, M. Francisque Sarcey, M. J. J. Weiss. The first was junior to him by one year, the second and third were his own age, the fourth was one year his senior.

During the regular term of three years that M. Taine was a pupil of the Normal School, the method of instruction which prevailed was well fitted to promote and stimulate intellectual activity. Personally, he required no special incentive to work hard and to excel. He was able, by his marvellous quickness and industry, to condense an immense amount of study into a brief space of time. Sometimes, he performed the tasks of a month in the course of a week. Thus he gained three clear weeks during which to follow his own devices; and he utilized the time by studying theology and philosophy, reading all the authors of note in both departments, and discussing the questions which arose with congenial spirits of his own standing. All his fellow-pupils were subjected by him to a personal examination. To use his own phrase he loved to "read" (*feuilleter*) them; in other words, to probe their minds and scrutinize their thoughts. Although a Roman Catholic by early training, yet he was no implicit believer in Roman Catholic dogmas. With some pupils who were ardently attached to the Church of Rome, as well as with others who partially sympathized with him, he entered into discussions, in which theological doctrines were treated with entire freedom, tried by the touchstone of reason, and subjected to keen logical investigation. Indeed, the school was a theatre of controversy, the pupils openly arguing with each other, and the Professors sanctioning and en-

couraging the most thoroughgoing expression of individual and unfettered opinion. Trained in such an arena, it is no wonder that the pupils became imbued with a strong notion of individual independence, and were ill prepared to brook the slightest intellectual restraint or dictation.

Shortly before the three years' training of M. Taine and his comrades was ended, the Director of the Normal School, M. Dubois, was constrained to resign the post he had adorned. M. Michelle, a less enlightened and able man, and a willing ally of the reactionary party, ruled in his stead. The times were unpropitious for liberty of thought. The Emperor Napoleon had attained the object of his life, and he had to pay the price which the priests claimed for their support. They had served him heart and soul; he furnished them, in return, with the arm of the flesh requisite for the maintenance of their spiritual pretensions. M. Taine was one of the sufferers from the new order of things. Those who pass a certain examination are appointed to the most easy and lucrative posts. He presented himself for examination, but was rejected on the avowed ground that his philosophical opinions were erroneous in themselves and mischievous in their tendency. This unfairness was resented by several men of eminence who had taken an interest in him, and who had been struck by his talents. Owing to the warm advocacy of M. Guizot, M. Saint Marc Girardin, and the Duc de Luynes, he hoped to procure a post which might compensate by its situation for its inferior character, and he requested, as a special favor, for his mother's sake rather than for his own, that he might be appointed to fill a vacancy in the North of France. The reply was a nomination to a post at Toulon, in the extreme South. Thence he was transferred to Nevers, and from Nevers to Poitiers, remaining four months only at each place. His salary for the first year was £66; a sum which, though a little in excess of that wherewith Goldsmith's good parson deemed himself passing rich, was considerably less than that upon which it was possible to live in comfort. However, he managed to exist by practising the most rigid economy.

His spare moments he spent in close study, occupying himself chiefly with the works of Hegel, and sketching out a com-

prehensive philosophical work. He was generally regarded as a suspicious character. It was no secret that his private opinions did not accord with those held and approved in official circles. Hence the partisans of the ruling powers were lynx-eyed and eager in detecting his failings. In France, nothing is easier than to circulate false reports, unless it be the ease in getting them accepted as authentic. Naturally, there was not the least difficulty in discrediting M. Taine by falsely representing that he had eulogized Danton in the presence of his pupils, and held up Paul de Kock to them as a model. This alleged grave sin of commission was followed by a still more heinous and perfectly incontestable sin of omission. The college chaplain preferred one of those requests which are equivalent to commands. He gave M. Taine the option of inditing, in honor of the Bishop of the diocese, either a Latin ode or a French dithyramb. M. Taine declined to praise the Bishop either in prose or verse, either in ancient Latin or modern French. For this irreverent refusal, which was regarded as confirmatory of the darkest charges and the worst fears, he soon received a letter of censure from the Minister of Public Instruction. The official reprimand was coupled with a threat that, should he offend again, he would be instantly dismissed. Several months afterwards he was appointed to teach a class of little children at Besançon. This was a significant hint that he was regarded as a black sheep. He deemed it wise to give up a struggle in which he was certain to be checkmated at every turn. At his own request, he was placed upon the retired list.

Returning to Paris, he received an advantageous offer to act as Professor in a large private seminary. He closed with it, and recommenced teaching. But even here his sins soon found him out, or rather his enemies did. An order was issued forbidding those who were members of the University staff from giving lectures in private institutions. As a last resource he began to give lessons as a tutor, with the view both of earning his daily bread, and of being able to use his pen with entire independence. Moreover, he completed his own education, and enlarged the sphere of his attainments, by attending the courses of lectures at the School of Medicine, the

Museum of Natural History, and some of the lectures at the Sorbonne and the Salpêtrière. In 1853 he took the degree of Doctor of Letters. As is customary, he wrote two theses on this occasion, the one in Latin being "*De Personis Platonis*," the other in French being an "*Essai sur les Fables de La Fontaine*." The latter was the reverse of an ordinary University essay. It was the formal enunciation of new critical doctrines; it was the gauntlet thrown down by a new aspirant for intellectual honors; it was the bold maintenance of a modern paradox, illustrated and enforced by examples drawn from La Fontaine. The novelty of the views advanced was matched by the freshness and vivacity, the vigor and variety of the language. By the public it was received with such favor that it speedily passed into a second edition.

The French Academy having offered a prize in 1854 for an essay upon Livy, considered as writer and historian, M. Taine entered the lists. Among the works sent in, his was admitted to be the best, yet the prize was not awarded to it on the ground that his essay "was deficient in gravity and in a proper degree of admiration for the splendid name and imposing genius of him whom he had to criticise." He recast his essay, and submitted it a second time to the judgment of the tribunal. It was now pronounced the best of those presented, and fully entitled to the prize.

The prize essay was published with a short preface, which startled some members of the Academy, and made them desire to recall their praises and undo their acts. M. Taine wrote to the effect that, according to Spinoza, man's place in relation to nature, is not that of an empire within an empire, but of a part in a whole; that man's inner being is subject to laws in the same way as the external world; moreover, that there is a dominant principle, a ruling faculty, which regulates thought and imparts an irresistible and inevitable impulse to the human machine. Believing these things, M. Taine offered his "*Essay on Livy*" as an example of their truth. Upon this the cry was raised that to write in this way was to deny the freedom of the will, and to become the apostle of fatalism. A more cogent objection was the incongruity between the ideas represented by two such names as Spinoza and Livy, and the paradox implied in putting forward the writ-



ings of the Roman historian as confirmation of the philosophical speculations of the Dutch Jew. Yet the general reader was gratified with the book. Its author's ability was indisputable. If he made few converts, he gained admirers.

A severe affection of the throat compelled him to quit Paris and to seek relief from the famous springs of the Pyrenees. After lasting two years, during which he lost the use of his voice, the malady finally succumbed to the curative action of the mineral waters. It is noteworthy that at this period his favorite book was Spenser's "Faerie Queene," a work which hardly any of his countrymen have read at all, and which few of mine have read through. To M. Taine's intimate knowledge of Spenser is due the splendid and discriminating eulogium passed upon the great Elizabethan poet in the "History of English Literature." His enforced sojourn among the mountains supplied him with fresh material for literary composition. This took the form of a "Journey to the Pyrenees," a work which became more popular than the "Essay on Livy." The habits of the people and of the tourists are depicted with much point, and the mountain scenery with great vividness; enough is said about botany, geology, natural history, to give pith to the whole, without wearying the reader who understands none of these things, or appearing commonplace to the reader who is perfectly conversant with them. An edition of this work, with illustrations by M. Gustave Doré, has since been published. The critic may be puzzled to decide whether the text or the illustrations ought to be singled out for special praise, but he cannot hesitate to pronounce the entire work a masterpiece.

Another illness, of a still more threatening character, prostrated him at a later period. This was the result of over-work, and consisted in total incapacity for mental exertion. For a considerable time he could not concentrate his thoughts; could neither write nor read; even the perusal of a newspaper was beyond his power. Entire rest wrought a cure which, happily, was lasting as well as complete.

In addition to the works named above, he wrote numerous articles for the *Revue de l'Instruction Publique*, the *Journal des Débats*, the *Revue des deux Mondes*. These articles have been collected and published in volumes.

Meanwhile M. Taine was steadily laboring at his most ambitious historical work, "The History of English Literature." It was the fruit of six years' close study. In 1861, and subsequently, he visited England with a view of reading in the British Museum, and of seeing the country and people face to face. The "Notes" comprise the frequent observations of ten years. They were all revised after his last visit in 1871.

Upon the publication of the "History of English Literature," in 1863, its author's reputation was vastly increased, and his rank among modern writers acknowledged to be very lofty. The work was the event of the day, and the illustration of the year. That it should have been singled out by a committee of the French Academy, and unanimously recommended as worthy of a special prize, was perfectly natural. The value of this special prize, which is conferred on none but historical works of undoubted merit, is £160, a recompense which renders the honor a substantial as well as an enviable one. At a meeting of the Academy, where it was proposed to confirm the recommendation of the committee, Monseigneur Dupanloup, the Bishop of Orleans, rose and moved the non-confirmation of the report. He alleged as reasons for refusing to do honor to M. Taine's history, that the book was impious and immoral; that its author had alleged "virtue and vice to be products like sugar and vitriol;" that he had denied the freedom of the will; that he had advocated pure fatalism, had depreciated the ecclesiastics of the Middle Ages, had eulogized the Puritans, had pointedly commended the English Prayer-Book, had shown himself a sceptic in philosophy and a heretic in religion. M. Cousin thought the opportunity a favorable one both for showing how entirely he had become reconciled to the Church, and for taking his revenge on his youthful assailant. He seconded the Bishop's motion in a speech echoing the Bishop's charges. The success of these notable men was almost secured beforehand. Their hearers the more readily believed all they were told, because they had not read the work against which the attack was skilfully directed. The reporter of the Committee who ought to have defended the Committee's choice, was only too ready to bow before the censure of the Bishop and the philosopher.

Hence, this combined and ardent appeal to the worst prejudices of an assembly never distinguished for true tolerance and genuine liberality of sentiment, and of which the majority remembered with satisfaction how, during the previous year, M. Littré's candidature for admission into their midst had been rejected, proved altogether irresistible, and the motion was carried. Since then the Academy has been materially changed in composition and spirit. M. Cousin has departed this life in the odor of sanctity. He atoned, long before his decease, for his youthful leaning towards intellectual freedom, by abjectly submitting to the most uncompromising dogmas of a powerful priesthood. His influence perished with him. He holds, and may continue to hold, a place among the literary idols of France, and will receive the more lip-worship because he is no longer believed in as an authority. The Bishop of Orleans has resigned his seat; M. Littré is a member of the Academy. Is it rash to predict that the illustrious body which, on hearsay and wholly insufficient evidence, refused to acknowledge the real merits of M. Taine's important work will one day regard his accession to a place among them as an addition to their collective strength and glory?

Little remains to be said about M. Taine's personal career. For some time he held the post of literary examiner in the military school of St. Cyr. Afterwards he was appointed professor of art and æsthetics in the Imperial Academy of the Fine Arts. He has travelled through Italy, and written an excellent account of his observations. He has published several works relating to art in Greece, Italy, and the Low Countries. One of his recent works is a philosophical one of note on "The Intelligence." The mere enumeration of these titles is a proof of his versatility. More rare still, is the circumstance that everything he has written is both readable and pregnant with matter for reflection. Indeed, all his writings have a flavor of their own which is very pleasant, a stamp of originality which is unmistakable. He always thinks for himself. He occupies a place apart among contemporary authors. Nor does he ever write at random, and without a special purpose. Every book or detached essay is designed to subserve the object of propagating his views respecting criticism, to expound and illustrate a method of discussing literary works which, if not discovered by him, he has made his own by systematic use and skilful adaptation.

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#### LITERARY NOTICES.

KENELM CHILLINGLY. HIS ADVENTURES AND OPINIONS. By Edward Bulwer, (Lord Lytton.) New-York: Harper & Bros.

Except on the theory of speaking *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* it is hard to understand such an estimate, or rather eulogy of Lord Lytton, as that which appeared lately in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and was reproduced in last month's *ECLECTIC*. To read an elaborate article written by a man who is evidently able, acute, well-informed, and thoroughly in earnest, to find one's self confronted with subtle and fair-seeming reasons for ranking Lord Lytton among the first English novelists, and placing him at the very head of all his contemporaries in this special branch of literature, and then, with this estimate in view, to read "Kenelm Chillingly," is about as likely to bring confusion into the critic's mind as any thing he could undertake. At least such has been our own experience. Years ago, when Lord Lytton was simply "Bulwer" and when his novels were more in vogue than they are now, we formed an impression of his qualities as a novelist which

was confirmed by his later works, and which the careful reading of "Kenelm Chillingly" and of such portions of "The Parisians" as are already published has emphasized into a conviction.

This impression places him very far below the first rank of novelists, and even below (in many essential respects) several of those who are recognized as of lesser magnitude. Bulwer is always fluent, polished, well-informed, 'piquant in observation, at home in the best society and full of that kind of wisdom which comes from much study of books and much worldly experience; but he looks in the mouth of human nature and not into its head or heart, he is artificial to the last degree, his characters are generally puppets who do the most exaggerated things from the most inadequate or unintelligible motives, and he exhibits a faith in mere words which is little less than astonishing in one who has "seen life" and had Parliamentary experience in England.

"Kenelm Chillingly," a novel on which the author appears to have expended special thought

and care, presents all these characteristics in a very marked degree. It is copious, pungent in phrase, extremely suggestive here and there, displays great versatility of theme, and has a certain agreeable flavor of good breeding and refined society; but as a mirror of life it is painfully unreal, and there is not a single personage in it who awakens interest as a character independent of his or her special relation to the narrative. Kenelm himself, the hero of the story, seems to be one of the author's pet creations, but to us he is an insufferable prig, whose whole course is inexplicable either on the motives which ordinarily actuate man or on those assigned by the author, and whose most notable characteristic is the talking of philosophical jargon or sentimental moonshine to every man, woman, or child with whom he meets. He is a Paladin who goes forth to set the world right, not by the sword but by talk; and we decline utterly to accept him at the author's valuation. In the closing chapter we leave him thinking of "Victory or Westminster Abbey," and receive the intimation that he is about to enter Parliament, where a great career awaits him. What he will really do there, however, will be to develop a dullness and a capacity of boredom which will prove too much even for the House of Commons; and Chillingly Gordon, whom he is to "take down" so easily, will beat him at all points and be carried finally to Westminster Abbey, while Kenelm moralizes feebly on the perversity and obtuseness of men in preferring the Real to the Ideal.

AMERICAN PIONEERS AND PATRIOTS. No. 3: FERDINAND DE SOTO, THE DISCOVERER OF THE MISSISSIPPI. By John S. C. Abbott. New-York: *Dodd & Mead*.

In reviewing the two previous volumes of "American Pioneers and Patriots" we pointed out their great inequality in merit, and intimated that they probably formed the types into which the various volumes of the series could ultimately be classified—the one being mere bookmaking of the poorest sort, while the other was a very fair and useful sketch of one of the leading actors in perhaps the most striking episode in early American history. On the whole, "Ferdinand de Soto" may be ranked with the latter, though it is hardly so satisfactory as the really excellent life of Miles Standish, and though it abounds in those blemishes which pertain to all of Mr. Abbott's literary work. To one who is familiar with the character of this work, it comes as a matter of course to find slovenly writing, that slurring of important points and exaggeration of minor ones which comes from a faulty sense of "perspective," the introduction of wrong sentiments in the wrong places, and a certain feebleness and non-consecutiveness of narration; but his industrious accumulation of facts, and his aptitude for the dramatic and picturesque, give marked value and interest

to his narrative of De Soto's stormy and adventurous career.

The principal defect of the book is that Mr. Abbott, as usual, seems to consider it his duty as a biographer to champion his subject and to vouch for his hero's character; and we have an estimate of De Soto which, notwithstanding the author's ingenuity in ignoring some things and excusing and misstating other, is ludicrously at variance with the facts which the book itself contains. De Soto was beyond doubt as remarkable and intrepid a man as Spain sent to the New World; but, like his fellow-adventurers, he was cruel, sanguinary, debasingly avaricious, selfish, and, even if revolted by the shocking perfidy of Pizarro, never from the beginning to the end of his career exhibited the remotest conception of what Mr. Abbott means by the word "humane." Whether in Peru or in Florida, the poor "heathen" natives had no rights which he as a Spanish and Christian Cavalier was bound to respect; and wherever he went, (in search of gold merely, be it remembered,) he left such a trail of blood as few of his countrymen equaled, even in that riot of butchery known as the Spanish Conquest of America. The one great achievement of his life was the discovery of the Mississippi, and even this was but a fortuitous episode in his mad pursuit of gold—a pursuit in which he squandered the remnant of the ill-gotten wealth brought with him from Peru, sacrificed the flower of the Spanish soldiery, and finally paid with his own life the penalty of his ignoble disappointment.

All the same, however, the life of De Soto was one long succession of adventures, almost incredibly daring and romantic, and as told by Mr. Abbott it can hardly fail to afford the reader a good deal of entertainment of a mildly instructive sort.

The pictures in the book are very good, though we have a suspicion of having met with them elsewhere; but the artist has committed the preposterous anachronism in the frontispiece of arming the Indians with muskets. Had they been so armed, no Spaniard would ever have penetrated a hundred miles inland from Tampa Bay, and the Mississippi would be rolling to-day through primeval solitudes peopled only by what Mr. Abbott calls "the dusky sons of the forest."

REPTILES AND BIRDS. By Louis Figuier. Revised by Parker Gilmore. New-York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

This is the concluding volume of the new popular and revised edition of Figuier's works which we have already spoken of as superior in all respects to the original literal translations. The only quality which Figuier lacked was sufficient knowledge to cover the immense field traversed in his books and at the same time to maintain scientific accuracy; and this important defect has been remedied in the present edition by submitting each volume to the careful revision of some

scientist of reputation in its special branch. "Reptiles and Birds," for instance, has been thoroughly revised by Mr. Parker Gilmore, well known to readers of natural history under the pseudonym of "Ubique," and it is now perhaps the best, as it certainly is the most interesting, account of the various orders, the habits, and the character of these animals that the general reader can anywhere obtain. The book, moreover, fairly teems with illustrations—there are no less than 307—which add materially to the value of the text.

THE HOME : WHERE IT SHOULD BE, AND WHAT TO PUT IN IT. By Frank R. and Marian Stockton. New-York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Putnam's Handy-Book Series" has already furnished readers with a number of "handy" and useful volumes on sanitary and social subjects, but none of them is likely to be more generally serviceable than this little treatise on the art of house-furnishing and house-keeping. It is full of all manner of information about the necessities of the housekeeper and the decoration of rooms, as to carpets, window-hangings, coloring of walls, and general ornamentation, and its very full and reliable details regarding the qualities and prices of the various goods render it more generally and immediately helpful than such books usually are.

The principles laid down and the suggestions offered are admirable and in the main sufficiently comprehensive; but if the well-meant but utterly superfluous talk about the management of servants and general deportment were stricken out, and its place filled with practical hints concerning the kind of pictures appropriate to parlor, dining-room, and the like, the style of ornaments suitable for the mantel-piece, the various plants adapted for house-gardening, etc., etc., the book would be all the better for the people who will be its principal purchasers.

THE MYSTERY OF METROPOLISVILLE. By Edward Eggleston. New-York: Orange Judd & Co.

No American writer has made a better reputation during the past year or two, or made it more rapidly, than Mr. Eggleston. His "Hoosier Schoolmaster" was racy, vigorous, and original, and "The End of the World" was almost as good, but "The Mystery of Metropolisville" seems to show that his lode (to use the vernacular) is worked out. The mannerisms, the sensational "gags," the tendency to exaggerate the peculiarities with which he endows his characters, all point to overwork or literary exhaustion; and in either case it would be better for Mr. Eggleston himself and for his readers if he would produce less hastily and abandon the re-working of his old types. Besides being unnecessarily painful, there is scarcely a natural bit of description of either character or

scenery in this story, and Metropolisville itself is as essentially a travesty as Martin Chuzzlewit's "Eden."

SIAM: THE LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT. AS IT WAS AND IS. Compiled and arranged by George B. Bacon. New-York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Mrs. Leonowens' two books have directed public attention of late to "The Land of the White Elephant," and the present work furnishes us with just the information which was necessary to a proper understanding of those singular narratives. It gives a fairly complete sketch of the history of Siam and the vicissitudes through which it has passed during the past twenty centuries, of the character and habits of the reigning family, of the people and their peculiar customs, of the physical geography and natural history of the country, and of its wonderful architectural antiquities. The authorities chiefly used are Sir John Bowring's *Kingdom and People of Siam* and *Mouhot's Travels*; but much of the liveliness and interest of the volume come from Mr. Bacon's personal observations and experiences. He was in Siam in 1857 at the time of the ratification of the treaty with the United States, and made the acquaintance of both the First and Second Kings and of the leading nobles, besides visiting Bangkok and Ayuthia. His description of the two kings is singularly interesting, and to most readers will prove a genuine surprise. Far away in this Empire, lying literally in "the uttermost parts of the earth," we find kings who are not only versed in Greek and Latin, but familiar with the name and deeds of George Washington and with the leading events of American and European history, and who in general culture would bear favorable comparison with the most enlightened sovereign in Europe.

"Siam" is one of the most entertaining volumes in the "Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure," and contains numerous and choice illustrations which add greatly to its value.

PART SECOND of Professor Asa Gray's "Botany for Young People" is entitled *How Plants Behave: How they Move, Climb, Employ Insects to work for them, etc.*, and is a worthy companion to the first volume of the series, which told "How Plants Grow." Professor Gray is one of the most eminent of living botanists, and in these little books he has shown that he is not less able to impart his knowledge to very young people than to the more advanced scientific students with whom he has labored chiefly hitherto. No manuals of Botany, equally simple, clear, and informing, have been published either here or in England, and for young and old alike, they form a delightful introduction to one of the most suggestive, useful, and enjoyable of all the sciences. The publishers are Messrs. Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., (New-York.)



MESSRS. MASON, BAKER & PRATT (New-York) have issued a new edition of "Prayers from Plymouth Pulpit," in very handsome style and at a low price. The book is already well known, and has found its way into thousands of families where it can not have failed to exercise an incalculably good influence. We need hardly say that Mr. Beecher's prayers are not less original and suggestive than his sermons, and there is no book of devotions more likely than this to work to the edification of the user. Messrs. Mason, Baker & Co. have become proprietors of the plates, and theirs is now the only edition of the work in the market.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

PROF. VON RANKE has published a selection, accompanied by notes, from the correspondence of Frederick William the Fourth of Prussia with Bunsen.

THE admirers of George Herbert will be glad to learn that eight poems of his, hitherto unpublished, have been discovered. It is said that they throw considerable light on some of the poet's religious opinions.

ACCORDING to the *Illustrated Review*, Lord Byron's secret was that he had a wife before he was married to Miss Milbank. This would assuredly explain every thing; but the results of such a revelation would even now be disastrous to many persons.

"GULLIVER'S TRAVELS" has been translated into Gujerati by a late student of the Dekkan College. At Surat a new dictionary of the language has been published, containing 22,000 words, a copious number. Gujerati has the advantage of being used by the stirring community of the Parsees.

MR. GEORGE SMITH telegraphs to the *Daily Telegraph* from Moussoul—where he is prosecuting his search for Assyrian records—the intelligence that, having been permitted by the Turkish Government to commence operations, he has already made several discoveries, and has written and dispatched some long letters.

MR. DUFFIELD and Mr. Watts, two Spanish scholars, well qualified for their difficult undertaking, are engaged on a translation of "Don Quixote," that will for the first time give English readers an adequate notion of the text of Cervantes' great work. A first instalment of the translation will appear in the course of the present year.

THE edition of Mr. Lewes's "Life of Goethe," recently announced, will be more purely biographical than the larger volume, of which there have been two editions. Confined to the facts of the poet's life, the new volume will, probably,

attract the attention of the large number of readers who delight in the incidents of a great man's life.

M. HORTENSUS DE SAINT-ALBIN, formerly private librarian to the Empress Eugénie, has just published a large volume, "Documents sur la Révolution Française," consisting of fragments of historical works by his father, formerly general secretary to the War Minister, on Kléber, Hoche, Danton, Dugommier, and with a chapter from the unpublished memoirs of Barras, of which the Saint-Albin family has the entire MS.

MR. C. G. LELAND has in the press, in London a work entitled "The English Gypsies and their Language," consisting almost entirely of fresh material gathered from the Rommany themselves. Among the results of Mr. Leland's research will, we are told, be found a number of almost unchanged Hindustani words, not in any Rommany vocabularies, nearly fifty stories in the original with a translation, and a collection of English words of Gipsy origin.

SINCE the beginning of the year a monthly magazine has been published at Vienna, called *Archiv für die Geschichte deutscher Sprache und Dichtung*, and edited by J. M. Wagner. It is intended to be somewhat similar in character to Naumann's "Serapeum," which expired some little time ago. It will deal with the German language and literature in the modern High-Dutch period, *i. e.*, since Luther; and more especially will it pay attention to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

THE death is announced, from apoplexy, of M. Saint-Marc Girardin, a well-known member of the French Academy, and one of the vice-presidents of the National Assembly. M. Saint-Marc Girardin was born in Paris on the 12th February, 1801, and consequently had just completed his 72d year. His early studies gained for him considerable distinction, and he was three times "crowned" by the French Academy. In 1827 he commenced his career as a journalist by an article in the *Débat*, which at once drew attention to him, and secured him an engagement on that paper, to which he has contributed ever since.

AN English translation of "The Life of Moscheles," the composer and pianist, with selections from his diaries and correspondence, by his wife, will be shortly issued in two volumes, by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett. The work comprises not only a detailed account of Moscheles' own long artistic career, but particulars respecting his intercourse with Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Rossini, and other great composers, besides almost all the celebrated artists, vocal or instrumental, who adorned the operatic stage, or flourished in the concert-rooms of his day.

THE late M. Sainte-Beuve was during his life a most assiduous correspondent of Princess Ma-

thilde. We may be sure that in writing to her about literature, aesthetics, and politics, the senator never kept out of his mind the public for which they were finally designed. It appears that both correspondents agreed to exchange their letters, which returned to their own writer. Now, M. Troubat, the executor of M. Sainte-Beuve, is about to publish the letters returned to him; whilst Princess Mathilde will not, for the present, let us judge if she is or is not the rival of Sévigné.

ANOTHER novel, and another play, that the public have never yet heard of, have been left behind him by Lord Lytton! The drama is in five acts, and is entitled, "The Captive." The period is during the old classic days of Rome, when the toga was worn. It has never been produced upon the boards for one very simple reason—the impossibility of finding a suitable actor for the chief part, one that a quarter of a century back would have admirably fitted Macready. The novel is one quite irrespective of "The Parisians," now running its course in *Blackwood*, and of the newly-published opinions and adventures of "Kenelm Chillingly."

AFTER twenty years of exile, M. and Madame Edgard Quinet returned to Paris just in time to be shut in the capital by the Prussian siege. The books on this eventful period have been so numerous that the interest of the subject is well-nigh exhausted. Nevertheless, Madame Quinet is preparing for the press her "Journal du Siègle," written day by day during the horrors of the bombardment and the sufferings of impending starvation. The personal impressions of an accomplished lady, like Madame Edgard Quinet, during these five long months of absolute seclusion from the rest of the world, should be interesting.

A HUNGARIAN philologist, whose efforts to throw some light on the literature of his country by readable translations of the principal Magyar poets, have brought him into deserved prominence in the Parisian world of *savants*, M. Charles Eugène de Ujfalvy, has just published, in Paris, a History of Hungarian Literature, accompanied with extracts from the more remarkable writings of his compatriots. M. de Ujfalvy's knowledge of French has enabled him to write his work in that language, and translate pieces of merit hitherto ignored for want of clever translators. M. de Ujfalvy is, we believe, the first Hungarian who makes an attempt of the kind, and his books will be acceptable to philologists and admirers of Magyar poetry.

"THE National Library of Florence," says the *Nazione* of that city, "in conformity with a clause in the treaty signed with Austria on the 6th January, 1871, and by order of the Italian Minister of Finance, has just restored to the heirs of the former Duke Leopold II. of Tuscany a manuscript

on vellum. That writing is the only one of the rich and precious collection that the heirs of the ducal family have reserved to themselves, on condition that the other books and manuscripts should remain always in Florence. The one in question is dated 1588, and is a small octavo volume with miniatures in the German style, and initial letters colored in gilt and ultramarine blue. It appears to contain the genealogy of the Hapsburg-Lorraine princes, and of about a hundred saints whom the Italian branch claims as belonging to it.

AN English lady, residing in Paris, Miss Anna Blackwell, has had printed for private circulation a pamphlet entitled 'Spiritualism and Spiritism,' which contains some rather strange revelations of the intercourse that goes on between those highly-favored beings, mediums, and the world of disembodied spirits. Miss Blackwell claims to be the first who introduced the knowledge of *Spiritualism* into France, so long ago as 1850, and she is now the first, she informs us, to lay before English readers the far more intellectual and refined doctrine of *Spiritism*. This doctrine, it seems, involves a belief in the re-incarnation of souls, something like the metempsychosis of the ancients, its chief modern exponent being the late M. Allan Kardec. Some disembodied souls, according to the communications made to mediums, become re-incarnated sooner than others. These others wander about, often for hundreds of years, as a punishment for their sins, without being re-incarnated. Mediums of a superior discernment, according to Miss Blackwell, are gifted with the power of knowing what was their own previous condition on earth. This was the case, it seems, with Allan Kardec, who alleged himself to have been, in a former state of life, no other than John Huss, the celebrated Reformer. This is going back some hundreds of years, but is nothing to the antiquity of Miss Blackwell's own previous existence. She informs us that she has authentic evidence, revealed to her by two spirits, that so far back as the year 3543 B.C. she held the distinguished position of a Princess of Abyssinia. It was her father of that date who first communicated this to her, and the intelligence has since been confirmed by another spirit, with whom she has held the following dialogue:—"Are you a friend?" "Enemy."—"Of this life?" "No, long ago."—"In what quarter of the globe?" "Africa."—"What country?" "Abyssinia."—"Before or after Christ?" "Before."—"How many years?" "3543."—"What was I?" "King's daughter."—"Was I good?" "Wicked and ugly."—"What were you?" "Your attendant."

AMONG the books that perished during the burning of the Tuileries was a famous copy of the seventy volume edition of Voltaire, published at Kehl in 1781. This copy, which had been destin-

ed for the Empress of Russia, was on large paper, with proof impressions of 108 engravings, from drawings by Moreau; in addition to which, it had bound up with it the original drawings from which the engravings were taken; altogether a very choice work and magnificently bound in red morocco. Why it never reached the hands of the Empress Catharine, for whom it was destined, has not been explained. After passing, however, from one possessor to another, at length it came into the hands of a M. Double for the sum of 13,500 francs. By that gentleman, it was put up to auction, and bought for the Emperor Napoleon for only 9,025 francs. The Empress Eugénie, upon seeing it, was so much struck with the work, its beautiful designs and handsome binding, that she at once besought the Emperor to present it to her for her private library. With some little difficulty she obtained her request, and the rare Voltaire found a place among the 6,000 volumes which constituted the Empress's private library. But alas! all these perished in the conflagration which signalized the close of the reign of the Commune in Paris. This was not, however, the only illustrated copy of Voltaire in existence. A Paris bookseller now announces one, profusely illustrated, Beuchot's edition, *Paris, 1834, 72 tomes bound in 77*, which may be had for the modest sum of 35,000 francs. This copy, it appears, is enriched with as many as 3,000 portraits and vignettes, all of the choicest kind, which were brought together under the direction of an American gentleman residing in Paris, who is a great admirer of the philosopher of Ferney.

#### SCIENCE AND ART.

**THE MOON.**—If the atmosphere of the moon really exists, its density is less than the 2000th part of the density of the earth's atmosphere. Such an atmosphere would be more attenuated than the vacuum which is obtained, under the best conditions, in the most perfect air-pumps. The refraction, or rather non-refraction of stars, is the means by which this determination is obtained. All observations hitherto made tend to prove that water in any form does not exist on the moon's surface. But it has been considered that it was once present there, and indeed traces of aqueous or glacial action are by some considered to be evident. What then has become of the water? Assuming the solid mass of the moon to contract on cooling at the same rate as granite, its refrigeration, through only 180° Fahr., would create cellular space equal to nearly 144 millions of cubic miles, which would be more than sufficient to engulf the whole of the lunar oceans, supposing them to bear the same proportion to the mass of the moon as our own oceans bear to that of the earth. If this be the present condition of the moon, we can scarcely avoid the conclusion that an ocean can only exist on the surface of a planet as long

as the latter retains a high internal temperature.  
—*The Engineer.*

**EFFECTS OF VEGETABLE PERFUMES ON HEALTH.**—An Italian professor has made some very agreeable medical researches, resulting in the discovery that vegetable perfumes exercise a positively healthful influence on the atmosphere, converting its oxygen into ozone, and thus increasing its oxydizing influence. The essences found to develop the largest quantity of ozone are those of cherry-laurel, cloves, lavender, mint, juniper, lemons, fennel, and bergamot; those that give it in smaller quantity are anise, nutmeg, and thyme. The flowers of the narcissus, hyacinth, mignonette, heliotrope, and lily of the valley, develop ozone in closed vessels. Flowers destitute of perfume do not develop it, and those which have but slight perfume develop it only in small quantities. Reasoning from these facts the professor recommends the cultivation of flowers in marshy districts, and in all places infested with animal emanations, on account of the powerful oxydizing influence of ozone. The inhabitants of such regions should, he says, surround their houses with beds of the most odorous flowers.

**ECONOMIZING COAL.**—The President of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers in his annual address stated that the production of coal in this country is one hundred and twenty million tons yearly, worth, at ten shillings a ton only, sixty million pounds sterling. Of this prodigious quantity, whether used in producing power, in the smelting of metals, in manufactures generally, or for domestic purposes, the President (Mr. C. W. Siemens, F.R.S.) declared that one-half might be saved by proper management. Here is a subject for consideration! Thirty million pounds sterling to be saved every year by proper economy. Not only would our deposits of coal, one of the most important of our national resources, last as long again as has been calculated; but workmanship would be improved, and the public health promoted by the absence of smoke. All the smoke that at presents darkens our atmosphere is so much fuel wasted; the quantity is far greater than most folk would believe. With a proper method for burning coal in furnaces and fireplaces, combustion would be perfect, and there would be no smoke. We hope the Mechanical Engineers will agitate the question until the huge saving above mentioned shall be effected.  
—*Chambers's Journal.*

**RECENT DISCOVERIES IN THE PYRAMIDS.**—The Pyramids of Egypt were constructed 4000 years ago. Mr. Dixon, of England, has for some time been exploring the two remarkable chambers known as the king's and queen's chambers, in the interior of the Great Pyramid. By means of a wire introduced between the joints of the masonry, he found a space, and was thereupon induced to bore into the walls of the queen's cham-

ber, when he discovered a passage-way, eight by nine inches in dimensions, evidently a ventilating flue. Its terminus has not yet been found. Within the passage-way he found a bronze hook, which is supposed to be the most ancient specimen of bronze now existing. He also found a piece of worked cedar wood and a granite ball, which latter is believed to have been an Egyptian weight. Its diameter is 2½ inches. As the walls behind which these articles were found were solid on the inner side of the chamber, it is believed that they were placed in the positions where they were found at the time the pyramid was erected.

**ABSORBING POWER OF THE HUMAN SKIN.**—Dr. Thomson, of Edinburgh, relates some experiments which he tried on his own person to ascertain the truth of the statements made as to the curative power of mineral-water baths depending on the absorption by the skin of certain salts and other substances which they hold in solution; and, further, to ascertain whether certain substances applied in the form of ointments, etc., pass through the skin and reach the blood before they produce any beneficial effect. His conclusions are that not only has absorption by the skin been greatly exaggerated, but in the case of substances in aqueous solution it seems to be the exception, not the rule, for absorption to take place; and that, in the case of ointments, etc., some of the substances so applied seem to be absorbed, and others not.

**"THE CORSICAN BROTHERS."**—Mr. Clark, of Chasetown, Walsall, publishes the following letter in *The Lancet*:—Sir,—A curious instance of similarity between twins occurred in my experience some years ago, which exemplifies the difficulty, described by Dr. Lee in your impression of last week, that sometimes exists of distinguishing the points of difference between individuals. They were tall muscular men, apparently of the same height and figure, about forty years of age, and managers of coal mines. So close was the resemblance between them, that I was told when they lived in the same locality they had often changed places with each other, or the one had acted for the other in his absence, without the change of masters ever having been discerned by the men employed under them. When shown their portraits, I unhesitatingly pronounced them to be photographs of the same individual, and when told they were not, I was unable to indicate which represented the one I had often attended in illness, and whose wife had given birth to twins twice within twelve months. I saw the other brother but once, on which occasion I conversed with him for several minutes, but only became aware that I had done so when informed of the fact weeks after. The wife of the one I knew could not tell me how she distinguished her husband from her brother-in-law, but said she had no difficulty in doing so.

**DEEP-SEA ANIMALS.**—A Commission appointed by the United States' government to examine the fisheries, and search out all the kinds of fish in the Bay of Fundy, has done some good zoological work by dredging in deep waters. The deepest haul yet made north of Florida was made by them in 430 fathoms, and from this great depth they hauled 44 species of animals, exclusive of Foraminifera. In this we have another proof that living things are much more numerous at the bottom of the deep sea than (until within recent years) has been believed. In the capture above mentioned, some species were found which have never before been taken in American waters, though they are well known to naturalists in Europe. Another interesting fact established by this remarkable haul is, that "there must be plenty of light" at the depth of 860 yards, for many of the animals taken are "predaceous, with well-developed eyes."

Another fact in natural history is worthy of note. Certain species of fish are found in Lake Superior, which on examination prove to be identical with species that inhabit the lakes in Sweden, and with other species that live in the sea. Perhaps some of our naturalists will give us an explanation of this phenomenon.

**INDURATED TAR.**—"Indurated Tar," of which report speaks favorably, is now under experiment at Devonport, England. It is used as a coating for iron, ships' boilers, and such like, and resists alike a moist heat or a dry heat. It contains no oil, and requires none when applied, and is described as showing a gloss over the whole surface. The experts believe that it will bear any amount of heat below the red-hot point; hence it should stand as well in the torrid zone as in our latitudes; and if it be true that this indurated tar does not crack, shrink, nor blister, what an admirable coat it will be for iron ships of every kind!

**ON TYPHOID FEVER.**—In Sir William Gull's lecture on this subject, it is remarked that two hundred and fifty years ago one of the kings of England died of ague, but now by improved agriculture and drainage the disease had become rare, and certainly very few die of it. Typhoid fever, he asserts, is as preventable as ague, and two hundred and fifty years hence deaths from it will be as rare. The disease is caused by a virus of nature, which may get into the healthy body, increase in it, and destroy it. It is an accidental condition, and not one of the ordinary processes of nature. The origin of the disease is somehow or other connected with drainage; it has therefore been called the filth fever, and to get rid of the filth is to get rid of the fever. This was illustrated in the case of the Millbank Prison, where typhoid and dysentery were once thoroughly established, but where both almost wholly disappeared when the water-supply was changed and efficient drainage provided. In his closing remarks on the



treatment of the disease, the lecturer said that no one can approach a case of typhoid fever without paying some attention to hygiene. This he claimed was of the greatest importance, and with it he would prefer to carry any one through the disease by wines and soups and fresh air, rather than by the use of drugs.

**ORIGIN OF WEEPING WILLOWS.**—In a late number of "Silliman's American Journal," a writer, whom we imagine to be Professor Gray, says that from the investigations of Karl Koch it appears that the "*Garab*," upon which, according to the Psalmist, the captive Jews at Babylon hung their harps, is not the weeping willow named *Salix Babylonica* by Linnaeus in view of the current tradition, and is not a willow at all, but a poplar. Indeed Ranwolf had long ago concluded that it was not a willow. And the *Salix Babylonica*, the hardness of which attests a cooler climate than that of Mesopotamia, is now regarded as of Chinese or Japanese origin; so that its Linnæan specific name gives place to that of *Salix pendula* Mench.

**THE ANATOMY OF THE NEGRO.**—Professor Agassiz is well known as a believer in the view that the different races of man are specifically distinct. But in a recent lecture, as reported by one of the journals, he seems to have gone too far. He says: "I have pointed out over a hundred specific differences between the bonal and nervous systems of the white man and the negro. Indeed, their frames are alike in no particular. There is no bone in the negro's body which is relatively the same shape, size, articulation, or chemically of the same composition as that of the white man. The negro's bones contain a far greater proportion of calcareous salts than those of the white man. Even the negro's blood is chemically a very different fluid from that which courses in the veins of the white man. The whole physical organisation of the negro differs quite as much from the white man's as it does from that of the chimpanzee—that is in his bones, muscles, nerves and fibres, the chimpanzee has not much farther to progress to become a white man. This fact science inexorably demonstrates. Climate has no more to do with the difference between the white man and the negro than it has with that between the negro and the chimpanzee, or between the horse and the ass, or the eagle and the owl. Each is a distinct and separate creation. The negro and the white man were created as specifically different as the owl and the eagle. They were designed to fill different places in the system of nature. The negro is no more a negro by accident or misfortune than the owl is the kind of bird he is by accident or misfortune. The negro is no more the white man's brother than the owl is the sister of the eagle, or the ass the brother of the horse. How stupendous and yet how simple is the doctrine that the Almighty Maker of the universe has

created different species of men, just as He has different species of the lower animals, to fill different places and offices in the grand machinery of nature."

**MARINE NATURAL HISTORY.**—Captain Chimo of the English navy, who is now on his way home from a cruise in the China Sea and the region of the Eastern Archipelago, has brought to light some interesting facts in the natural history of the ocean, of which we shall have full particulars by-and-by. We shall then learn something about 'reproductive pearls'—about the so-called sea sawdust—and, as regards the phosphorescence of the sea, we are told that it is produced by a minute but highly organised crustaceous animal, with digestive and reproductive organs, among which the captain believes he has discovered the seat of the luminosity: a phenomenon of wonder and delight to unaccustomed eyes.

**CHEAP ILLUMINATING GAS.**—A new and cheap method of manufacturing gas has been invented in England by a Mr. Ruck. He decomposes water, and thereby obtains hydrogen in unlimited quantities, for water at this time is unusually plentiful. With the hydrogen he mixes vapor of petroleum, and this produces a gas which may be made to give any amount of light at a cost of less than two shillings for a thousand feet. So many experiments have been made to test this new method, that it may be looked on as demonstrated; and if this should hold in applications on the large scale, the economy will be of great importance, for coal tends to increase in price; and where thirty men are required in the manufacture of gas from coal, only one man is required in Mr. Ruck's method.

**THE "CHALLENGER" EXPEDITION.**—If, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer says, the British public are paying the expenses of the *Challenger* exploring expedition, (and therefore can't afford another arctic expedition at present,) it is satisfactory to know that they are getting something for their money. The explorers send home Reports from time to time, with particulars of their researches. By the Report despatched from Madeira on their departure for the West Indies, we are informed that their soundings show the existence of a deep basin (2500 fathoms) between the Strait of Gibraltar and Madeira, which was before unknown. It may be described as a deep lake in the sea, edged by comparatively shallow water. In the words of the official Report: "This deep sea continues the chain of basins extending from the Black Sea to the westward through the Mediterranean, which, divided by a shallow ridge between Sicily and Africa, forms, as it were, two lakes, the shallow ridge at the Strait of Gibraltar separating them from the newly discovered Madeira Gulf." The observations made on the temperature of the water show that the summer heat penetrates to a depth of about 600 feet, below which the temperature is uniform all the year

round. And it appears to be demonstrated by the experiments made on board the *Challenger*, that at a depth of from one to two miles the temperature of the water is everywhere 28 degrees, or four degrees only below the freezing-point.

**HYDRAULIC MACHINERY.**—Since Sir William Armstrong introduced his hydraulic machinery for raising ore from deep mines, and for loading and unloading ships in dock, it has been applied to many other purposes. By the quiet pressure of water the largest of dock-gates are now opened and closed with the utmost ease; newspapers are printed; lifts are worked in hotels and factories; and the scenes are shifted in theatres. At the Royal Academy, when Exhibitions are in preparation, truck-loads of pictures are raised from the basement to the galleries by a hydraulic lift of unusual size, fed by the ordinary water-supply. Water can be used to blow the bellows of an organ; and in the employment of water for this or any other intermittent purpose, there is the advantage that it is always ready. Pull a lever, or turn a tap, and it begins to work. There is no lighting of a fire, and waiting half an hour, as in the case of steam. And now an ingenious mechanic at Paris has contrived a way to close and open shop-shutters by means of the ordinary water-supply. The winch, and cog-wheels, and connecting apparatus at present employed, are not required: with twenty gallons of water, at a sixty-feet pressure, more than twenty square yards of iron shutters can be raised or lowered merely by turning a tap inside the shop. The water-tubes, and indeed all the apparatus, are inside the shop, which renders it easy to guard against effects of frost; while failure of water could be prevented by storing a day's supply in a cistern.

**JUTE.**—A noteworthy instance of supply following demand is afforded by the trade of India. In 1870-71, the export of jute from that country was more than three million cwts.; in 1871-72, it rose to more than six million cwts., thus nearly doubling itself in a single year. For thirty miles along each side of the Hooghly above Calcutta, jute is grown, and mills are built to prepare the fibre on the spot, and continually more and more land is taken into cultivation. Jute, as most people know, is largely used in weaving; for canvas, sacking, for articles of dress, for imitations of silk, and for chignons. Ropemakers and papermakers also use it in prodigious quantities. A great trade for the mere cuttings and waste jute has grown up between India and the United States. Brother Jonathan, shrewd in his generation, buys this waste, and converts it into excellent paper. Meanwhile, many a young Dundee is growing up along the valley of the Ganges and the Brahmaputra.—*Chambers's Journal*.

**A NEW ELECTRIC LIGHT.**—The Academy of Sciences at Paris have awarded their prize of fifty

thousand francs to Mr. Gramme for his electromagnetic machine, which is one of the simplest and most efficient that has yet been invented. The construction is so free from complications, that the instrument will work and give a continuous current for months together; and to those who know anything of the subject, these will appear as results of the highest importance. One of the uses to which this machine may be immediately applied is the production of a light of intense brilliancy, which will be seen farther than any other electric light yet known. With Mr. Gramme's light on board ship, we ought to hear no more of collisions at sea, with their terrible catastrophes; and we are informed that one of the French steamship companies is about to adopt it, so that their vessels carrying a dazzling light on their prow may not run down other ships, or wreck themselves against icebergs.

**PARAFFIN AND ITS USES.**—twenty-five years ago, paraffin was first distilled from oil found in a Derbyshire coal mine. When this was exhausted, experiments were made by Mr. James Young, which proved that paraffin could be extracted from any kind of bituminous shale or coal; and he began with a mineral so rich that it yielded one hundred and twenty gallons of crude oil to the ton. This having in turn become exhausted, shales are now worked which yield not more than from fifteen to thirty-five gallons per ton. But that this smaller quantity is profitable is manifest by there being in Scotland alone sixty-eight oil-works, which consume in the year 782,000 tons of shale, and produce 21,840,000 gallons of oil, from which are extracted ten million gallons of oil for lamps, five thousand tons of paraffin, and six hundred tons of sulphate of ammonia. The paraffin is used in the manufacture of candles, for various purposes in the arts and in pharmacy; and as a lining for beer-casks it effectually prevents their becoming foul. A layer of paraffin preserves fruits, jams, and meats from taint and putrefaction; and it prevents the decay of stone. By treatment with paraffin, woven goods can be rendered waterproof; it is used instead of sulphur in the preparation of lucifer-matches; and last though not least, paraffin is a non-conductor of electricity, and takes its place among the best of insulators. This is a prodigious sum of results within a quarter of a century. The world is much indebted to Mr. James Young for his share in the achievement thereof.

#### VARIETIES.

**THE ELECTION OF POPES.**—It was only in A.D. 1275, that Gregory X., at the second Council of Lyons, obliged the Cardinals to sign and seal a statute which was to regulate irrevocably the proceedings of a conclave on the death of a Pope. This statute enacts that on the tenth day after the death of the Pope, the Cardinals are to be shut up

without waiting for absent members of the College in a single chamber of the deceased Pope's palace, where they are to live in common. All access to them is strictly prohibited, as well as any writing or message. Each man is only to have one domestic, and their meals are to be received through a window too narrow to admit a man. If they do not agree in three days, their repast is to be limited for five days to a single dish; after that they are only to have bread and wine. Such was the arrangement settled by Gregory X. to prevent the scandals which preceded his election. Whether or no the Cardinals will be at the next election starved into unanimity, or rather to the proper majority required of two-thirds of the whole number, is of very little importance. What is really important, the question of who may be the successor of Pius IX., appears to be a mere matter of conjecture.—*The Hour*.

• IBSEN, THE NORWEGIAN SATIRIST.—There is now living at Dresden a middle-aged Norwegian gentleman, who walks in and out among the inhabitants of that gay city, observing all things, observed of few, retired, contemplative, unaggressive. Occasionally he sends a roll of MS. off to Copenhagen, and the Danish papers announce that a new poem of Ibsen's is about to appear. This announcement causes more stir than perhaps any other can, among literary circles in Scandinavia, and the elegant Swedish journalists point out how graceful an opportunity it would be for the illustrious poet to leave his voluntary exile and return to be smothered in flowers and flowery speeches. Norwegian friends, expressing themselves more tersely, think that the greatest Norse writer ought to come home to live. Still, however, he remains in Germany, surrounded by the nationality least pleasing to his taste, within daily earshot of sentiments inexpressibly repugnant to him, watching, noting, digging deeper and deeper into the dark places of modern life, developing more and more a vast and sinister genius. . . . A land of dark forests, gloomy waters, barren peaks, inundated by cold sharp airs off Arctic icebergs, a land where Nature must be won with violence, not wooed by the siren songs of dream-impulses; Norway is the home of vigorous, ruddy lads and modest maidens, a healthy population, unexhausted and unrestrained. Here a man can open his chest, stride onward upright and sturdy, say out his honest word and be unabashed; here, if anywhere, human nature may hope to find a just development. And out of this young and sturdy nation two writers have arisen who wear laurels on their brows and are smiled on by Apollo. Björnson is well known, by this time, to many Englishmen; he represents the happy, buoyant side of the life of his fatherland; he is what one would naturally expect a Norwegian author to be—rough, manly, unpolished, a young Titan rejoicing in his animal spirits. Ibsen, on the other hand, is a quite unexpected product of the mountain-lands, a typical

modern European, a soul full of doubt and sorrow, an unfulfilled desire, piercing downward into the dark, profound, Promethean—a dramatic satirist.—*Fortnightly Review*.

DOING THINGS IN A HURRY.—26th December, 1872, 8, morning.—The first quiet and pure light that has risen this many a day, was increasing through the tall stems of the trees of our garden, which is walled by the walls of old Oxford; and a bird—(I am going to lecture on ornithology next term, but don't know *what* bird, and couldn't go to ask the gardener)—singing steady, sweet, momentary notes, in a way that would have been very pleasant to me once. And as I was breathing out of the window, thrown up as high as I could (for my servant had made me an enormous fire, as servants always do on hot mornings), and looking at the bright sickle of a moon, fading as she rose, the verse came into my mind, I don't in the least know why—"Lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting;"—which chanced to express in the most precise terms what I want you to feel about Edward III.'s fighting (though St. Paul is speaking of prayer, not of fighting, but it's all the same), as opposed to this modern British fighting, which is the lifting up of unholy hands—feet, at least—in wrath and doubting. Also, just the minute before, I had upset my lucifer match box, a nasty brown tin thing, containing, as the spiteful Third Fors would have it, just two hundred and sixty-six wax matches, half of which being in a heap on the floor and the rest all at cross purposes, had to be picked up, put straight and repacked, and at my best time for other work. During this operation, necessarily deliberate, I was thinking of my correspondent's query, respecting what I meant by doing anything "in a hurry." I mean essentially doing it in hurry of *mind*—"doubting" whether we are doing it fast enough—not knowing exactly how fast we can do it, or how slowly it *must* be done, to be done well. You cannot pack a lucifer-box, nor make a dish of stirabout, nor knead a brown loaf, but with patience; nor meet even the most pressing need, but with coolness. Once, when my father was coming home from Spain, in a merchant ship and in mid-bay of Biscay, the captain and passengers being at dinner, the sea did something or other to the ship which showed that the steersman was not minding what he was about. The captain jumped straight over the table, went on deck, and took the helm. Now I do not mean that he ought to have gone round the table, but that if a good captain, as he took the wheel, he would not miss his grasp of the spokes by snatching at them an instant too soon. And you will find that St. Paul's) "without doubting"—for which, if you like, you may substitute, "by, or in, faith"—covers nearly every definition of right action; and also that it is not possible to have this kind of faith unless one can add—as he does—"having faith, and a good conscience." It does

not at all follow that one must be doing a right thing—that will depend on one's sense and information; but one must be doing deliberately a thing we entirely *suppose* to be right, or we shall not do it becomingly. Thus, observe, I enter into no question at present as to the absolute rightness of King Edward's fighting, which caused, that day at Calais, the death of more than four hundred innocent men; nor as to the absolute wrongness of the four Irishmen's fighting, which causes only the death of one—(who also may, for aught I know, have done something really seeming evil to the dull creatures)—but there is no doubt that the King fought wholly without wrath, and without doubting his rightness; and they with vile wrath, and miserable consciousness of doing wrong; and that you have in the two scenes as perfect types as I can put before you of entirely good ancient French breeding, and entirely bad modern British breeding.—*Mr. Ruskin in "Fors Clavigera."*

**THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.**—The Japanese Minister to the United States, says the *London News*, has paid us a compliment. He is of opinion that the English language is destined to supersede the vernacular of Japan, which will in time come to be looked on as a mere curiosity. It is a poor language; and the new public schools are expected to introduce English to such a degree that by-and-by philologists will have to preserve specimens of Japanese among their collections of extinct tongues. All this is very well; but the mere fact that English is spreading throughout the world at such a rate should make us a little more exacting at home. It is high time that Englishmen were taught to speak and write English. The half of the population of these islands is about as unintelligible to the other half as if it were talking Welsh. A Yorkshire and a Devonshire peasant thrown into company would not understand each other as readily as an Irishman and a Highlander talking Gaelic to each other. Even amongst people who are fairly educated, and who live in those large circles of population in which provincialisms are supposed to die out, the English language is subjected to serious ill-treatment. Half the country members of the House of Commons omit the final consonant in words ending with *ing*. Many of them talk of *Indiar*. The tricks played with the letter *A* which are common in many social circles do not appear, as a rule, in Parliament, except where the rural representative has to pronounce such a word as "behind." It would be an ignominious thing if thirty millions of Japanese were to be found speaking better English than the English themselves. However, the Eastern nations have an odd habit of imitation. Every one knows the story of the Chinese tailor who made a coat according to pattern by imitating all the rents in it; and perhaps the Japanese will take the English language as it is, reproducing all the current faults of pronunciation.

**COUNTRY TOWNS IN AUSTRALIA.**—The country towns of Australia generally are not attractive, and it is hardly to be expected that they should as yet be so. There are, of course, exceptional instances—Ballarat, Geelong, and Beechworth in Victoria, are exceptions, as are also Launceston in Tasmania, and Strathalbyn and Mount Gambier in South Australia, which, from peculiarity of situation, or the energy of individuals, have become either well-built cities or pleasant little towns. No doubt there are others which I was not able to visit. But, generally, there is a raw newness about these congregations of houses, an initiation of streets which as yet are no more than initiated, a deficiency in pavement and macadamisation which leads either to dirt or mud, an apparent admixture of pretension and failure which is indeed indispensable to towns founded with hopes of future greatness, but which creates a feeling of melancholy sadness in the mind of a stranger. It could hardly have been otherwise, and yet it grieves us to see that they who have diligently made their plans, intending to produce comfort, social neatness, and sometimes even urban magnificence, should as yet have succeeded in producing only discomfort, untidiness, and insignificance. In old countries such as our own, towns have grown up almost without an intention on the part of any founder. Cities have formed themselves out of villages, because it has suited first this man and then that to earn his bread in this or that locality. Consequently our streets have been narrow and crooked, our spaces confined and often ill-arranged, and our supplies of water and air insufficient for an increasing population. We are daily compelled to pull down that we may rebuild, and are almost angry with ourselves or with those who went before us, in that there has been so little foresight among us as to the wants of mankind. But it has resulted from all this that we are not as a rule incomplete, pretentious, or unpicturesque. The new countries, however, have taken a lesson from the deficiencies of the old countries, and have commenced their towns on a certain plan, with wide streets and large spaces, and straight long lines, so that coming generations of thronging men may be able to build their houses in spots properly prepared, and to move about without knotting themselves into inconvenient crowds as men have to do in the old cities. When the generations shall have come, this will be very well, and the wisdom of the founders will be acknowledged—but in the mean time the new towns are ugly, and generally dirty.—*From "Australia and New Zealand," by Anthony Trollope.*

**MR. RUSKIN ON ECONOMICAL COOKERY.**—The day before yesterday, a friend, who thinks my goose pie not an economical dish! sent me a penny cookery book, a very desirable publication, which I instantly sat down to examine. It starts with the great principle that you must never any more roast your meat, but always stew it; and



never have an open fire, but substitute, for the open fire, close stoves, all over England. Now observe. There was once a dish, thought peculiarly English—roast beef. And once a place, thought peculiarly English—the fireside. These two possessions are now too costly for you. Your England, in her unexampled prosperity, according to the *Morning Post*, can no longer afford either her roast beef or her fireside. She can only afford boiled bones, and a stoveside. Well. Boiled bones are not so bad things, neither. I know something more about *them* than the writer of the penny cookery book. Fifty years ago, Count Rumford perfectly ascertained the price, and nourishing power, of good soup; and I shall give you a recipe for Theseus' vegetable diet, and for Lycurgus' black and Esau's red pottage, for your better pot-luck. But what next? To-day, you cannot afford beef; to-morrow, are you sure that you will be still able to afford bones? If things are to go on thus, and you are to study economy to the utmost, I can beat the author of the penny cookery book even on that ground. What say you to this diet of the Otomac Indians; persons quite of our present English character? "They have a decided aversion to cultivate the land, and live almost exclusively on hunting and fishing. They are men of a very robust constitution, and passionately fond of fermented liquors. While the waters of the Orinoco are low, they subsist on fish and turtles, but at the period of its inundations (when the fishing ceases) they eat daily, during some months, three quarters of a pound of clay, slightly hardened by fire"—probably stewable in your modern stoves with better effect. "Half, at least" (this is Father Gumilla's statement quoted by Humboldt) "of the bread of the Otomacs and the Guamoës is clay—and those who feel a weight on their stomach purge themselves with the fat of the crocodile, which restores their appetite, and enables them to continue to eat pure earth." "I doubt"—Humboldt himself goes on, "the man-teca de caiman being a purgative. But it is certain that the Guamoës are very fond, if not of the fat, at least of the flesh of the crocodile." We have surely brickfields enough to keep our clay from ever rising to famine prices, in any fresh accession of prosperity; and though fish can't live in our rivers, the muddy waters are just of the consistence crocodiles like: and, at Manchester and Rochdale, I have observed the surface of the streams smoking, so that we need be under no concern as to temperature. I should think you might produce in them quite "streaky" crocodile—fat and flesh concordant—St. George becoming a bacon purveyor, as well as seller, and laying down his dragon in salt (indeed it appears, by an experiment made in Egypt itself, that the oldest of human words is Bacon); potted crocodile will doubtless, also, from countries unrestrained by religious prejudices, be imported, as the English demand increases, at lower quotations; and for

what you are going to receive, the Lord make you truly thankful.—*Fera Clavigera.*

THE EARTH'S CHANGES.—The term in which the final destruction of our earth is spoken of in Scripture, and the comparatively short existence which seems to be in Providence destined for it, render it pretty certain that this globe at least will not meet with its doom in the above-mentioned manner [Laplace's hypothesis]. But as such an event is not only a perfectly possible one in the economy of nature, but an absolute certainty supposing that the resisting medium were allowed time enough to do its work, it may not be out of place to pause for a moment and consider what is involved in such a catastrophe. Let us think, for example, what the case would be with our own earth, if no speedier destruction were to come upon it from some yet unanticipated and possibly miraculous cause. Many centuries no doubt—it may be many millenniums—would elapse before the most delicate observations could reveal the working of the mysterious agent. But at length some astronomer detects a minute change in the elements of the earth's orbit which cannot be accounted for by any of the ordinary perturbations, and he is compelled to the belief that the resisting medium is beginning perceptibly to influence the planet. This discovery, when publicly announced, could not fail seriously to impress the most thoughtless of hearers. The first step has been taken by the earth on its way to a doom as fearful as the imagination can paint and as inevitable as the unchanging laws of nature can make it. Still generation after generation passes away; the end is—visibly—no nearer, and but for the figures of the astronomers the whole thing might be denounced as an idle fable. But not the less surely does the unseen destroyer fulfil his mission; and in time the effects of his work become palpable to every eye. The sun's disc is perceptibly enlarged, the intensity of his light and heat are increased, the length of the year is diminished. At first the change of climate is a pleasant and grateful one, except between the tropics, and even there it is not so marked as to be very severely felt. But slowly and surely the influence becomes more potent, and when we look again some ages later, the face of the intertropical regions is scarcely recognisable. The rich vale of the Nile, the fertile plains of the Ganges, the cotton plantations of the south have disappeared; the sandy deserts of Africa and Asia have extended their bounds, and stretch without an oasis far on either side of the equator. The inhabitants retreat, some to the north and some to the south, but the fiery belt between steadily pursues them, and mile after mile, league after league, falls under its devastating sway. Some ages more pass away, and when we look again the vineyards of Spain, the olive-groves of Italy, the fig-gardens of Turkey, are gone; their cities yet stand with

all their splendid palaces, their gorgeous temples, but they are like Tadmor in the wilderness—cities without inhabitants. Look again, and Mont Blanc has lost his diadem of snow and rears his head, a bare cone of granite, above the dry and rocky table-land which was once the Mer de Glace. Look again, and our own land has, in its turn, become a burning desert. And now the whole inhabitants of the globe are collected in two narrow circles around either pole. The ice and the snow have disappeared, and the frozen plains of Greenland and Labrador teem with tropical vegetation. But the narrowed limits of the habitable earth can no longer support this vast increase of population, and famine begins to mow down its victims by millions. Now, indeed, the end of all life on the earth draws on apace. The resisting medium, from the increased proximity to the sun, grows rapidly much denser, and its effect is proportionately increased. The heat and drought become more and more insupportable. Rain and dew fall no longer. All springs of water fail, and the rivers dwindle down to streamlets, and trickle slowly over their stony beds. And now scarcity of water is added to scarcity of food. Those who escape from the famine perish by the drought, and those who escape from the drought are reserved for a fate more awful yet. For a time indeed the few remaining inhabitants of the earth are partially screened from the overwhelming power of the sun by a dense canopy of clouds. From the excessive evaporation, thick columns of mist are constantly rising from the surface of every lake and every sea, and forming into dense banks of cloud, which hang like a funeral pall over the dying earth. But soon the sun scorches up these vapor banks and dissipates them into space as fast as they can be formed by evaporation. Then the fiery orb shines out in unattainable splendor without the lightest cloud-wreath to interpose between himself and his victims. Then, truly, the heavens become as iron and the earth as brass. Then the last denizens of the world are stricken down and consumed, the last traces of organic life are blotted from its surface.—From “*The Romance of Astronomy*,” by R. Kalley Miller.

BYRON AND HIS WORSHIPPERS.—A curious controversy has recently sprung up in the *London Times* as to the accuracy of a well-known line in *Childe Harold*. More than fifty years have elapsed since the publication of the last canto of that poem, and during that time many thousands of readers must have learnt by heart the Address to the Ocean, and many hundreds at least have been shocked by the ungrammatical substitution of “lay” for “lie.” It is rather odd, therefore, that the reading should now be undergoing a discussion as animated as though the flaw had just been discovered in Mr. Tennyson’s last poem. It is yet more surprising to find that there are still many persons who, not content with admiring

the magnificent vigor of Byron’s poetry, insist upon believing that it is absolutely free from faults. One class of enthusiasts holds that “lay,” being obviously a vulgarism, can not have been written by Byron. The various readings which have been suggested are so obviously feeble, however, that this mode of escaping the difficulty does not deserve any serious notice. Mr. Murray’s statement as to the authority of the MS. is conclusive, and none of the verbs which can be substituted for “lay” have any merit beyond that of being intransitive. Another class admits that Byron made a mistake, but regards it as wrong to dwell upon it. One of these gentlemen quotes a phrase from *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* :—

“But hold !” exclaims a friend, “here’s some neglect ;  
This—that—and t’other line seem incorrect.”  
What then ? The self-same blunder Pope has got ;  
And careless Dryden—“Ay, but Pye has not.”  
Indeed !—’tis granted, faith ! but what care I ?  
Better to err with Pope than shine with Pye.

This is all very well ; but it does not meet the case. Neither Pope nor Dryden, as far as we can remember, though we can not pledge ourselves to maintain the negative, has made this particular blunder. Pope, indeed, not unfrequently falls into grammatical errors from an excessive love of compression ; and it may be—for upon that subject we must admit our entire ignorance—that Pye does not. But then there is no necessity for “erring with Pope” because you do not “shine with Pye.” The argument would be effective only as against critics who should maintain that Byron was inferior to Pye because he had fallen into blunders from which Pye is free ; and nobody, as far as we know, has said anything so silly. Whatever may be Byron’s merits, they surely should not blind us to his faults. He can’t have faults ! replies a still more enthusiastic writer. Byron is by far the greatest of English poets since Milton ; and therefore we should humbly submit to any vulgarism or grammatical solecism of which he may be guilty. Byron must be regarded as an infallible being who is “super grammaticam.” As the captain of a ship “makes it” twelve o’clock, so Byron’s language must be taken not as recognizing, but as constituting, the law. We do not know, indeed, whether this privilege is limited to Byron himself, or whether a usage once consecrated by him is supposed to become henceforward part of the language. The extreme of fanaticism would be reached by the admirer who should continue piously to commit the same blunder as the god of his idolatry. If everybody who misplaced words could take refuge under the plea of Byron-worship, the sect would be painfully numerous. It is to be hoped, however, that the admirers of popular authors will show their enthusiasm in some other way than by barbarously mutilating their mother tongue.—*Saturday Review*.

PLEASE HAND THIS TO A FRIEND.

1873.

# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

W. H. BIDWELL,  
Editor.

TWENTY-NINTH YEAR.

E. R. PELTON,  
Publisher.

**SCIENCE.** In recognition of the great and increasing importance of scientific knowledge in modern life the *ECLECTIC* devotes a considerable portion of its space to an exposition of the latest discoveries and speculations in the scientific world, and claims to be more comprehensive and complete in this department than any other magazine not exclusively devoted to the subject. Its articles are prepared by such men as **PROFS. HUXLEY** and **TYNDALL**, **RICHARD PROCTOR, B.A.**, **Prof. OWEN**, **Dr. W. B. CARPENTER**, **MAX MULLER**, and **Mr. J. NORMAN LOCKYER**, all of whom have been represented in recent issues of the Magazine.

**LITERATURE.** Not being exclusively scientific, however, the *ECLECTIC* resorts to no padding in order to fill its pages; but, while presenting the freshest and most valuable scientific papers, finds room for an array of instructive and entertaining articles in general literature, which is surpassed by none of the literary monthlies. Its selections are made from all the English periodicals, and occasionally from those of France and Germany, and cover a literature incomparably richer and more productive than any other to which the reader can find access. The best Essays, Reviews, Sketches, Criticisms, and Poems are reproduced in the *ECLECTIC*. Recent issues have contained articles by **JAMES ANTHONY PROUDE**, **MATTHEW ARNOLD**, **CHARLES KINGSLEY**, **FRANCES POWER COBBE**, **ROBERT BUCHANAN**, **KATHARINE S. MACQUOID**, **ALFRED TENNYSON**, **ARTHUR HELPS**, and others equally eminent. During the coming year special attention will be paid to translating, and the best of the admirable articles which have given fame to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* will appear in our pages from time to time.

**FICTION.** The Novel has become one of the most characteristic features of modern literature and life, and no magazine could present them adequately which ignored this field. The *ECLECTIC* offers its readers the best serial stories to be had, together with the short stories for which the English Magazines have a high and deserved reputation. The leading attraction in this field for 1873 will be a new story, entitled "Too Soon," by the author of "Patty," which, by special arrangement with the author, will be published from advanced sheets.

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## PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY.

### ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Publisher has the pleasure of announcing that a new story, entitled "Too Soon," by the Author of "Patty," will be commenced in the February number. This novel is published by special arrangement with the author from advance sheets, and will appear in the ECLECTIC in advance of its publication in England.

1873.

The January number of the ECLECTIC for this year begins the Seventeenth Volume of the new series, which was begun in 1863, the old series being complete in sixty three volumes. This, certainly, is a fair old age for a periodical, and shows that it has been appreciated by the public, for during that time scores of other publications have died of neglect and a lack of appreciation on the part of their readers. We shall in the future endeavor to profit by the experience of these past years, and wherever there is room for improvement we shall make it; but we do not feel called upon to make any special change in our general plan, and hence, no strikingly new features are announced in our prospectus. For instance, we do not intend to give to each subscriber a premium, professedly worth the subscription price, but we endeavor to give full value in the quality and quantity of reading matter and the choiceness of our engravings. During the past year we have received the generous commendation of the press and many of our friends and subscribers, and we feel sure that our efforts are fully appreciated. For the new year we have made special arrangement for a New Story, by the author of "Patty," as announced at the head of this article, and have also secured the services of an able translator, who will from time to time give us the best articles from the best French and German periodicals.

We shall also give during the year a series of finely engraved portraits of distinguished American statesmen, authors, and writers, from all parts of the country, and hope they will be acceptable to all our readers.

Our Editorial Departments will be enlarged, and will present a complete summary of all literary matters and new books at home and

abroad, and various other matters of interest to the reading public. Finally, to quote from our Prospectus, "the aim of the ECLECTIC is to be instructive without being dull, and entertaining without being trivial, and nothing will be admitted to its pages which is not of permanent value as well as current interest." We shall be glad of the assistance of our friends and subscribers in all parts of the country, and shall be happy to furnish them with specimen copies and circulars, and to make favorable arrangements for clubs. Any of our subscribers who will send us the name of a responsible party, either lady or gentleman, to act as agent for us, will not only confer a favor, but aid what we believe to be the cause of useful and instructive literature.

NOTICE.—We have made arrangements with Mr. J. WALLACE AINGER, of Charleston, S. C., by which he becomes permanently connected with the ECLECTIC.

Mr. Ainger was the Business Manager of *De Bow's Review*, and since its suspension, has been acting as our General Southern Agent, and has, during the year past, obtained for us nearly one thousand subscribers in the Southern States, embracing the most prominent men of that section. He gives us the gratifying assurance that the ECLECTIC is cordially appreciated and remembered by many who were subscribers before the war, when our circulation in the South alone was over ten thousand copies. As the ECLECTIC is simply what it claims to be, a Literary Magazine, and non-partisan and non-sectarian in its views, we see no reason why it should not attain its former popularity in the Southern States, and with Mr. Ainger's assistance, we hope to effect this result within the next few years. Mr. Ainger is fully conversant with the character of the work, and in every way competent to present its claims. We cordially commend him to all on whom he may call, and he is fully authorized to transact any business pertaining to the Magazine. Mr. Ainger also desires us to return his thanks for the consideration and courtesy he has experienced during his recent trip, and we bespeak for him a continuation of the same in the visit he will make during the opening year.

**HOME AMUSEMENTS.**—Messrs. Milton, Bradley & Co., of Springfield, Mass., have issued their annual catalogue of home amusements and sports for the holidays. We can not too strongly commend these games. They combine instruction and amusement at the same time, and both children and parents can not fail to be entertained by them. Take the model ship puzzle, for example. This is composed of a great many separate parts, which, when put together, form a complete ship. Now each part is inscribed with the name of the portion of the ship it represents, and thus one, in putting it together, learns the name of every sail and every rope on the ship. If this will not interest boys we don't know what will. This is only one of a great number of games and puzzles on their catalogue, which is composed of nearly forty pages, and the publishers deserve the thanks of the community, young and old, for making so many homes happy and attractive.

If our readers wish to get something for the holidays or for any time for the young people, let them examine Bradley's Games at any toy dealer's, or send direct to Milton, Bradley & Co. for their catalogue, and they can then obtain most of their publications by mail.

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**THE CEREAL CROPS OF THE UNITED STATES.**—The cereal crops of the United States for 1871, aggregated 1,650,000,000 bushels, valued at \$1,000,000,000. About 125,000,000 bushels reached the seaboard. Of the latter quantity, New-York received about 80 per cent, and Boston, Philadelphia, and other ports the remainder. These crops are mainly transported by canal, but the tendency is toward more extensive transportation by rail. It is estimated that during the present year, 18,000,000 bushels will be moved entirely, and 35,000,000 bushels partly, by rail, leaving, on the basis of last year's crops, about 82,000,000 bushels to be moved wholly by water.

**THE** sales of the land department of the Union Pacific Railroad Company for the month of May, 1872, were 16,835 44-100 acres, amounting to \$67,716. The total sales from

July 28, 1869, to the present date, are 547,269 35-100 acres, amounting to \$2,295,799. 93.

**RAILROADS.**—There is now a total of 60,853 miles of railroad in the United States, costing in round numbers \$3,000,000,000, or one half more than the funded debt of the U. S. From 1861 to 1871 the increased mileage has been ten per cent, and the tonnage 23 per cent per annum.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The Publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

*Margaret.* By the "Author of *Jasmine Leigh*." New-York: *Dodd & Mead*. 12mo, illustrated, pp. 363. Price, \$1.75.

*Granville Valley.* By JACOB ABBOTT. (No. 4 of "August Stories.") New-York: *Dodd & Mead*. 16mo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 346. Price, \$1.25.

*Coffee: Its History, Cultivation, and Uses.* By ROBERT HEWITT, Jr. New-York: *D. Appleton & Co.* 16mo, square, illustrated, pp. 102. Price,

*Shawl-Straps.* By LOUISE M. ALCOTT. Boston: *Roberts Bros.* 16mo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 236. Price, \$1.

*What Katy Did.* A Story. By SUSAN COOLIDGE. Boston: *Roberts Bros.* 16mo, cloth, illustrated. Price, \$1.50.

*The Two Ysodes, and Other Verses.* By EDWARD ELLIS. London, Eng.: *B. M. Pickering*. 12mo, cloth, pp. 42. Price,

*Elsie's Girlhood.* By MATTHEW FINLEY. New-York: *Dodd & Mead*. 16mo, cloth; pp. 422. Price, \$1.25.

*The Poet at the Breakfast Table.* By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: *Osgood & Co.* 12mo, cloth. Price, \$2.

*Liza.* A Russian Novel. By IVAN S. TURGENIEFF. Translated by W. S. RALSTON. New-York: *Holt & Williams*. 16mo, cloth. Price, \$1.25.

*Physics and Politics.* (International Scientific Series, No. 2.) By WALTER BAGELOIT. New-York: *D. Appleton & Co.* 16mo, cloth, pp. 224. Price, \$1.50.

*Spicy.* A Novel. By Mrs. MARTHA J. LAMB. New-York: *D. Appleton & Co.* 8vo, paper, illustrated, pp. 178. Price, \$1.00.

*The Earth a Great Magnet.* A Lecture. By A. M. MAYER, Ph.D. New-Haven: *C. C. Chatfield & Co.* 16mo, cloth, pp. 70. Price, 25c.

# THE WEEK

VOL. III.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1872.

No. 56.

## VOL. III.

### PROSPECTUS.

THE WEEK has just entered upon its third volume, and from the start has steadily progressed in public favor. The object of the paper is to present, in a convenient and compact form, the opinions of the leading journals' American and European, upon all subjects of general interest, and its contents embrace extracts from the editorial utterances of newspapers of every section and of every party, thus enabling its readers to view the events and questions of the day from all stand-points, and to trace from week to week the course of public opinion. One inevitable tendency of newspapers, especially in politics, is to tempt readers to take their opinions at second-hand from editors, instead of forming them for themselves, and in counteracting this tendency THE WEEK must exert a healthful and invigorating influence upon the public mind.

Appealing as it does to cultured and educated readers, about one half the paper is devoted to the departments of *Literature, Science, and Discovery, and Art, Music, and Drama*, giving a comprehensive survey of these important fields, and condensing a mass and variety of information on all these topics, such as is attempted in no other publication. Each number also contains a calm and impartial *resumé* of the leading events of the week, and in this feature as in all others THE WEEK pursues the plan of presenting all the facts without any partisan or sectarian bias whatever.

The value of such a paper, if the work be well done, is plain, and THE WEEK has received the cordial indorsement of many prominent men in political and literary life. No similar enterprise has ever received more prompt and hearty praise from the leading papers of every party and every shade of feeling; and it is the general verdict that THE WEEK has occupied an important place, hitherto unfilled, in the journalism of the country.

In the new volume, the paper will be more attractive than ever. Early in December,

## HERO BARTHEW,

BY LOUISA PARR,

Author of "Dorothy Fox,"

was commenced. By special arrangement with the Author, this story will appear exclusively in THE WEEK, and subscribers for 1873 will receive all numbers containing the story.

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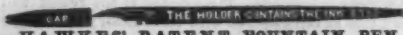
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1873.

1873.

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The volumes commence with the January and July numbers of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the first number of the current volume, and back numbers will be sent accordingly.

Bound volumes, each containing the numbers for six months, will be supplied at \$3.00 per volume.

The postage within the United States is 24 cents a year, and is payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Foreign subscriptions must be prepaid, and the necessary amount must accompany the subscription.

The magazine will not be sent after the term of subscription closes, until it is renewed.

Contributions to the pages of the magazine are solicited from all parts of our common country. Western Sketches and Studies will claim (the merit being equal) a precedence. The name and address of the author should be placed at the head of every manuscript.

A limited number of suitable advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

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☞ All communications in reference to advertisements should be handed in by the tenth of the month preceding publication to insure insertion.

☞ Address all exchanges to "JOHN H. CARMANY, Proprietor Overland Monthly, 409 Washington Street, San Francisco."

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## ANNOUNCEMENT OF AN IMPORTANT ENTERPRISE.

WE have the pleasure of announcing the initiation, in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, of one of the largest and most important enterprises ever undertaken by any Illustrated Magazine in this country.

We have engaged the services of MR. EDWARD KING, author of "*My Paris*," and of various graphic sketches in recent numbers of our Magazine, to write a series of twelve papers, to appear in twelve successive numbers of the MONTHLY, on the Life, Condition, and Resources of the Southern States of America. They will be brilliantly illustrated, and will be written with no other object than that of representing, by pen and pencil, one of the most interesting, fruitful, and picturesque regions of our common country. While they will aim to convey reliable information on all the social, industrial, and commercial topics suggested by a personal survey, they will be written in the graphic style, and with the quick insight into character and ready appropriation of incident, which have already given to Mr. King the title of "a born Special Correspondent."

Mr. King will devote the winter mainly to travel, and the personal collection of material. He will enter upon his work with the enthusiasm of youth, and with the broad and ready sympathy born of his own cosmopolitan habit; and we bespeak for him, wherever he may go, the confidence and hospitable reception to which his personal character and public errand entitle him.

We characterize a portion of our national domain as "The Great West." The South, by its extent of territory and the magnitude of its interests and capacities, deserves no less significant a title. With an area of nearly a million of square miles—an area more than seven times larger than the whole of Great Britain—and with a list of tropical products that play a grand part in the commerce of the world, it deserves the largest recognition. Mr. King's articles will be entitled: "THE GREAT SOUTH."

They will be commenced in the MONTHLY next spring, and will be continued until concluded; and we give our readers and the public the pledge that they shall alone be worth the price of a subscription to the MONTHLY, for they will make a complete illustrated book of themselves, of two hundred and fifty broad magazine pages.

Many of the features of Southern life and

landscape are as strange to Northern and Western eyes as if they belonged to another country; so that in painting the South to itself, and giving it a fair showing for its own satisfaction, we open a most interesting page to the whole country, and reveal our people at once to themselves and to one another.

The enterprise calls for more money and greater effort than any we have hitherto undertaken, and we confidently look to a Press and a Public that have always treated us generously for that appreciation which brings reward.

Besides this series of Illustrated Papers, there will be the usual variety of STORIES, POEMS, ESSAYS, &c., &c.

### "ARTHUR BONNICASTLE,"

DR. HOLLAND's story, which was commenced in the November Number, *will be continued through the year*. It has attracted more attention from the critics than any serial now being published. One critic writes: "*No such character as Peter Bonnicastle has appeared in literature since the Vicar of Wakefield.*"

BRET HARTE will contribute a story, "THE EPIC OF FIDDELTOWN," which will be illustrated by Shepard.

R. H. STODDARD will write a series of entertaining papers about *Authors, their Personal Characteristics, Home Life, Families, Friends, Whims, and Ways*. A series of *Portraits of Living American Writers* is also promised.

CLARENCE COOK will write about *Furniture, and the Decoration of American Homes*. These papers will be eminently practical as well as artistic, and will be illustrated with designs and sketches by numerous artists.

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FOR LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS, EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS, EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENTS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS, &c., &c., see PROSPECTUS.

THE NOVEMBER and DECEMBER numbers *will be sent FREE to all subscribers for 1873.*

SCRIBNER & Co.,

NEW YORK.

DECEMBER 1, 1872.

## PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY.

### THE PREMIUMS QUESTION.

The question is often asked, why we do not offer premiums for subscriptions to the *ECLECTIC*, and why, when other publications offer chromos which they claim to be worth from two to four times the subscription price of their publications, we can not do the same. In the first place, we do not believe in the system of premiums. A publication is either worth the price charged for it, or it is not. If it is worth the price charged, and the public think so, they will buy it; and there is no more reason why they should expect a premium in the shape of a \$10 chromo, when they subscribe for a \$5 publication, than that they should expect a premium in the shape of a new hat, when they purchase a pair of gloves. Another thing the public ought to understand, and that is, that the publications which have so far offered the largest premiums are publications which depend more for their support on their advertising columns than on their subscription list, and it is only in this way they can possibly afford to give, as a few of them do, really fine premiums. It seems to us that in the publication business, like any other business, only a fair equivalent can be given for the money paid, and if an expensive premium is given, the cost of it must in some way be got out of the subscriber, and the amount expended on the periodical itself proportionally reduced. We do not mean to say that this is so in every case, but a little reflection will satisfy our readers that in the majority of cases it must necessarily be so. The offering of premiums for clubs of a number of subscribers is more readily explained. In this case the publisher offers to compensate the party working for him for his time and labor, and this is a perfectly fair and legitimate arrangement.

Most of the premiums offered are chromos, and a very few of them are really good pictures, but when they can be made in lots of twenty or thirty thousand at a time they can be got up for twenty or thirty cents per copy, and it is hardly fair to advertise them as worth from five to ten dollars each. As far as the *ECLECTIC* is concerned, we shall endeavor to give each of our subscribers the full value of his money in the work itself. The price we

paid for our January plates, for example, would have procured a great many premiums, but we think our readers will fully appreciate our efforts without the offer of a premium in addition.

**PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.**—The *Financier* prints a tabular statement of miles of road controlled by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, either by lease or by ownership of a majority of the stock. The list embraces sixty-three railroads, including those now being constructed. These are all made tributary to the main line from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, and their termini are distributed in nearly every State in the Union. Including the Union, Central, and Texas Pacific, the total extent of lines will be nearly 16,000 miles, and the grand aggregate of capital invested in them will be at least \$670,000,000. Besides these, are 250 miles of canals, and a line of four steamships, now building to run between Philadelphia and Liverpool. The total capital invested in these means of transportation, controlled by one organization, will scarcely fall short of \$750,000,000. It will thus be seen that nearly one third of the railroads of the United States are under the control of a few individuals in one corporation. In view of the vast political power which could be wielded by a combination of the major portion of the railroad interest of the United States this is a significant fact. In a commercial point of view, it is also worthy of note that all the trans-continental roads will be controlled in Philadelphia.

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**BINDING.**—We bind the numbers of the ECLECTIC in two volumes each year, and have two standard styles which we always keep on hand—the one, library, half calf, (calf back and corners,) being a very handsome binding, suitable for a fine library; the other, a plain, substantial binding of green cloth, also in two volumes. We either bind the numbers as furnished to us, or, in most cases, we exchange the volumes for the numbers. The price of the library style is \$2.50 per year, and of the cloth style, \$1.50 per year. We do not pay express charges or postage on either the numbers received or the volumes returned, and parties sending their numbers to us can generally make favorable arrangements with the Express Companies to deliver the numbers and receive the volumes in exchange.

Subscribers wishing their numbers bound in green cloth will find it cheaper to send to us for covers, which we furnish by mail, prepaid, on receipt of \$1 per year; and any binder will insert the numbers and bind them for a moderate charge, the covers being furnished to him. We can not furnish covers for the volumes in library style, so that our subscribers wishing their numbers bound in that way will have to add the express charge in computing the cost of binding, if they send to us, but they can always rely on a durable, handsome binding coming from this office, and at a moderate charge.

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**COMBINATION TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENTS.**—On Wednesday last, there were sent from New-York to Boston, over one wire, on the Combination Printing Instrument, by Mr. T. M. Miller, 703 messages, between 8.30 A.M. and 5.30 P.M. These messages were not of the sort sent over a down-town broker's wire some month's ago, containing but six or seven words each, including address, signature, and check, and the same message repeated to many addresses, but were of the regular average length of thirty-five words to a message exclusive of number and check.

This is not the full capacity of the Combination Instrument by any means—it was not constantly employed in the above instance—but the feat undoubtedly excels any of the kind that has ever occurred in practical telegraphy.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The Publisher will send any book reviewed in the ECLECTIC, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

*Manual of Land-Surveying.* With tables. By DAVID MURRAY, A.M., Ph.D. New-York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co. 16mo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 251.

*Barriers Burned Away.* By Rev. E. P. ROE. New-York: Dodd & Mead. 12mo, cloth, pp. 488. Price, \$1.75.

*The Perfect Life.* In twelve discourses, by WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, cloth, pp. 311. Price, \$1.50.

*His Level Best; and Other Stories.* By Rev. EDWARD E. HALE. Boston: Osgood & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 293. Price, \$1.50.

*The Great Events of History; from the Creation of Man to the Present Time.* By WM. F. COLLIER, LL.D. New-York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 376. Price, \$1.50.

*The Spy.* By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 179. Price, \$1.50.

"Library of Choice Fiction." *At His Gates.* By Mrs. OLIPHANT. New-York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 8vo, paper, illustrated, pp. 331. Price, \$1.

*Report of the Chief Signal Office for 1872.* By Gen. ALBERT MYER. Washington: Government Printing Office. 8vo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 292.



# The Nation.

VOL. XVI.—Nos. 392-443.

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## PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY.

### MANUFACTURES IN THE UNITED STATES.—

The ninth census furnishes interesting data showing the extent of manufactures in the several States. There are 252,148 establishments, 40,090 steam engines, and 2,053,988 persons employed in manufacturing industries; the capital invested is set down at \$2,118,347,069; wages paid annually, \$775,621,593. The value of manufactured products for the year ending June 1st, 1870, was \$4,232,625,892. The manufacturing interests are represented by the several States, as follows:

Alabama...	\$13,040,644	Missouri	\$200,213,429
Arizona....	185,410	Montana...	2,404,511
Arkansas...	4,629,234	Nebraska...	5,798,512
California...	66,594,556	Nevada....	15,870,539
Colorado...	2,852,820	N. Hampsh.	71,038,249
Connectic't.	161,065,474	N. Jersey...	169,237,722
Dakota.....	178,570	N. Mexico...	1,489,868
Delaware...	16,791,382	New-York...	785,194,631
Dist. Col'a...	9,292,173	N. Carolina.	1,921,327
Florida....	4,685,403	Ohio.....	269,713,610
Georgia....	331,196,115	Oregon....	6,877,837
Idaho.....	1,047,625	Penna....	712,178,941
Illinois....	205,620,672	Rh. Island.	111,418,354
Indiana....	108,617,278	S. Carolina.	985,898
Iowa.....	46,534,322	Tennessee..	34,362,626
Kansas....	11,775,823	Texas.....	11,517,302
Kentucky...	54,625,809	Utah.....	2,343,019
Louisiana...	24,161,905	Vermont...	32,184,606
Maine.....	79,497,521	Virginia...	38,364,322
Maryland...	76,593,613	Wash. Ter.	2,851,052
Mass.....	553,912,568	W. Virg'a..	24,118,051
Michigan...	118,304,676	Wisconsin..	77,314,336
Minnesota..	23,110,700	Wyoming...	765,424
Mississippi.	8,154,758		

THE Library of Congress now includes 246,345 volumes, an increase of 9,499 in the year and about 45,000 pamphlets. Mr. Spofford says in his report:

"The operations of the Copyright law continue highly satisfactory, both in respect to the efficiency of the registry and the procuring for the library books and periodicals secured by copyright. The attainment of a nearly complete representation of the product of the American Press, for permanent preservation in a fire-proof national library, would in itself alone justify the measures taken by the legislation of 1870, to transfer the entire copyright business to one central office in Washington. To this must be added the considerations that the fees derived from copyrights, paid directly into the Treasury, are more than double the expenses of the Library on account of copyrights, and that it is now for the first time possible to verify all facts connected with the title to any literary property by a single reference."

The number of copyrights entered during the year was: of books 3175; pamphlets, 2728;

musical compositions, 2312; dramatic compositions, 18; photographs, 26; engravings, chromos, and prints, 2356; maps and charts, 221. Mr. Spofford has in view the publication of lists of copyrights entered.

THE BICKFORD KNITTING MACHINE.—We take pleasure in calling attention to the progress of this Company. By purchase of other patents, and by valuable improvements, having, they believe, secured the substantial control of this branch of manufacture, they have brought their machines to such perfection that a pair of socks may be well knit upon them in half an hour. A great variety of useful and ornamental work can be done with very little labor, and they find the demand from all parts of the country greatly increasing. They appear disposed to conduct their business on a very liberal policy; for while the actual cost is as much, they furnish their machines at about one half the regular price of sewing machines. We trust they will find their own interests promoted while doing the public a valuable service.

LAND-GRANTS.—Land-grants in aid of new railroads commenced about twenty years ago, and since that time the National Government has given 57,066,240 acres of land to be applied to sixty-seven railroads, exclusive of the Pacific lines. Of these roads eight were in Iowa, eight in Michigan, eight in Alabama, seven in Minnesota, six in Kansas, five in Wisconsin, four each in Florida, Arkansas, and Missouri; three each in Mississippi, Louisiana, and California, and two each in Illinois and Oregon. In addition, the Government has given to the Pacific railway companies 140,000,000 acres, besides the money given in indorsed bonds; so that the aggregate given to them can not fall short of \$200,000,000. The policy seems to have fairly worked itself out, and ought to be stopped, and some of the recipients called to a reckoning.

CATALOGUE OF IMPORTED ENGRAVINGS.—We invite the special attention of our readers to our new advertisement of fine Imported Steel Engravings, (see outside cover.) These engravings are designed for framing, and the list is very comprehensive, embracing upward of seven hundred pictures, on every variety of subject. They are reproductions of the works of such artists as Landseer, Clemenson, Her-

ring, Troyon, Eastlake, Da Vinci, MacIise, Frith, Constable, Faed, Leslie, Rosa Bonheur, and numerous others equally eminent; and they are engraved in line and stipple in the finest manner.

Of course, no dwelling can be fully furnished without containing at least a few pictures, and it is generally conceded by men of taste that as an ornament or work of art, the better class of steel engravings rank only second to good paintings.

The list which we advertise is far the best and most comprehensive that has yet been offered, and no reader who has a room to decorate should overlook it. We will send our Catalogues free to any address, and they contain full information as to the size of the engravings, names of the artists, prices, and our own Catalogue of ECLECTIC Engravings, with some additions of late plates included.

DO RAILROADS BENEFIT FARMERS?—We have it upon the best authority, that 75 bales of cotton were shipped to New-Orleans over the Texas Central Railroad, via Galveston, at \$5.25 per bale, insurance included. The total cost of freight and insurance, from McKinney to New-Orleans being \$393.75 currency on the 75 bales.

Before the advent of railroads, cotton was shipped to Jefferson by ox teams, at \$10 per bale, and on 75 bales the cost was \$750 in gold. Let farmers make their own deductions. To-day cotton can be shipped over the Texas Central Railroad, by way of Galveston, to New-York, for \$9.35 in currency, which is less than former transportation to Jefferson; and this saving goes not to the merchant or shipper, but directly into the pocket of the producer, where it should go.—*Sherman Courier*.

SILVER STEEL.—According to the *Mechanics' Magazine*, London, an inventor of that city has devised a process for so thoroughly uniting silver with cutlery as to produce an article of great practical value. It has long been the custom to electroplate silver on steel; but whenever the external coating is ground off, the steel is exposed, and thereby rendered liable to rust. By this new method the knives are finished in the style, and chemically cleaned by a special process; they are then treated with perfectly pure silver, and the two are pressed together by a process not made known by the inventor. It is asserted that the silver is driven into the pores of the steel, and that the heat and moisture have no percepti-

ble effect on the metals. The result is, as claimed, a knife that will not rust, is not stained by acids, and only requires washing after use. Though sharpened any number of times, it always shows a silver surface.

LIBRARY AGENCY.—We are prepared to receive and fill orders from our subscribers and the public generally, for any books published here or abroad, either for a single volume or a whole library.

We also import to order any books, and have arranged with our correspondent in London to fill our orders promptly, and we can generally forward volumes imported within five or six weeks of receipt of order. Any information as to price, style of binding, number of volumes in sets, etc., will be readily given to our correspondents, or any catalogues of publishers sent to any address. We send all books prepared by mail or express on receipt of publisher's price, and on larger orders a special arrangement will be made.

DR. UNDERHILL'S PURE WINE.—We take great pleasure in commending the wines of the late Dr. R. T. Underhill, because of their unquestioned purity. They were made under his own supervision, at Croton Point, and are now eleven years old. Only the best grapes were used, and no foreign substances allowed. Those who visited the vineyards and saw the wine pressed from the grapes, declare that it is absolutely pure. It has a beautiful red color, taken from the skins of the grapes, and delicious fragrance of grapes when crushed in the hand. We have no hesitation in indorsing the numerous recommendations given by many of our best physicians and temperance advocates. These excellent wines can be found at 130 East Eighth Street, near Broadway.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The Publisher will send any book reviewed in the ECLECTIC, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

*Back-Log Studies.* By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 16mo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 281. Price, \$1.50.

*Fleurange.* By MME. A. CRAVEN. Leisure Hour Series. New-York: Holt & Williams. 16mo, cloth, pp. 347. Price, \$1.25.

*Reason vs. The Sword.* By JOHN M. WASHBURN. New-York: Putnam & Son. Pp. 470. Price, \$1.50.

*The Philosophy of Art.* By H. TAINÉ. New-York: Holt & Williams. 16mo, cloth, pp. 190. Price, \$1.25.

*Mrs. Skagg's Husbands, and other Sketches.* By BRET HARTE. Boston: Osgood & Co. 16mo, cloth. Price, \$1.50.



## PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY.

### THE GENERAL RAILROAD LAW OF MASSACHUSETTS.

UNDER the provisions of the law passed in the Legislature of Massachusetts last year, any twenty-five persons are free to construct a railroad anywhere, provided only that they give guaranties that they are both able and ready to do what they propose.

The importance of a general railroad law like this, will be better understood when we see how completely it does away with the special legislation which grants charters to individuals or corporations, who perhaps never intend to carry on the work, but hold them merely for speculative purposes, or to exclude some road, or, as in most cases, to perpetuate some monopoly. Such a law in the State of New-Jersey, for instance, would have prevented the long and angry struggle between the people on one hand and the Pennsylvania Central Road on the other; for the opponents of this great corporation would only have to raise money to build another road, and their monopoly of travel would be at an end. As it is, we see the Railroad is able to secure legislation by which their charter is made perpetual, or, if a new charter is granted, they manage to secure and hold it for their own ends.

The Massachusetts Railroad Commissioners, in their annual report, speak of the law as follows:

"So far as the means of observation now within reach justify the formation of an opinion, the law of 1872 would seem to have produced results even more beneficial than its friends had dared to anticipate. While it has in no wise acted as a check on railroad construction, it has tended to prevent the formation of corporations existing only on paper, and the pre-occupation, as it were, by first-comers, of routes supposed to be advantageous. Corporations cannot be organized under its provisions until responsible parties are really prepared in good faith to proceed with the construction of railroads, and, by so doing, give the only possible satisfactory evidence that there is any occasion for their corporate existence. Under the system of special legislation, experience has shown that some five charters lapse to one under which any work of construction is ever really executed. During the past year, and since the passage of the act, many schemes of railroad construction have

been originated and freely discussed, and, in several cases, steps have been taken preliminary to filing articles of association. None of these proposed undertakings has, however, been brought officially to the notice of this Board. In certain cases the serious agitation of this subject, and the consciousness that those having the matter in charge could, and if necessary would, construct a competing road, have induced existing corporations to make concessions hitherto refused, thus evincing a consciousness on their part of the existence of a new and most beneficial outside pressure. In other cases lines have apparently been contemplated as measures of hostility on the part of one corporation against another. These cases, under the former system, would have been fought out with great bitterness and much expenditure of money in the committee-rooms, or in the lobby and in the halls of the legislature; they have now, so far as the members of this Board are advised, been amicably settled outside of the State House, and upon well-understood principles of self-interest. Railroads can be constructed under the present law by the friends of one party to a controversy as well as by those of the other. Brought face to face with this grave fact, the several corporations have evinced a new and most commendable spirit of compromise and mutual forbearance. In fact, the only case of railroad construction during the last year which might be regarded as an act of hostility to one corporation by another, was undertaken by virtue of a special charter granted in the year 1871."

WHAT TO READ.—Are you deficient in taste? Read the best English poets, such as Thompson, Gray, Goldsmith, Pope, Cowper, Coleridge, Scott, and Wordsworth.

Are you deficient in imagination? Read Milton, Akenside, Burke, and Shakespeare.

Are you deficient in powers of reasoning? Read Chillingworth, Bacon, and Locke.

Are you deficient in judgment and good sense in the common affairs of life? Read Franklin.

Are you deficient in sensibility? Read Goethe and Mackenzie.

Are you deficient in political knowledge? Read Montesquieu, the Federalist, Webster and Calhoun.

Are you deficient in patriotism? Read Demosthenes, and the life of Washington?

**AGRICULTURAL REPORT.**—The report of Mr. Dodge, Statistician of the Agricultural Department, for November and December, is at hand, and contains much valuable interesting matter. From it the following matter of interest to our readers is gleaned: The highest wheat returns are those of Minnesota, California, and Texas. Averaging the local prices of corn, the lowest rate is eighteen cents per bushel, in Nebraska and Iowa; the range in New-England is from 84 in Vermont to 95 cts. in New-Hampshire. In the South the range is highest in Florida at \$1.20, and lowest in Texas at 43c. The corn crop is as large as that of 1870, say about 1,100,000,000 bushels. The returns of product compared with last year, average above 100 in all but seven States. *The greatest increase was 134, in Texas.*

The total product of cotton is near 3,450,000 commercial bales of 465 lbs. The indicated fibre per acre returned from each county makes the following average for each State, viz: North-Carolina, 173 lbs.; South-Carolina, 183; Georgia, 180; Florida, 125; Alabama, 170; Mississippi, 200; Louisiana, 215; Texas, 220; Arkansas, 170; Tennessee, 190. The area of cotton in Texas is 914,200 acres. The western States, North-Carolina, and Texas report increased production of potatoes.

**PRECIOUS METALS.**—The *Alta-Californian* gives the following statement of precious metals produced during 1872 in the gold and silver bearing districts west of the Missouri River:

California, .....	\$19,049,098 24
Nevada, .....	25,584,871 09
Oregon, .....	1,505,024 92
Washington, .....	226,064 06
Idaho, .....	2,514,089 78
Montana, .....	4,442,134 90
Utah, .....	3,521,080 00
Arizona, .....	142,777 00
Colorado, .....	3,001,730 85
Mexico (west coast), .....	635,071 80
British Columbia, .....	1,250,064 16

Grand total.....\$62,236,213 80

**AMERICAN SILKS.**—The Messrs. Cheney, of Hartford, have issued their new Colored Silks for the Spring trade. The sample card shows no less than twenty-eight different shades of color, from the most delicate brown to the brightest green, and among so many beautiful shades our lady readers certainly ought to be able to select.

The black silks, however, are those which they produce in the greatest quantity, and upon which they have had the greatest success, are furnished at a very moderate price; and are warranted to wear longer and better than the higher-priced imported article. Messrs.

A. T. Stewart & Co., of this City, keep a full line of American silks constantly on hand.

**LIBRARY AGENCY.**—We are prepared to receive and fill orders from our subscribers and the public generally, for any books published here or abroad, either for a single volume or a whole library.

We also import to order any books, and have arranged with our correspondent in London to fill our orders promptly, and we can generally forward volumes imported within five or six weeks of receipt of order. Any information as to price, style of binding, number of volumes in sets, etc., will be readily given to our correspondents, or any catalogues of publishers sent to any address. We send all books prepared by mail or express on receipt of publisher's price, and on larger orders a special arrangement will be made.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The Publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

*The Review of the English Version of the New Testament.* By J. B. LIGHTFOOT, D.D., R. C. TRENCH, D.D., and C. J. ELLICOTT, D.D., with an Introduction by PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D. New-York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, cloth, pp. 612. Price,

*The Strange Adventures of a Phacton.* By WILLIAM BLACK. New-York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 216. Price, 75 cts.

*Robin Gray.* A Novel, by CHARLES GIBBONS. New-York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 144. Price, 50 cts.

*The Ocean, Atmosphere, and Life.* Being a Descriptive History of the Life of the Globe, by ELISÉE RECLUS. New-York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, cloth, beautifully illustrated, pp. 534. Price, \$5.

Cooper's Novels: *The Pilot.* By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 184. Price, \$1.25.

*Hand-Book of Social Economy.* By EDMUND ABOUT. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 284. Price, \$2.

*Year-Book of Nature and Popular Science for 1873.* By JOHN C. DRAPER, M.D. New-York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 333. Price, \$1.50.

Library of Choice Novels: *Galama; or, The Beggars.* By J. B. DE LIEFDE. New-York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Large quarto, paper, pp. 166. Price, 75 cts.

## PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY.

### INTEREST ON CAPITAL.

We extract the following remarkable facts from a lecture by Mr. W. P. Groom, Editor of the *New-York Mercantile Journal*, and think they cannot fail to be of interest as illustrating the rapid increase of capital when well invested:

Many men carelessly conclude that three per cent is just one half of six per cent. But this is not the case, as will be seen from the following statement of facts:

If one dollar be invested and the interest added to the principal *annually*, at the rates named, we shall have the following result as the accumulation of one hundred years :

One Dollar, 100 years, at 1 per cent,...	\$29
10	19%
100	340%
1,000	2,303
10,000	5,543
100,000	13,809
1,000,000	84,675
10,000,000	1,174,405
100,000,000	15,145,007
1,000,000,000	2,551,799,404

There are probably few, however familiar with the subject of the rapid increase of capital put at interest, who would not be startled at the statement that the cost of the outfit of Christopher Columbus in his first voyage of discovery, put at interest at six per cent, would by this time have amounted to *more than the entire money value of this Continent, together with the accumulations from the industry of all who have lived upon it*. If any doubt this, let them reckon the amount, estimating the entire outfit to have cost *only* the small sum of five thousand dollars, and remembering that money doubles at six per cent in a little less than twelve years—or accurately, in eleven years, ten months, and twenty-one days. Allowing it to double every twelve years, this five thousand dollars at interest at six per cent since 1492, it will be found, would have amounted to \$17,805,700,000,000; which, estimating the population of the entire continent of America (North and South) to be eighty-five millions, or seventeen million families (averaging five members each) would give more than a million dollars as the possession of every one of these. The interest upon a million dollars at six per cent is sixty-thou-

sand dollars, which would now be the princely annual income of each of these seventeen million families, from the accumulations up to this time upon so small a sum as that named for the outfit of the discoverer.

In Hildreth's "History of the United States," it is stated that Manhattan Island—afterward called New-Amsterdam, now the city of New-York—was bought by the Dutch from the Indians, for sixty guilders, or *twenty-four dollars* (\$24), and this only about two hundred and fifty years ago. And yet, if the purchasers could have securely placed that \$24 where it would have added to the principal annually, interest at the rate of seven per cent, the accumulation would exceed the present market value of all the real estate of the city and county of New-York.

Again, if a man at the age of twenty-five, should commence business with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars, and could by any possibility add thereto interest at our legal rate of seven per cent annually, the result would be (in round numbers) as follows:

AGE.	CAPITAL.
25.....	\$100,000
30.....	200,000
40.....	400,000
50.....	600,000
60.....	1,600,000
70.....	3,200,000
80.....	6,400,000

Now, the growth of national wealth is only about three and one-eighth per cent per annum, notwithstanding the assertion of those who have placed it much higher, through comparing the old valuations with the new (which have been greatly increased), instead of taking as the basis of their calculation, as they should have done, the actual number of horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, etc., etc., at the different periods. It is plain, therefore, that the great mistake most men make is in attempting to use borrowed capital at an immensely high rent, ordinarily termed interest, which, by the use of gold as currency, is often forced still higher. While the growth of the national wealth remains at the present rate, the average man who attempts to pay even seven per cent, for all the capital he can get, should not expect to avoid bankruptcy as the result.

**CLOTHING.**—Messrs. FREEMAN & BURR are already well known to our readers, many of whom, as we have reason to know, have availed themselves of the opportunities which they offer. This firm is one of the most successful in New-York, in its special line of business; it occupies an immense warehouse in the heart of the business portion of the city, and it always keeps on hand an inexhaustible stock of ready-made clothing, gents' furnishing goods, and every variety of material in the merchant tailor's line.

In the Custom Department, besides their very large city trade, Messrs. Freeman & Burr have devised a system of "Country Orders," by which any person, in any part of the country, can select his own material from a variety of samples, measure himself as accurately as if he were personally under the tailor's hands, and obtain all the clothing he may require at *New-York prices and in New-York styles*.

This business already extends over every part of the United States and Canada, and in an experience extending over several years, and including thousands of orders, there have been almost no cases of dissatisfaction. The system, in fact, places the most distant customer on the same footing as the city resident. All that our readers have to do is to send their names to FREEMAN & BURR, 138 and 140 Fulton Street, New-York, and they will receive, *free of charge*, an envelope containing fashion-charts, rules for self-measure, tape rule, samples, order-blanks, and full instructions in every point. Satisfaction is guaranteed, so there is no danger of misunderstanding or mistake.

**THE ENGLISH COAL SUPPLY.**—The commissioners, adopting 4000 feet as the probable limit of practicable depth, came to the conclusion that there exists in this kingdom an aggregate quantity of about 146,480 millions of tons of available coal. If we assume that the future population of this country will remain constant, and that the consumption for domestic and manufacturing purposes, including exportation, will continue uniform at the present quantity, or merely vary from year to year without advancing, then our stock of coal would represent a consumption of 1273 years. But if, on the other hand, we assume that population and consumption will go on increasing at the rate exhibited by the statistics of the last fifteen years, or, I might probably

say, of the last fifty years, had accurate statistics been so long recorded, then the whole quantity of coal would, as shown by Mr. Jevons, be exhausted in the short space of 110 years. It will be generally admitted that the truth is likely to lie between these two extremes. The Commissioners refrained from expressing an opinion as to what the period of duration would actually be, but they presented certain alternative views of the question, resulting in periods varying from 276 to 360 years.—*Nature*.

**RAILROAD PROGRESS OF 1873.**—It is believed that under favorable conditions, 8,500 miles of new railroad will be built in 1873, divided among the several sections of the country as follows: North-eastern states, 435 miles; Middle states, 1205 miles; Western states and territories, 3080 miles; Southern states, 2510 miles; Pacific states, etc., 710 miles.

The capital required to complete this extension will amount to \$240,000,000. The money necessary to advance this railroad progress will probably, for most part, come from abroad. There is a great plethora of capital in Germany, seeking a good investment in the United States, and with this foreign capital and the supplies of capital from our domestic resources, the \$240,000,000 will doubtless be forthcoming.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The Publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

*Pater Mundi; or, the Doctrine of Evolution.* By Rev. E. F. BURR, D.D. Boston: Noyes, Holmes & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 308. Price, \$1.50.

*The Origin of All Religious Worship.* Translated from the French of DUPUIS. New-Orleans. 8vo, paper, pp. 433.

*Pay-Day at Babel, and Odes.* By ROBERT BURTON RODNEY, U. S. A. New-York: D. Van Nostrand. Quarto, cloth, pp. 65.

*Expression: Its Anatomy and Philosophy.* By Sir CHARLES BELL, K. H. New Edition, with Notes. New-York: S. R. Wells. 13mo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 300. Price, \$1.50.

*The Mystery of Metropolisville.* By EDWARD EGGLESTON. New-York: Orange Judd & Co. 16mo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 330. Price, \$1.50.



## PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY.

### FIRE INSURANCE PROBLEMS.

THE National Board of Fire Underwriters held their Seventh Annual Convention in this city on the 23d of April. The convention was largely attended from all parts of the Union, and the address of the President, Mr. Henry A. Oakley, was listened to with marked attention. For the benefit of our readers interested in fire insurance, we give a short summary of his remarks. Mr. Oakley stated that though the rates had been largely advanced, yet many insurance men were of opinion that they should be still further advanced to place the Companies in a position of permanent safety. The building laws, or rather the absence of such laws, were also commented on by him at some length, and he stated that while nearly all the Continental cities had rigid laws in regard to building, yet, previous to the Chicago fire, no American city except New-York, had any proper law regulating building. If the present law in Chicago had been enforced, it would probably have prevented the great calamity in that city. And, in spite of the great losses in Boston, the law still allowed the erection of mansard roofs, provided that fire-proof walls were carried above the roof, and some rows of buildings in that city were still liable to be swept away. In Philadelphia, also, recent examinations showed the most glaring evasions of the very moderate laws there in force. We are glad to learn that a bill is now before the Legislature of this State, which will properly regulate all buildings with regard to fire, and it is for the best interests of all that such a bill should pass. In regard to taxation by the States, Mr. Oakley claimed that the tax should be a fixed amount on receipts, less all losses paid in the State, and cited the law of Indiana, which taxes the Companies "\$3 on each \$100 of receipts, less all losses in the State," as an equitable and proper one. The tables of profits and losses of the Companies for the past year are extensively given, and on the whole do not show much return for the amount invested—in fact, sixty-four Companies ceased to exist during the year, most of these being wiped out by the Boston fire.

The causes of fire were discussed at some length as they have been investigated by practical, scientific men, and it was stated that certain flour-mills and elevators evolve a gas from their dust and smut, which is highly in-

flammable, and this accounts for many mysterious fires in this class of risks. It was also stated that the products of petroleum were very extensively used in many manufactures without the knowledge of the underwriters, and attention was called to the fact that both stone and brick were found to be conductors of heat, and suitable means must be used to properly regulate insurance in accordance with these facts.

**NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.**—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of this Company in the present number of the *ECLECTIC*. While presenting all the usual forms of life and endowment policies, they offer a new feature in life insurance which is well worthy of investigation. It is called the Life Endowment plan. By this plan the same rate of insurance as in the ordinary life plan is paid, but instead of paying out each year the dividend to which the policy is entitled, it is retained by the Company, and credited to the insured until such time as the amount paid and its dividends equal the amount of insurance, when the policy becomes payable. This meets the objection so often raised by persons solicited to insure, that "they do not wish any investment which requires them to die in order to realize;" for a person having a life endowment policy not only makes provision for others in case of his death, but if he lives can enjoy the fruits of his own providence. It also meets the other objection often raised that long-lived persons have to pay the same premiums as others who may not make more than two or three payments, and receive only the same return. It accords also with the opinion of the Hon. Elizur Wright, who has made the whole matter a life-long study, and who says in his report to the Massachusetts Legislature "that the most equitable mutual policy or company, is one that pays no dividends, but pays the policy when the accumulation from the premiums amount to the sum insured."

The National deserves well of the community for being the first to act upon so reasonable and fair a suggestion.

**ACTIVITY AND HEALTH.**—Men who have half a dozen irons in the fire are not the ones to go crazy. It is the man of voluntary or compelled leisure, who mopes and pines, and thinks himself into the mad-house or grave. Motion is all nature's law. Action is man's

salvation, physical and mental: and yet nine out of ten are wistfully looking forward to the coveted hour when they shall have leisure to do nothing—the very siren that has lured to death many a “successful” man. He only is truly wise who lays himself out to work till life's latest hour, and that is the man who will live the longest and will live to most purpose.

THE circulation of London newspapers is stated upon good authority to be as follows: The *Daily Telegraph*, 170,000 copies; the *Standard*, 140,000; *Daily News*, 90,000; *Echo*, 80,000; *Times*, 70,000. The morning and evening papers together give a sum total daily of 569,000 copies.

SEWING MACHINES.—The twenty-one sewing machine companies of the United States, manufactured during the year 1872 the astonishing number of 851,736 machines. These remarkable facts show how literally, how generally, the new sewing machine has become a household necessity.

INCREASE IN THE RATE OF CABLE MESSAGES.—The managers of the Atlantic cable companies have determined to increase the tariffs to six shillings (\$1.50 gold) per word. The advance rate will go into effect on the first of May. The reason assigned for this heavy addition to the tolls is the limited facilities for transmission caused by the interruption of communication by the French cable.

A LONDON paper states that the Japanese in that city have commenced the publication of a new illustrated journal, to be called *Tai Sei Shimbun*, or *Great Western News*. The object of the paper is to disseminate among the millions of Japanese “desirous of learning all they can of foreign nations” a knowledge of Western arts and policy, as observed by their own people.

NEW LOAN OF THE UNITED STATES IN LONDON.—Of the total amount of bonds subscribed for by the syndicate, fifty millions have been sent to London, and payment for the same is required to be made by the first day of June. The syndicate have until the first day of January, 1874, to make another subscription; but unless the subscription is made before that time, it is more than probable that the treasury clerks now in London will be ordered home. At the treasury department it is believed that the present state of the money market abroad is unfavorable to the disposing of any more five per cent bonds in London.

THE Statistical Report of the United States National Association of Ironmasters, for 1872, states that 199 new works have been established during the year, and 2,300,000 tons of pig-iron made. From this Report we gather that a solution of gum catechu has been most successfully used to prevent incrustations of lime, from lime-charged waters, on the iron plates of steam-boilers.

THE following facts were compiled by the Secretary of the Boston Board of Trade: Number of acres burned over over in late Boston fire, 65; buildings destroyed, 776; value of personal property burned, \$70,000,000; assessed value of buildings destroyed, \$135,000,000, which it will take \$18,000,000 to replace; assessed value of land burned over, \$25,000,000.

BOSTON has just launched the only clipper ship built in the United States for several years; and the event is a remarkable one in connection with the efforts which our statesmen are making to revive our commerce.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The Publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

*Ozley*. By LYNDON, author of “Margaret.” New-York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 441. Price, \$1.50.

*Turning-Points in Life*. By Rev. FREDERICK ARNOLD, B.A. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, cloth, pp. 339. Price, \$1.75.

*The Treaty of Washington: Its Negotiation, Execution, and the Discussions Relating Thereto*. By CALED CUSHING. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, cloth, pp. 280. Price, \$2.00.

*Count Kostia*. By VICTOR CHERBULIEZ; translated by O. D. ASHLEY. New-York: Holt & Williams. 16mo, cloth, pp. 307. Price, \$1.25.

*Godolphin*. A Novel. By LORD LYTTON. New-York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 130. Price, 50 cents.

*Leila; or, the Siege of Grenada*. By LORD LYTTON. New-York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 108. Price, 50 cents.

*The Philosophy of Rhetoric*. By JOHN BASCOM. New-York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 251. Price, \$1.50.

*Text-Book of Intellectual Philosophy for Schools and Colleges*. By J. T. CHAMPLIN, D.D. New and revised edition. New-York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 312. Price, \$1.50.

*Chapters on Intellectual Philosophy*; Designed to accompany Champlin's Text-Book. By J. T. CHAMPLIN, D.D. New-York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co. 16mo, paper, pp. 83.

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